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POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—THIRD REPORT OF THE EMIGRATION COMMITTEE.

“Avec des tableaux bien chiffrés, on prouve tout ce qu'on voudra.”

EVERY inquiry connected with the problem of Population; or, to express the object of our discussion in this place more distinctly, every inquiry bearing upon the business of adjusting the Supply of Labour, in a country, situated and connected as England is, to the Demand; important as it is to the welfare, if not to the safety of the community, stands yet so hedged in on every side with difficulty and darkness, that it is not surprising that the huge volume before us, the “Third Report of the Emigration Committee,” should be looked on, by the great mass of the reading public, with something like a feeling of despair. The proposal of “Emigration,” considered as it must be with a view to any thing like competent explanation, or practical result, subdivides itself into a crowd of subordinate or preliminary questions, which it would take us whole pages only to furnish in detail a catalogue of. The measured extent of our country, its present population, the nature of its soil, the degree of its cultivation, its laws, its burthens, its moral and intellectual state, its wealth, the character of its government, and, even more than all, its institutions—the private divisions and liabilities of property in it—all these are points, without which, upon a proposal of colonization, we cannot stir a step: it is not an inquiry as to “Emigration;” but a question as to the condition, in all views, and subject to all directly or indirectly operating agencies, of a kingdom. Does the Supply of Labour in the United Kingdom, at the present moment, exceed the Demand? Can that Demand be increased, or does it appear likely still farther to diminish? Can a portion of our surplus population be sent abroad, with a prospect of advantage to the individuals? Can we, by an act of the Legislature, raise the money; and is it expedient that we should do so, to carry such a scheme of colonization into effect? We leave out of consideration the seemingly

obvious first inquiry—"Does our population exceed that amount which the soil of our country could find capabilities to nourish?"—because we take it to be foreign to the *real* purpose, unless so far as it bears upon the ulterior question—"Can we, subject to the existing and artificial constitution of our society, bring fresh lands into cultivation?" and yet these numerous considerations which remain, present but a sample of the questions connected with the subject which has engaged the Committee; and which even ten times the extent of the six hundred folio pages of which its Report consists, might perhaps be inadequate competently to discuss. Unhappily, too, this multiplicity of collateral circumstances and inquiries, into which the subject of Emigration branches, while it places the question taken in a true and sufficient light, almost beyond the power of men's patience, or of their comprehension, affords extraordinary facilities to any description of theorists, whose interests or immature examinations incline them to mislead the public, or deceive themselves: it is but leaving out of view (an omission, in such a crowd, very far from being easily detected) any *one* of the material considerations which should bear upon the subject; and a most seemingly unanswerable argument may be made up out of the remainder, upon *any* side of the question which the writer or speaker finds convenient. Premising, therefore, that a Golden Conclusion—a plan which shall end all happily (as a wedding, by prescription, terminates a play)—is *not* the determination with which we start, we shall endeavour to point out some of the difficulties which encumber the consideration of the subject, and some of the circumstances which ought to be most carefully kept in view in discussing it:—as well as (we think, *certainly*) to demonstrate, that the course proposed by the Committee, upon the very evidence of its own Report, is wholly inadequate and inefficient. If we should be compelled to finish our paper without discovering any mode, by which—open to no objection or inconvenience from any party, and tending to the gain and interest of all—the existing difficulty can be got rid of, we shall at least have the consolation that our incompetency is not greater than that of our forefathers—who, for three hundred years past, have failed to come to any satisfactory agreement upon this subject. Witness the discussions of the present year; which otherwise (we apprehend) would not be necessary.

To begin, then, with that portion of the subject upon which the least difference of opinion is likely to arise—the undoubted effect of the evidence before the Committee, is to shew that, both in Great Britain and Ireland, a heavy amount of population exists, for which the present circumstances of the country afford no employment. Both in agriculture and manufactures, the competition of labourers for work has reduced the average of wages down to the very lowest point at which nature can be supported; and vast numbers of able bodied, willing individuals, even at this insufficient rate of remuneration, are left without employment. This is the state of things in England and Scotland: in Ireland, the want and destitution are still worse. Low as the estimate of that which a man *may* subsist on is in many parts of England and Scotland, in Ireland the allowance calculated for the same purpose does not reach *one-third* of the same amount; and, in many cases, whole crowds of families subsist notoriously by no other means than charity or depredation. In the British manufacturing districts, the common opinion is, that, unless new markets should arise—and of this, to any considerable extent, the witnesses see no probability—the increase and improvement of Machinery *must* lessen the

demand for human labour every day. And to make this prospect still worse, the Emigration of Irish labourers, of every class, into Scotland and the northern districts of England, has, by the course of the steam navigation, become so easy and extensive, that every chance of maintaining a different rate of wages [materially different] in the two countries is at an end; either the condition of the Irish workman must be improved, or the Englishman who meets him in the market for labour must be degraded to his level. The short details which we shall extract from the evidence in the Report will establish these facts beyond question. And of the necessity of adopting some remedy, as far as any course of remedy can be devised—especially to check the excess of the last-described evil,—there can hardly exist a doubt.

The first witnesses examined before the Committee [we are now upon the Condition of the Labouring Classes] are—

Joseph Foster, and James Little, working “hand-loom weavers,” of Glasgow, and members of a society of artizans who are endeavouring to emigrate. These persons give their evidence, which is of great length and interest, with the most laudable temperance and good sense. They say that a hand loom weaver at Glasgow gets now, upon the average, from 4s. 6d. to 7s. a week wages: this is at *piece-work*: and to earn so much, he must be employed *eighteen or nineteen* hours a day.—(Q. 15).^{*} That *oatmeal and potatoes, with a little salt herring*, form the principal diet of the weavers; and that numbers have not a sufficient quantity even of this.—(Q. 163). They attribute the want of demand for their labour, in a great measure, to the introduction of the “power-loom,” which is getting more improved every day, and, which they believe, must very soon *displace* the hand-loom weaving *entirely*.—(Q. 58 to 61). They are tired of the apparent hopelessness of their situation; and great numbers wish, upon any terms, to emigrate.

Mr. Archibald Campbell, Member for Glasgow, confirms the evidence of these witnesses, as to the state of their trade; but adds, that he believes, if 1000 workmen (weavers) were removed from Glasgow or Paisley to-morrow, the vacuum would be immediately filled up *by importations from Ireland*—(Q. 219).

Mr. Home Drummond, member for Renfrew, concurs in the opinion of Mr. Campbell. He states that he has presented a petition to the House of Commons, for aid in emigration, from 155 hand-loom weavers, at Balfour, in Stirlingshire, whose earnings, for some time past, have averaged only from 4s. to 6s. a week. He adds that the Irish, in great numbers, are now driving out the natives in the west coast of Scotland, by working at a cheaper rate than the latter, from the more decent habits to which they have been accustomed, can afford to do.—(Q. 255).

The Rev. Mathias Turner states, that, at Manchester, and in several of the large townships in Lancashire, the wages of the manufacturers are *regularly*, in a very great degree, *paid out of the poor-rates*.—(Q. 531 to 537). The admitted calculation is, that a family cannot exist upon less than *Half-a-crown a week per head*; and when that amount is not earned, the parish makes up the difference. Mr. Turner sees no prospect of any fresh demand, which, looking to the force of the power loom, can afford work for the hand-loom weavers.—(Q. 438).

The Bishop of Chester says, that there are in Bolton 8,000 hand-loom weavers, the greater proportion of which, he believes, will *never get employed again*—(Q. 2262). His lordship speaks in the highest terms of the patience and good order of the people under their privations.

Mr. Thomas Hunter, a master manufacturer at Carlisle, gives evidence to the same effect. His facts happen to lie so condensed that we can make an intelligible extract:

“Q. 2833.—What is the average rate of wages of an able-bodied hand-weaver, by the week?—I have taken out fifteen of my men; five of them are employed at the best work, and pretty constantly employed; and I find their average nett

^{*}The figures and letters refer to the number of the question in the evidence as published by the Committee.

earnings to be 5s. 6d. per week, deducting all necessary expenses of loom rent, candles, tackling, &c.

" 2834.—How many hours a day must a man work to obtain those wages?—From fourteen to sixteen.

" 2835.—Is that rate of wages on the decline, or on the increase?—On the decline.

" 2836.—Within how short a period has a reduction taken place?—Within the last week.

" 2837.—Can you describe to the Committee the diet on which this population now subsist?—I should think principally upon *potatoes*, and *perhaps* a little butter-milk and herrings.

" 2838.—Do you happen to know, of your own knowledge, if they are in arrear of rent for the houses they occupy?—I believe nearly the whole of them.

" 2839.—How much rent do they owe, generally speaking, in Carlisle?—A year, I may say confidently, but in many instances more.

" 2840.—Do they generally occupy a single room?—Yes.

" 2841.—What is the rent they pay for a room?—They generally take them with a weaving-shop, with four or more looms attached; that is, a shop for four workmen; and the price varies of course—I believe from 6*l.* to 8*l.* a year.

" 2842.—Then, in point of fact, they are at the mercy of their landlords, and may be ejected at any time?—Completely so.

" 2843.—Have they their furniture pledged in many cases?—I dare say the most valuable articles have been pledged for twelve months past.

" 2844.—Has the power-loom machinery been progressive lately, or can it manufacture a species of goods, particularly checks, which it could not within a very short time?—They are making the attempt, though they have not succeeded to a great extent yet: I have no doubt they will *ultimately* be enabled to manufacture checks by power looms. At present, they certainly excel in plain cloths.

" 2845.—Is the fabric woven by the power-loom superior to that woven by hand?—They are obliged to use a better quality of yarns.

" 2846.—You being conversant with the trade, and knowing the facilities that the power-loom gives for the manufacture of these articles, do you entertain a reasonable doubt, even if the demand for manufactures *increased*, that the power-loom could supply it, without the aid of hand loom weaving?—From the rate at which it has increased of late years, I infer that it may certainly become equal to the *full* supply of all the *plain* cloths, and probably, in a short time, to checks likewise; that is, to two-coloured patterns.

" 2847.—From your knowledge of Carlisle and its neighbourhood, are there any other means of profitable employment open to hand-loom weavers, if they cease to weave?—*None whatever* at present.

" 2848.—Is not the rate of wages *generally* on the decline in that neighbourhood, whether agriculture or manufactures?—I believe labourers' wages have been reduced, in consequence of the number of hands thrown out of employ among the weavers."

In conclusion, this witness puts in a table of wages and expenses; from which it appears that the *best* hand-loom weavers in his employment are only able to earn 5s. 6d. a week.

The witnesses who are examined as to the state of the English agricultural population, state that the field labourers are in as bad a condition as the manufacturers. The Bishop of Chester, in one part of his evidence, intimates that their state is still worse. He says (p. 241)—

" Q. 2297.—Has your lordship turned your attention to the subject of emigration, as connected with the condition of the labouring poor of this kingdom?—I cannot say that I have; but another subject has been forced upon me since I have become acquainted with the manufacturing districts; namely, the *enormous disproportion* between the wages of the *manufacturing* and *agricultural* classes.

" 2298.—Could your lordship state to the Committee the great disproportion that appears to exist between the two rates of wages?—Yes. In the *agricultural* districts, towards the east of England, it is considered that if a man and his wife

and four children can earn *ten shillings* a week, he has no claim upon the parish for relief: whereas, in the *manufacturing* districts, cases have been brought before the Relief Committee as cases of urgent distress, where the same number of persons have been receiving *twelve* shillings a week.

"2299.—As a general position, you would think that the rate of wages in the manufacturing districts is much better than the rate of wages through the agricultural districts?—That it *was* much better."

In another part of his evidence, however, his lordship sets this right. He says (Q. 2318) that the house-rent which the manufacturer has to pay is much greater: "A cottage which, in the agricultural districts, would not fetch more than 3*l.* a year, in the manufacturing districts fetches 8*l.*" This increased rent exactly makes up the difference of 2*s.* a week—the difference between 10*s.* and 12*s.*—to which his lordship before alluded. It is farther admitted, that the labour and habits of the manufacturer render a more expensive kind of sustenance necessary to him than will suffice for the agricultural labourer: but the witnesses who speak to the condition of this last class, make statements which admit of no equivocation, although our limits enable us only to quote a few of them, and of the evidence of these to give the substance generally, rather than the full examinations.

Mr. Walter Burrell says, that he is a proprietor at West Grinstead, in Sussex, where the poor-rates, for the last four years, have been 12*s.* in the pound upon the rent of the land. This is in defiance of an expenditure of 10,000*l.* upon one work—a canal; undertaken, with other speculations, only to keep the people employed. From thirty to fifty able men are always, five months in the year, without work; and from seventy to seventy-five, three months. Boys and girls, from twelve to sixteen years of age, are *let out* by the parish, at from 3*d.* to 9*d.* a week each, and 40*s.* a year for clothing, given to those who will take them. In the parish of Pulborough, at the present moment, the poor rates are more than *Seven shillings* an acre upon the land; and witness believes the distress through the weald of Sussex to be pretty nearly the same. (Pp. 136, 137.)

Mr. Bradbury, overseer of the parish of Great Norwood, in Buckinghamshire, says, that in his parish the number of labourers is *one-third* more than can get employed.—(Q. 1216). The diet of the working-people is *secondary bread*, and tea *without sugar or milk*.—(Q. 1243). It appears from this witness's account, that Wages, *properly* so called, have—as a system of remuneration—*altogether ceased*. Men work, in the mass, for any allowance that they can get; and the parish gives to each as much more as will make up the smallest amount that he can possibly exist upon. A man *with a wife and two children*, has his wages made up to 6*s.* or 7*s.* a week.—(Q. 1246, 1247).

Mr. Thomas Lacoste says, that, in the parish of Chertsey, for the last seven or eight years, about 110*l.* monthly has been paid to people who have no employ, excepting in harvest. The labourers in general live very badly; many get nothing to eat but bread and potatoes, with tea.—(Q. 1603).

Mr. Samuel Maine, overseer of Hanworth, in Middlesex; Mr. James Taylor, mercer, of Feltham; and a variety of other witnesses from agricultural districts, state their parishes and neighbourhoods to be similarly situated.

We have marked the points from which these statements are taken, in order that a reference to the Report itself may at once shew that they are fairly extracted. But, if *this* appears to be a state of affairs sufficiently distressing, the condition of the population of Ireland is *incomparably worse*; and, unfortunately, the time seems to be rapidly approaching, when the condition of the labouring classes in the two countries—by the rise of the one or the fall of the other—*must* be placed upon a level. The steam-navigation—to use the expression of one of the witnesses—"has become a flying bridge," established between Great Britain and Ireland. The cost of passage seldom exceeds, from any point, half-a-crown or three

shillings; and it is in evidence that *Associations* are actually formed, and in operation in Ireland, for the purpose of *sending over the surplus population of that country into Scotland and England*. The Mendicity Society of London states by its Report, that the number of applications to them for relief from Irish paupers have been, up to *only the 31st of May in the present year*, 4,056; the amount of the applications in the *whole of the last year* being only 2,994. And the evidence of Dr. Elmore, of Cork (which we quote here for the purpose, a little out of its regular place), puts an end to any surprise which such an increase of demand might produce; for it avows the direct course, by which the augmentation has been effected.

"Q. 4399.—What are you?—I was very largely engaged in the manufacture of coarse linens and cottons.

"4400.—Where?—In Clonakilty, twenty five miles south west of Cork.

"4412.—Can you inform the Committee of any circumstances connected with a subscription for the removal of any paupers in the neighbourhood of Cork, to any part of this country?—In the year 1826, from the immense falling off of the linen manufacture introduced in the neighbourhood of Clonakilty, where nearly one thousand looms were employed—those linens were met in the market by a better quality of linen made by steam machinery, here and in Scotland; and the result has been that business declined—it was impossible that, working without machinery, even at the lowest rate, competition could be maintained. I say at the very lowest rate; women and children working twelve hours a day for 2d. or 3d.; weavers working the same number of hours could only earn from 8d. to 10d.; even at that modicum, their production could not compete with the production of the steam-power. The result is, that the business has been entirely destroyed, or comparatively so; that out of one thousand looms employed, there are not now more than thirty or forty. During the latter part of the last year, and the whole of this, the poor weavers must have been supported by voluntary contributions. Finding it impossible to continue that longer, it was conceived by a committee, formed at Clonakilty, that it would be proper to enter into subscriptions to *send them one to Manchester to seek employment*; and fearing that, by sending them in *large quantities*, they might be *returned*, the mode pursued was to send them over by *forties*, giving them money to pay their way, and support them a few days in Manchester."

The generally degraded condition of the Irish population—with the numberless causes more or less tending to that degradation—as detailed by the witnesses, from Ireland generally, would require a greater extent of extract to make it fully intelligible to our readers, than the limits of a periodical can afford. From the mass of evidence, however, before us, we shall select a few passages; carefully, however, avoiding relations of *particular cases* of distress, and quoting only those statements which apply to the condition of *whole classes*, or at least of *very large bodies*, of the people.

The first witness is Mr. Hugh Dixon, of Westmeath, who gives the following answers to some of the questions of the Committee:—

"Q. 2470.—Are you a land-agent in the county of Westmeath?—I am.

"2471.—Is there a great deal of poverty among the peasantry in that part of the country?—Indeed there is.

"2481.—What are the wages of labour in that part of the country?—A labourer is well contented if he gets what is called constant work with a gentleman in the country, at *eight pence a-day one part of the year, and ten pence the other*—Irish; that is, about ninepence-halfpenny for one, and sevenpence-halfpenny for the other half. He never complains.

"2483.—Will you state any of those classes with regard to whom more distress is found to exist?—[The witness describes, in the course of several answers, the condition of the "*under tenantry*," or tenants who hold of the *landlord's tenantry*,

at heavy rents; being idle one half of the year, and coming to England for harvest work during the other half.]

"2502.—Considering the average price of food in Westmeath, and the quality of the provisions which are consumed by this lowest class of persons; considering the nature of their clothing, and all their expenses together, what is the lowest sum per head at which you would estimate the maintenance of a family, consisting of a man, a woman, and three children, in the lowest class which you have described?—I dare say it would not be *three pounds a piece*. I do not think it would take more than that, from the manner in which they live: in fact, they have *nothing but the potatoe*."

Mr. David John Wilson, a proprietor in the county of Clare, confirms the statements of the last witness, as to the misery of the peasantry, and the absence of employment. He says that he can get labourers for *sixpence a-day* all the year round; and that the same men who work at that price will pay as high as from *five pounds to nine guineas* an acre for their potatoe-ground.—(Q. 2660). The rent is made by the sale of a pig, which is fed on the offal of the potatoe ground, and which is bought "*upon time*;" that is, not paid for until the time of sale.—(Q. 2660). The food of these people is potatoes only, with a little milk in summer.

Mr. Leslie Foster states (Q. 3156), that, in some parts of Ireland, population is at such an excess, that nearly the whole produce of the land is applied to the maintenance of the tenantry—leaving scarcely any available fund for the payment of the landlord. This gentleman's evidence, as to the obstacles which the distribution of property in Ireland present to the reclamation of waste lands, is highly luminous and interesting.

Mr. Jerrard Strickland speaks to the state of one property, upon which, within a space of 23,771 Irish acres, the population amounts to 18,535 individuals.—(Q. 3541). A great deal of this land is "*grazing mountain*," affording only some pasture for cattle; and there are no towns upon it at all, or manufacture carried on. The people hold small pieces of ground each, at extravagant rates of rent, which they plant with potatoes or cabbage: and the rent—which it would be *impossible to pay out of the produce of the land*—is made by the begging of the family, or by the money which the owner comes over and earns in Scotland or England.—(Q. 3531, 3532, &c.)

Mr. Markham Marshall says—

"Q. 4171.—Where do you reside?—In the county of Kerry.

"4172.—You have been resident on your property there for some years?—I have.

"4173.—Have you any particular means of ascertaining the state of the population with regard to the demand for labour?—I have observed that the population *very far exceeds* the demand for labour.

"4175.—Is considerable distress the consequence?—It is; I carried on extensive works last year; and as soon as it was understood that the works had commenced, hundreds flocked in to obtain occupation. Many of them had not tasted food for two days before, they assured me; and when at work, my steward informed me, that the generality of them were *so weak*, in consequence of the state of *starvation* that seemed to prevail among them, that I should be necessitated to *feed them*; which I did for six weeks, before they could execute *men's work*.

"4178.—Did you find, after the period during which you say it was necessary to nourish them, that they were very good labourers?—Very good.

"4179.—Were they persons chiefly having families?—I believe so.

"4180.—So that there must be a great number of persons *beyond* what you employed dependent upon their work for support?—Undoubtedly; they were much more numerous than I could give employment to.

"4193.—What were the wages you gave?—Eightpence a day."

The evidence of Mr. Bodkin, Mr. Vandeleur, Dr. Murphy, and Dr. Elmore is to the same effect: the most important point in the examination of the last of these gentlemen—the organized system of emigration from Ireland into England—we have already referred to.

The existence, then, of a mass of pauperised labour in some parts of Great Britain and Ireland, which is rapidly going on to degrade the whole productive labour of the country to its level, we think may be assumed. The Committee, in its Report, seems to address itself rather by preference to the condition of the agricultural population of the kingdom; but the evidence of all the witnesses examined from the manufacturing districts shews that the state of things there is no less deplorable. The question, therefore, shortly is—the evil being proved—What is the remedy?

In proceeding to this question, then, it becomes first necessary that we should set out by understanding the nature of the evil which we have to cure; and, with this view, we must call the fact to our remembrance, that the Surplus with which we are dealing is not a Surplus of *Population* as regards the capabilities of the land; but a Surplus of *Labour* over and above the wants and demands of the community. It is not that we have more people than the *soil* can maintain; because in England, Scotland, and Ireland there are more than ten million acres of land uncultivated; full two-thirds of which is capable, according to the best authorities, of being reclaimed, and which, being reclaimed, would produce food to maintain ten times the amount of "surplus population" that the wildest scheme of Emigration could ever be calculated to provide for. Nor is it—apart from this fact—that the power of subsisting population in Great Britain is at all necessarily limited by the cultivation or working of our land; because every manufacturer probably in the country might find abundance of employment to-morrow, if he were at liberty to accept the cheap corn of Russia or of Poland in exchange for the cloths which he produces. Therefore, we must distinguish. It is not the physical absence of means to live, but the artificial institutions and position of society, which prevent us from increasing our population, or oblige us to diminish it: we have *not* more labour than we can *maintain*; but we have more than the circumstances of the time afford a *demand* for: and the result is, that the lower classes, whose labour is the only commodity they have to dispose of, are ruined by its abundance, and the consequent diminution of its price.

In suggesting a remedy, therefore, for the evil, it is necessary to select that remedy, not with a view to its powers or operation in the abstract, but with a reference to those peculiar circumstances in the state of this country, subject to which, in practice, if adopted, it will have to be worked. We must examine how it bears, not merely upon the incident of the surplus population or surplus labour of the British empire, but how it may work in conjunction with all the various vested rights and interests which we *must* support: how it will suit and operate in connexion with the agricultural interest that holds the property of our land; with the foreign trade, that gives subsistence to our manufactures; with the public burthens and customary religious dues, which, as long as the present system holds together, we must pay; and, last not least, with the arrangements and distribution of all private property, and with the liens to which such property is subject.

In the abstract, a choice of expedients presents itself. We may extend our home cultivation: we may admit foreign grain, and increase the sale of our manufactures: or we may do what it is now proposed to do—send our surplus population abroad. And it is only necessary purposely to leave out of sight any one collateral circumstance which ought to be referred to; and in favour of *any one* of these courses—all opposite to, and striving in

the teeth of each other—an argument may be made out which shall appear unanswerable.

As a proposition of itself, nothing can be more plausible or more simple, than that—If our population be too dense, we should reclaim the waste lands, and find subsistence for it. At least, it may be said these lands will produce food, for the number of hands employed to cultivate them! Unfortunately, to prove the truth of this is to prove nothing: for we cannot draw a line in the law and regime which regulates our population; and every acre of land which is cultivated in this country must not only pay the labourer that tills it; it must go out of cultivation, or it must *pay more*. The man who sows the field is not, as society exists, the first who reaps the produce of it: the church, the state, and the public creditor must all—with a host of minor claimants—be satisfied before him. The land which now lies waste must pay, if cultivated, some rent—for it is the property of somebody: some charge of improvement—were it only the maintenance of the labourer, from the time of his commencing work until he obtains his crop, and the stamp of the parchment that gives him his lease or title of possession. The seed that goes into the ground must be paid: the farmer cannot lie in a ditch, or under a hedge—the interest of capital upon building him a house to live in must be paid. Then the tithe must be paid; the poor-rates must be paid; the king's tax, and the county-rate, and the rate for building the church that a new village requires must be paid. And every one of these charges must be satisfied to the last farthing out of the produce of any land—the moment we bring it into tillage—*before* the cultivator can taste a single grain of wheat, or even a potatoe that has grown upon it.

Thus much then for “the capability of the soil;” and as extremes are said, especially in argument, to lie near one another, the next proposition that we meet abroad—from the man next door to the waste land cultivator—is that which insists upon finding food for our surplus population, by freely admitting foreign corn. Our manufacturers are half fed, or starving, with gluts of unsold cotton (and powers unlimited of producing more) upon their hands. The people of Poland and Prussia are ill clad or naked, with corn rotting, for want of consumption, in their lofts and warehouses. Can any thing be more monstrous than a legislative enactment which denies these parties the liberty of exchanging with each other? keeping the foreigner without the manufactures which he is in want of, and our own industrious manufacturer idle, and without food? This proposition, which, moderated and guarded, perhaps comes the nearest to possibility and policy, nevertheless proceeds directly to the arrangement of throwing old land out of cultivation, instead of bringing new land into it; and, moreover, it is a policy which, adopted in its full extent, would produce a convulsion of property that it is impossible to contemplate: it would beggar every landowner in England. A fall of twenty per cent. in the price of corn to-morrow, would reduce the rent or income of every proprietor in England by one-half. If the whole reduction fell upon the land owner, his whole rent would be absorbed; but this would not be the case, because the general fall of prices would assist him something, and the profit of the farmer would be pared down to make up another portion of the deficiency. But still the reduction of his rent to one-half—and it would be reduced full a half—would effect the landowner's certain ruin. It is an error to suppose that it leaves him with *half his original wealth*. it leaves him *a beggar*: probably poorer than a beggar: for here the private rights and vested interests of the

country step in to cramp us in any attempt at change. All that the man whose property was thus suddenly depreciated had to *receive*, under the new state of things, would be diminished by *one-half*; but all that he had to *pay*—the whole amount of his liabilities—would remain *the same*. With only *ten* shillings of rent received from the farmer, he would still have to pay *twenty* shillings of claim for the public defence, or for the interest of the stockholder. His bonds, his settlements, mortgages, and securities of every description, would remain in their full extent: his means of meeting those liabilities (the rents upon the faith of which they had been contracted) would be diminished by one-half: the result would be that his estate would pass to his creditors—his person, if not protected by privilege, to a gaol. This course (putting out of the question the abatement of home trade, which the fall of the rents would occasion) would be little else than to create one great mass of misery and ruin, in our endeavours or anxiety to get rid of another.

The truth is, that those persons who are so assiduous to convince two of our contending parties, the agriculturist and the manufacturer, that they are “brothers,” carefully forget always that we have two classes of manufacturers—those who supply the home market, and those interested in the foreign: the latter of whom, in spite of all the logic of all the schools, will feel and believe that their interests and those of the English corn-growers—their *immediate* interests—are opposed. The home agriculturist, who would keep up the price of wheat, tells the home manufacturer truly—“We are brothers, and our interests are one. Pay me a high money price for my corn, and I will pay you a high price for your cotton:” the advantage of which course will be, that each receives a high price from the public generally, and pays—upon a great body of particular claims—no more than he must pay whether his general receipt were high or low. For example: A, a landowner, has 3*l.* to pay (to the public defence, the pension-list, and the fundholder), in the shape of a tax upon his footman; and 3*l.* (to B, the manufacturer), for the livery which the footman wears. Corn being at 60*s.* a quarter, *two* quarters pay the whole demand—6*l.* But, if corn be reduced to 2*l.* a quarter, although the cost of the livery has also fallen to 2*l.*, still the landlord is a loser; for the *tax* remains where it did. The livery and the tax together amount now to 5*l.*; and to pay that he must give, not *two* quarters of wheat, but two quarters and *a half*. So, again—B, the Home manufacturer, who pays 6*s.* to his workman, for weaving a piece of cloth, and 4*s.* (to the fundholder) for duty on the raw material, if he sells his cloth in the market for 12*s.* (the cost being 10*s.*), gets 2*s.*—although wheat shall be 60*s.* a quarter—by the transaction. But if wheat fall to 40*s.*, and the market value of his cloth in the same proportion to 10*s.*, then, although his workman’s wages have fallen to 5*s.*, yet the *duty* of 4*s.* remains the same, and he loses 1*s.* of profit by the change. Thus far, therefore, nothing can be more true than that the agriculturist, and the home manufacturer are brothers: but here—and this is the point which we are apt to lose sight of—here, in one moment, the mutual interest, which has run so smoothly between the parties, is broken up. For the manufacturer for the *foreign market*—for whom it is impossible to make especial provisions and arrangements—is forgotten in this treaty, and is starving. His customers in Germany and America will not pay him high prices, because wheat is dear in England. Buying grain at 3*l.* a quarter, he is undersold in his market by rivals, who can buy it at 1*l.* 10*s.*; and he says fairly to the English agriculturist, “You purchase none of

my produce; why am I compelled by law to pay an enormous price for *yours*?" Denied—as though chastisement were to impend upon injustice—the very ruin that overtakes him, brings his revenge upon the back of it. His vent abroad ceasing, he throws himself in the shape of a glut into the home market; and cuts down the prices of his fellow dealers, and runs up the poor-rates upon his opponents, (the landowners); on the one hand, with his cheap unsaleable goods, and on the other with his chargeable unemployed labour.

Dismissing, however, both farther cultivation, and farther importation of food, from their minds, as impracticable under the burthens and circumstances of the country, the Committee, after hearing an infinity of evidence upon all sides, concludes by deciding to report in favour of "Emigration." Our chief complaint against which course is, simply and shortly, that we think it clear that the sort of emigration that they recommend, can tend to nothing; and that, if there be any truth in the data upon which their recommendation is founded, they might just as well—except for fashion's sake—have concluded without any recommendation at all. As it is, we shall beg the attention of our readers, while we examine, very shortly, how far the expectations held out in the Report are likely to be realized.

Emigration being resolved upon as the most efficient remedy for the admitted distress, the principal points which the Committee had to inquire into were these:—First, the expediency of "removal," as regarded the welfare of the individuals removed. Second, the extent to which such a removal as its policy contemplated, would relieve the market of the surplus labour that distressed it. Thirdly, the question whether any vacuum created by emigration was, or was not, likely to be immediately filled up. Fourthly, the means to pay the expenses of emigration—a topic which divides itself into a variety of minor inquiries. And, lastly, the position and detail of the proposed colonization: matters which we shall not go into at present; because we doubt the whole case will break down before we arrive at the point which would make their discussion necessary.

The first of the above five questions, then, although it has excited a good deal of contest in some quarters, we are inclined to dismiss very summarily. We are far from thinking that the lot of the Emigrants will be free from hardship: but of this we are convinced—that the condition of a pauper who emigrates, must be better than the condition of a pauper who remains at home. The man who already digs in the earth, or spins in a cotton mill, sixteen hours a day, for six shillings a week—whose bed is straw, with at best a single blanket, and his food oatmeal or potatoes, and even these in a quantity barely sufficient to sustain existence—this man has not a great deal, go where he may, to apprehend from fortune. We feel no apprehension ourselves as to the "unfitness of weavers for agricultural pursuits." The weavers, during the war, made good soldiers: no better: and men who could fell Frenchmen will be able to fell trees: if they could open trenches to besiege fortresses, they can open trenches to plant celery. Besides, this very trivial objection touches only a handful of individuals. It neither affects the English or Irish peasantry; nor yet (among the artisans) the hand-loom weaver; who, according to the evidence, united the trades of agriculturist and manufacturer; generally adding to his cottage a comfortable garden, which he cultivated, and which furnished great part of the daily sustenance of his family. Therefore, upon this first question, we are ready to join issue at

once: the emigrants themselves, *we* think, will be benefited by emigration.

On the next point, however, examined by the Committee—the mode in which the funds are to be raised for Emigration—we cannot get on so fast; and we rather suspect that a portion of their plan here, which takes up at least 100 pages of room in the Report and evidence, will never, except upon paper, take up any room at all. The first part of the proposal of the Committee, in principle, and divested of the multitudinous figures and calculations that encumber it, is—That the legislature shall borrow a certain sum of money, for the purpose of locating emigrants in foreign colonies, and providing them at starting with such supplies as seem necessary to ensure their success: this Loan to be afterwards repaid by the emigrant, in the shape of an annual rent levied upon the land allotted to him; the first payment of such rent commencing three years after his location, and continuing until the whole sum advanced to him (with interest) is discharged. As the principle here is all that is of consequence, we shall just briefly state that the loan furnished to each emigrant—such individual being “the head or master of a family of five persons”—is to be 60*l*. Distributed and laid out for his advantage, according to the following course or table, on his arrival at Quebec, or any other port (specified) of our North American colonies:—

“Average estimate of the expense of settling a family, consisting of one man, one woman, and three children, in the British North American provinces; distinguishing the various items of expenditure:

Expenses of conveyance from the port of disembarkation to	£.	s.	d.
place of location	10	0	0
Provisions (and freight), viz. 1 lb. of flour, and 1 lb. of pork for each adult per diem, and half that quantity for each child; pork at 4 <i>l</i> . a barrel, and flour at 1 <i>l</i> . 5 <i>s</i>	41	17	8
House for each family	2	0	0
Implements; consisting of four blankets, one kettle, one frying-pan, three hoes, one spade, one wedge, one augur, one pickaxe, two axes, proportion of grindstone, whip-saw and cross cut saw, freight and charges, in all do.....	3	18	0
Cow	4	10	0
Medicines	1	0	0
Seed corn	0	1	6
Potatoes ditto	0	12	6
Proportion of general expenses: clerks, surveyors, &c. &c....	2	5	0

Canadian currency £66 4 8”

Now thirty years are to be allowed the colonist for paying this advance back, with the interest. And advantages are to be allowed him on purchasing up the annuity at an earlier period; and the rent is to be taken in money or in produce, according to his convenience. And all this looks plausibly upon paper; and we are not at all prepared to say that even the fact of its total hollowness should stop the project of emigration—if that plan be in other respects found advisable: but if we are to canvass the Report of the Committee, and bind ourselves by a part of their conclusion—that “they would not feel *justified* in recommending to the House a national outlay of this nature, without the prospect of *direct return*”—then we must confess that neither the facts nor the analogies upon which they

found their belief of this "direct return," are by any means convincing or satisfactory to us.

In the first place, there is something, as it were, staggering and overpowering—something which alarms one's ordinary habits of belief—in the appearance of a table occupying a whole page in folio; closely figured and printed; and exemplifying the exact course of payments to be made, all the way from North America, by persons now going out from England to that country as paupers, so far in futurity as up to the years 1860 and 1861! The years 1860 and 1861!—why the world may end before that time. Or the Canadas—an event perhaps less improbable—add themselves, "emigrants" and all, to the United States of America. The mere looking through Time's telescope, for a space of thirty years, diminishes every sovereign of the debt to the size of a spangle! Besides which, we should doubt grievously that the cost of collection, at such a distance, would swallow up all the proceeds of the settlers' rent. Payments in corn or cattle, made by scattered farmers in North America, to be transmitted to England! How much per cent.—deducting the salaries of collectors, receivers, and commissioners—not to speak of a whole host of incidental expenses—would they be worth when they arrived? Moreover, the Committee forget that they have counted here, as though they were reckoning matters certain, upon the honesty, industry, and success—three points each sufficiently questionable—of all these settlers. What security have we against an "emigrant"—that is to say, a "pauper"—that he shall not receive his location money in May—grow tired of farming in June—and hire himself as a servant (spending all he has, first) in July? Or what pledge, that the man who has secured his bounty, shall not, within a fortnight afterwards, sell all he has, and proceed with the money across the boundary to New York; leaving the tax-gatherer, who comes to levy on his land "three years after," to find the interest of his employer's loan, where he can find the principal? Neither does the distinction taken by the Committee—that the present claim would "*not* be a claim for *rent of land*," but for "the liquidation of a *debt* actually incurred, and charged with *legal* interest"—seem to us by any means sufficiently to provide against those "difficulties, which the Committee are aware have been *practically* experienced, both in Canada and the United States, in obtaining the payment of the *proceeds of land*!" The difference between "*proceeds of land*," and actual "*produce*" demanded from a settler, is one which we fear transatlantic minds would be slow in comprehending; and the table produced by Mr. Robinson to prove—from the success of former emigrants—that future ones would have the means of paying every thing demanded of them, seems chiefly calculated to shew the distressing and dangerous extent, in which the settlers whose condition he describes, and whom he "*located*," suffered from ague and fever in the first year after their arrival. Our own impression is, that, so far from there being a prospect of a "direct return" from emigrants sent out by this country, the chances are ten to one that there never would be any "return" at all. But we shall leave this point. In discussing the question so far, it will be observed we have spoken only of the cost or means of *locating* the emigrants *after* their arrival in North America; the means of *passing them from Europe* are to arise in another way, and from other sources; and, upon this second part of the plan, we doubt that the conclusion of the Committee has been adopted even more rashly than upon that which preceded it.

The view of the Committee, on the subject of the passage of the emigrants from Europe to Canada, is that *that* expense would be willingly paid by the parishes or parties interested in their removal. It does not seem to us that, especially as regards the great source from which the emigration would be drawn—*viz.* Ireland—the evidence of the witnesses justifies any such confident expectation.

To begin with Scotland. All the witnesses from Scotland (capitalists and proprietors) are agreed upon the fact of the Surplus Population, and the general distress: but the moment a *subscription* is mentioned to remove the labourers, they “cannot hold out any prospect of contribution,” and “think that any vacuum produced by emigration would soon fill up.”

In England, where the state of the poor laws renders every unemployed labourer a *direct* charge upon his parish, the case is different; and the witnesses here think, pretty generally, that, if parishes were allowed to mortgage their rates for the money necessary, they would subscribe for a removal. In the agricultural districts, no difference of opinion exists upon this point; and, in the manufacturing, the only question is—which would be the best way to get rid exactly of that quantity of workmen who are chargeable to the poor-rate; and at the same time retain just such a number as will always keep down the price of labour in the market?

But, in Ireland, which is the great and productive source of the evil—and as to which the Committee declares it would be useless to think of any emigration which did not proceed by carrying off great numbers of the Irish people first—we have decided doubts whether any thing will be done in the way of finding money, which is not done entirely at the expense of the legislature.

For, in the first place, it is in proof, upon the evidence of all the principal witnesses, that by accumulating population upon his estates to the very farthest possible point—however the tenantry may be plunged into misery and degradation—the Irish proprietor is often decidedly benefited. So long as the population upon the land stops short of that ultra limit of excess, when feeding on potatoes, and lying half naked in huts of mud, they still consume *all* that the ground can produce; in which case, of course, nothing remains to pay the landlord; so long as the population falls short of that point, the enormous competition created by its excess, raises the rent of the proprietors’ land three or four times over that which (if the tenants had to earn meat and clothes out of it) would be its value. And, even beyond this, the maintenance of a political interest (under the forty shilling freehold system) frequently makes it worth a proprietor’s while to *sacrifice a portion of his rent*; and keep up a greater population on his ground, than the land is capable of adequately maintaining.

Mr. Hugh Dixon says that the peasantry of Ireland pay rents which it is *impossible* for them to raise out of the land. They live upon almost nothing; and earn part of the money that pays their rent by working in England. He has no doubt that the system of forty shillings freeholds tends materially to increase the excess of population; but the best landlords carry that system to the utmost to assist their political objects.—(Q. 2551 to 2554). Mr. Dixon’s opinion is by no means favourable to the conclusion, that Irish proprietors, generally, would contribute money to carry their poor tenants away; there are cases, he says, in which it would be contrary to their interest to do so.

Mr. Daniel Wilson, who states that as much as *nine guineas an acre* is paid now in some places for land to be made into potatoe garden, though he admits that rents are often lost by the poverty of the population, doubts whether proprietors

would contribute towards their removal. Political objects, for one cause, may disincline them to do so. Mr. Wilson says—

“Q. 2674.—You don’t think the landlord will contribute towards the emigration of his tenantry, who cannot provide a check against their places being re-occupied?—I think the remedy always remains with the proprietors; at the same time there is one great inducement held out to the proprietor not to check it.

“2675.—What is that?—It is the present system of elective franchise.

“2676.—Will you state to the Committee the direct effect of that system?—Each gentleman looks for a particular weight in his county: at least many do; and his political weight in the county must depend upon the number of forty shillings freeholders he has. If he looks to have his rents paid in comfort, and his property in an improved state, he will not have such a number of forty shillings freeholders; if he looks to a political interest, he must have a great number of forty shillings freeholders on his property.”

Mr. John Scott Vandeleur, doubts if any general disposition to contribute would be found among the landlords.—(Q. 3128).

Mr. Leslie Foster concurs with the earlier witnesses, that under the existing system the landlords of Ireland constantly receive rent *beyond* that which the land is worth.—(Q. 3153). He thinks, however, that the alarm is now so great, from the excess of pauperism, that contributions for emigration might be expected from the landlords. His evidence, however, in another place, shews that the obstacles in the way of allowing proprietors to charge their estates for this purpose (where it was not convenient to pay money down) would be almost insuperable.

The accounts of Mr. Jerrard Strickland, and of Mr. Markham Marshall, upon this point, are both important. Mr. Strickland says—

“Q. 3522.—Are you of opinion that in case a proprietor, whose land falls out of lease, and who has had an opportunity of getting rid, upon the principle you describe, of his extra tenantry, that that proprietor will materially increase his annual receipt of rents by the operation of such a change?—At the present moment, I believe he would *lose* rent. If merely the number of tenants that were necessary for the cultivation of the land upon an improved principle were left upon it, and all the rest were removed, in the first instance, the landlord would *lose* rent. The *small tenantry* in Ireland pay *more* rent than any *regular farmer* would pay; and these pay it not out of the produce of the land, but out of the produce of their labour in England. There is an *unnatural* rent paid to the landlords in the part of the country I am in, which is not derived from the produce of the land; and if those men were now removed, the landlord would lose rent.

“3523.—Although that observation may be true in particular instances, it is presumed that it does not apply generally?—Undoubtedly not, I speak merely as far as my own knowledge goes. That certainly *does exist* over a great part of the counties of *Mayo, Roscommon, and Galway*.

“3524.—The Committee are to understand that in those counties it is almost the universal habit of the poor class of labourers to migrate into England for the purpose of obtaining wages during harvests!—It is; and they bring *from England* money to pay rent for land, *far beyond the value of that land*; and they actually pay that rent.

“3525.—Are the rents paid with punctuality?—They are; those common tenantry will pay to middle men 20s. 30s. and 40s. per acre, for the privilege of building a cabin *on the skirts of a bog*, and cultivating the bog: themselves earning the rent by their labour in England.”

Mr. Marshall follows.

“Q. 4221.—Do you not conceive that it is the well understood interest of every proprietor whose estate is over peopled, in a pecuniary point of view, to get rid of that surplus population, and let his ground in another manner than has been usual in the south of Ireland?—I think ultimately undoubtedly it is; though many resident proprietors are *desirous* of having a considerable population on their estates, in consequence of the *cheapness* of labour, and the competition, and consequent *high rent* offered for land: a rent, which though never paid, if money is required, is *generally discharged* by means of labour.”

The Irish witnesses are thus divided as to the question whether landowners would contribute voluntarily to remove their tenantry; and the weight of

their inclination seems to us to go to the negative—that they would not. But apart from personal opinion, the state of the facts is pretty nearly sufficient to demonstrate, that all assistance afforded to emigration must be given by some public act—must come from the legislature or from the crown. Because the interests of *all* individuals, in a measure like this, will not be *alike*, or in common; and, on the contrary, as soon as the scheme of removal began (by personal or local contribution), each man would aim at being benefited—if the course of removal produced benefit—by the operations of some other. The disposition (as far as any exists) to contribute toward the charge of emigration, is to arise out of the necessity which any given landlord feels for clearing his estate of its surplus tenantry; joined to the fear that such tenantry, finding no refuge elsewhere, will be driven into acts of desperation or open violence. The Committee asks Mr. Daniel Wilson, speaking of the process of ejection—“You do *not* think that the proprietors would be withheld by a feeling for the consequences to the party *ejected*, from exercising their right of ejecting the tenant?” The answer is—“No; I think that in many cases they would not!” That which the landlord does, it is admitted that he does from *fear*; from a fear that the tenants, left wholly without resource, will be driven to despair. But as soon as by the clearance of the estate of A, the ejected tenants of B had a prospect of locating themselves on the grounds of his neighbour, the alarm of B, as to the consequences of the despair of these tenants abates; and (having no more money than he very well knows what to do with) he takes advantage of the opening that has been made, and *ejects*—without paying any contribution towards the emigration project—immediately. In fact, this principle not only *must* come into operation, but *it is in operation already*. Mr. Wilson states that, on a certain occasion, he cleared part of the useless population off a particular farm. And the Committee asks—“What became of them?” And the answer is the simplest in the world—“They are residing on land *adjoining* it; they have taken small houses from cottier tenants.” So in the evidence of Mr. John Bodkin—the witness states that he dispossessed a number of tenants, giving up a year’s rent, £790, that they were in arrear. The question is asked—“What became of them?” And the answer is—“They went on the different properties of the neighbourhood.” And again, Mr. Markham Marshall, being asked what became of 1,100 people whom he ejected, says—“They went upon the estates of the adjoining proprietors: but having no means of earning an honest livelihood, they have been necessitated to resort to thieving and vagabond habits for support.” Were it from the operation of this circumstance only, we should say that the Committee is infinitely too sanguine in its expectations of assistance, unless by a general legislative measure, from the Irish proprietors. The greater part of these are, practically—whatever their nominal properties may be—distressed men; and many of them will be anxious to avoid *every* expense, not compulsory, in which it is attempted to involve them. Some—unless aid is directly voted by Parliament—will be content to keep their tenants: they make them pay, not as farmers, but as voters. Others will delay their ejections, until room shall be made on the lands of their more liberal neighbours. But—strongest of all—we think there is this answer to the assumption of the Committee—that Irish landholders will come forward voluntarily to furnish the means of removing a portion of their excessive population.—Can we expect the Irish proprietors, unless upon compulsion, to contribute *five pounds a head* (for

this is the sum demanded) to carry their surplus tenantry as emigrants to Canada, when, for a *twentieth* part of that amount—and under a system already organized, and in operation—they can pay the expenses of their emigration into England?

Unfortunately, however, it is not merely upon these points of detail—sufficiently important, perhaps, as some of them may fairly be called—that we are disposed to quarrel with the Report of the Emigration Committee. Supposing the expectations which we have discussed to be founded in error, a change of arrangement is all that is necessary to set them right. But our main difficulty is the belief we have—we may almost say the conviction—that, supposing every expectation of the Committee, as to the details of their plan, to be realized, the project itself is wholly poor and feeble—inadequate to cope for a moment with the evil against which it is directed.

The means which the Committee suggest, to prevent the filling up of that vacuum which emigration may create, seem to us—especially as far as Ireland is concerned—to be of very doubtful efficacy. A disposition among some proprietors to draw the greatest amount of rack-rent from their lands; among others, a desire to keep the rate of labour low; and among others to use their estates as much for purposes of political jobbing as for agricultural production, will still be constantly uniting in Ireland to keep the population in excess; and that disposition to excess, the instincts of the people themselves will always be at hand to second. This is the first stumbling-block which a system of emigration, however well imagined, has to surmount; and it is one which the doctrine of Mr. Malthus (however he may lose his way in some of his endeavours to surmount it) admits the difficulty of, fully and distinctly. Neither law, nor argument, nor any check short of want and mortality, will, certainly and effectually, stop the people's increase.

One Irish witness is asked—"It has been stated that early marriages are the chief cause of this excess of population in Ireland—is it not the miserable condition of the people—that they are hopeless of all improvement, and so careless of consequences—which induces them to marry without provision?" And he answers—with great likelihood of truth—"That he believes that *it is*." A second is asked—"But, if they marry so fast, now they have neither food nor employment, to maintain them or their children, will not a prospect of getting food and employment make them marry faster?" And this witness cannot deny that the possibility *is* as is described. A third witness, who is asked the same question—answers, we are afraid, more to the purpose than either—"They will marry," he says, "*any way*: when they are going to marry, they never stop to consider any thing at all."

Are you not of opinion, says the Committee to Mr. Malthus—

"Q. 3374.—Are you not of opinion that much which concerns the happiness and interests of the poor, might be produced by disseminating among them explanations of their real position, couched in such language as they might perfectly understand?—I think that such explanations might be extremely beneficial to them.

"3375.—Do you not admit that if it could be once impressed upon their minds that it was their duty not to put themselves in a situation to produce a family before they had the means of supporting it, any idea of harshness involved in the refusal of pecuniary assistance to an unemployed labourer would be done away?—I think, in a great measure.

"3377.—If cheap tracts were written and given to the poor, and in some instances taught in the schools, explaining the doctrines you have just laid down with respect to the condition of the poor, do you imagine they would be able to understand them, and that they would apply what they learned to their own case?—I think they are not very difficult to be *understood*: but they are perhaps rather difficult to *apply*."

Before we talk of "tracts" in Ireland—and our readers will have the goodness to recollect that it is to Ireland *peculiarly*, according to the Report of the Committee, that our attention, in this work of abating population, should be directed—before we talk of "tracts" in Ireland, we must at least have a population sufficiently instructed to *read* them. But it is cant, or error, to talk at all of "the principle which more or less operates among the *higher classes*, through all grades," of not marrying without the means of *providing for a family*. In a case like this, the greater part of the labouring classes, if they see any thing, must see that, if they were to attend to that principle, three out of four of them would never marry at all. We never can hold out to the lower orders that inducement to caution which operates on the class of society above them; nor have they the same facilities for enduring the restraints which the advisers of abstinence suppose. The vices of ploughmen are not dignified with public approval, or clothed in silk or satin. The Tread-mill is their "public instructor," which steps in to check such lapses from propriety as the lectures of the pulpit may by any chance have failed to place in a light of fitting abhorrence. To a beginning tradesman, the question of early marriage may be a question of fortune in life, or of failure: to a farm labourer, or a weaver, it is a question whether the parish shall or shall not pay him a pittance, in addition to the wages which he receives from his master. The competency of emigration to act as a remedy at all for such an evil as surplus population, or surplus supply of labour, is almost less than problematical. Without some checks to the filling up, and powerful ones, all experience shews that it is—like "tapping" in the dropsy—a remedy valueless, unless where it can constantly be repeated. The hundreds of thousands of soldiers whom we took from Ireland, Mr. Leslie Foster observes—(this was emigration)—did not sensibly check the tide of population. The conscription in France, Mr. Malthus says, did not sensibly diminish the population. The scheme for preventing marriages, spoken of by Mr. Hunter, in the Island of Coll,* may do (as many experiments succeed on a small scale), confined to one property; but let every landowner attempt to protect himself in the same way, and we should have a revolution in the country in a fortnight. The only check, within the application of man to population, we are afraid, is that suggested by Mr. Malthus himself—the letting those people, who have no means of employment, *starve to death*; but we object to that gentleman's scheme of adding a little fresh impetus to the machinery for that purpose, which is already, though with a more restrained energy, in motion.

At length, however, we reach the last, and the most material point in the Report of the Committee—the Plan of Emigration. And, as we have already had occasion to challenge the soundness of some of the views developed in this document, so we are compelled to confess its conclusion

* The whole island is the estate of one proprietor, who expels all persons that marry without his consent.

strikes us as a *most entire and signal failure*. Whether it was that the Committee doubted the possibility of doing any thing effectual, but thought it necessary, for form sake, to conclude by proposing *something*;—or whether they flattered themselves that the difficulty would work its own cure, while the suggestion of the Report covered the operation; certain it is that, at the end of our long 600 pages, just where it took us up, the project that they conclude with sets us down. The reader is in the situation of the prisoner described in the Neapolitan story, who, after cutting his way through an oaken door of enormous strength, in the confidence of obtaining his liberty—finds an *iron* one on the other side of it.

The Committee set out (p. 15 of the Report) by laying the groundwork for their suggestion or recommendation—describing, generally, the overburthened condition of the country. With a cautious regard, very far from blameable, to the character of the advice which is to follow, the *extent* of the mischief (in the Report) is not very formally laid down: but as we perceive that the Committee's knowledge of it is gained from the evidence before them, we shall endeavour to shew, according to that source of information, what it really is—

The first witnesses (whose evidence for other purposes we have already noticed), Foster and Little, the deputies of the Glasgow Weavers' Committee, think that the "removal of 500 or 1000 men from Glasgow and Paisley only" would *not* be sufficient to leave competent work, at fair wages, for the remainder. —(Q. 161 to 165).

Mr. Archibald Campbell produces the "last Report" (dated 15th Feb 1827) of the "Committee for the Relief of the unemployed in the county of Renfrew:" which states the number of *families* then dependent on the Committee to be 1245.—(Q. 185).

Major Moody states (date of evidence, 24 Feb. 1827) that 7,900 persons are then weekly relieved in *Manchester*, who are able to work if employment could be obtained.—Q. 236).

The Rev. Jno. Mathias Turner, Rector of Wilmelowe, in Cheshire, does not believe that *any* plan of emigration, of which he has ever seen an outline, could subtract a *sufficient number* of hands from the market to raise the labourers' wages.—(Q. 508).

Thomas Bradbury, overseer of Great Horwood, in Buckinghamshire, says that the number of labourers in the neighbourhood where he resides is *one third* more than can get employment.

Mr. W. H. Wyett's evidence states that, in Blackburn, of a population of 150,000 weavers, there is not employment for more than *one half*.—(Q. 2538).

Mr. Hugh Dixon thinks that there would be labour enough in the county of Westmeath, if *one half* the lower class of labourers (that would be about a fourth part of the population) were removed. He finds *Ireland generally*, as far as he knows, in the same situation.—(Q. 2521, 2591).

Mr. Daniel Wilson, of the county of Clare, says—"generally speaking, the demand for labour is *very small*, as compared with the *population*."—(Q. 2620). A large portion of the lowest labourers are without employ: but he thinks not a half.

Mr. Bodkin's evidence is to the same effect with Mr. Wilson's.

To Mr. Malthus the question as to any *extent of emigration* is never put. Half a million from Ireland *only*, is once thrown out as a hint.—(Q. 5388).

Mr. Marshall's evidence we have already quoted at considerable length. This gentleman, it will be recollected, got rid of 1,100 persons off his own estate only at once. His opinion is that the population of the county of Kerry exceeds the demand for labour very materially.—(Q. 4173).

Now it may be too much to say, definitively, that from a part we should judge of the whole; but certainly all this evidence seems to go to the *general state* of the country. And it will be recollected that this is

the *Third Report* of the Committee; the first having been devoted almost wholly to exhibiting the mass of pauperism that we have to contend with; and containing evidence upon that subject of the most powerful character, if our limits would permit us to refer to it. However, to take the mischief in its least formidable light:—Ireland (which forms the root of the evil)—to abstract from her population of *seven millions, half a million* instantly, after the evidence which has been given: this certainly would not be too much! From the *fifteen million* population of England, Wales, and Scotland, to remove another *half million*, would be touching matters almost with too light a hand! But what is the plan proposed by the Committee? Is it to carry away this million without loss of time? Is it to carry away (according to the hint dropped to Mr. Malthus, in speaking of Ireland *only*) five hundred thousand? No; it is neither of these. The plan—encumbered with a crowd of details into which we shall not enter—is to organize an emigration of *ninety-five thousand persons!* and this *not immediately*, but between the present time and the year 1831!

Now this plan seems something of kindred to the famous project for emptying the river Thames with a tea-spoon. “Flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!” The abstraction of 95,000 persons from Ireland alone, would produce no sensible effect upon her dense population; but still less, according to the very doctrine which the Committee, in their own Report, quote so triumphantly from Mr. Malthus, can it in the slightest degree better the condition of the people who are left behind! If there are 150 persons to work—this is Mr. Malthus’s proposition—and if there is work only for 100, the competition for that work will bring down wages, to a price ruinous to the labourer. And, even if, from the 150 workmen, we take away 25, and the amount of work remains fixed at 100, the competition *still continues*; the 25 per cent. of surplus labour acts as mischievously as the 50 had done; and the lowest rate of wages only will be given even to the 100 by whom the employment is obtained. This principle, in the outset of their Report, the Committee take great pains to establish. They parade Mr. Malthus’s opinion as to the power of a *very small quantity* of surplus labour to keep down wages in the market; and for no other purpose one would think—looking to what follows—than to demonstrate clearly to all the world, that the 95,000 emigrants removed from England are removed purely for their *own* advantage, and with no view to the benefit of the labouring classes at large! But, by some strange error, or fatality, which we cannot understand, the anxiety of the Committee that the country should experience *no relief*—that is to say, obtain *no diminution* of its existing surplus labour or population—by the proposed emigration, does not stop here. It goes farther; for the plan actually *provides* that the people who are to *emigrate*, shall not be *removed* at any thing like the same rate, that, in the ordinary and current course of population, they will be replaced! For the 95,000 emigrants, our readers will recollect, when all is provided for them, are not to go away *immediately*. They are to depart in *three shipments*; the last removal to take place *four years hence*, in the year 1831. Now the fact is, that the present population of Great Britain and Ireland, being taken at the lowest estimate—twenty-three millions—and increasing at the lowest supposed ratio—that suggested by Mr. Malthus—a rate at which it would double itself in fifty years—the increase gained at this rate of augmentation upon our twenty-three millions by the year 1831, will be more than *ten times greater* than the number which, in the same time, the Committee will have carried

away!) The affair, put into figures would stand thus:—Our population, taking it at Christmas next, (1827) to be 23,000,000,—supposing it to double itself in fifty years—by Christmas 1828, will have increased (in round numbers) 321,000; and the Committee will have removed 20,000. By Christmas, 1829, it will have increased 325,000 more, making an advance of 646,000; and the Committee will have carried away 30,000 more, making a diminution of 50,000. By Christmas, 1831, the population will have increased 664,000 more, making altogether an increase of 1,310,000; and the Committee will have removed 45,000 more, making altogether an abstraction of 95,000. So that we should have out of this project—

Total of increase within the time stated, supposing a rate of increase such as would double the population in fifty years	1,311,414
Total of diminution by emigration	95,000

Increase of our population (and consequent difficulty) in 1831—as far as the exertions of the Committee are concerned.....	1,216,414
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Now our readers will observe that the increase here quoted has nothing whatever to do with the alleged *impetus*, which the abstraction of any portion of the inhabitants of a country of its own act gives to population [Mr. Malthus, Q. 3386.], and against which it is part of the duty of those who organize an emigration to provide: it is merely the *ordinary* increase which is inevitable, at the rate at which our population is, and has been, believed to be augmenting. We are perfectly aware, too, that these estimates as to the rate in which population *does* increase, both in England and Ireland, stand generally upon very unsatisfactory data. Mr. Malthus, who has devoted great attention to the subject, says—that he believes the average increase of the people of Ireland to be such as would double the population in forty years: judging from a calculation made upon the *actual* increase which the census of 1821 shewed to have taken place in the last thirty years, over the census or estimate of Dr. Beaufort in 1792: but of the *accuracy* of Dr. Beaufort's census of 1792, on which the whole truth of his own estimate depends—Mr. Malthus *knows nothing!* Still, in taking the *average* of 50 years as the rate of increase in which the whole kingdom would double itself, we have taken the *lowest* rate given by any witness—indeed a rate considerably lower than any witness suggests; and even halve that increase; divide that half again; say the increase is such as would double the population in 100 years—or in 200 years; still either the fallacy of half the premises upon which the Report proceeds must be monstrous, or there is no conceivable rate of augmentation that can go on *so slowly*, but that the diminution provided by the Committee will be *behind* it! And, unless that body are prepared to shew—that of which certainly no word of proof appears in their Report—that they have some means for holding this great and increasing population suddenly at a stand still—their whole scheme (according to all the data on which they have founded it) is just as hopeless and extravagant, as that of a man who should propose to stop the filling of a cistern by opening a half-inch pipe to run out on one side, while a six-inch pipe (drowning him and his philosophy together) was running in on the other!

In fact, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the Committee themselves have intended this project as a sort of tub to the whale: a medicine which the patient shall be amused with mixing up and swallowing, while nature herself (as she produced the complaint) applies the *real* remedy. The day for emigration, upon a profitable and effective scale, is gone by: if we might burst (with no interference from our neighbours) upon Spain or Portugal, massacre the inhabitants of those countries, establish ourselves upon their lands, and in their homes, *this* would be emigration to some purpose! but the spirit of the age will not allow this; and we cannot send millions of men to the distance of Canada or New South Wales. The emigration proposed by the Committee will cost a million and a half of money, and benefit (to this we fully agree) 95,000 men who are to emigrate. But it will do nothing to relieve this country from the surplus labour, a surplus population, which is declared to be oppressing it—unless the Committee have lights and views upon that subject, which can hardly be deduced from the evidence given before them, and which certainly are not glanced at in their Report.

Our own object, as we stated in the commencement, is to point out this failure in the enterprize of the Committee, rather than to attempt any theory which should supply the gap which it has left. The complaint of surplus labour, or surplus population, is not a new one: in this age of active inquiry, such an evil excites more attention and discussion than it did formerly: but it is not because we see the mortal tendency of the disease, that we are always able to apply the remedy. Half the improvements which science and the exertion of individuals, every day are opening upon us, have a direct tendency to produce the mischief which we are now endeavouring to remove—to raise the rates of increase upon our population. Every increase of morality in our habits; every fresh discovery in the treatment of our maladies; every improvement in the purity and wholesomeness of our cities; are all so many engines labouring directly to augment our population. In opposition to the working of all these causes—and of an hundred others—besides the *grand one*, which neither force nor argument will ever overcome—each theorist—to set all right—has his *single specific*! One man cures all by freely importing corn: forgetting that (independent of present mischiefs) if we did freely import corn to-morrow, no importation could keep pace with an unchecked population; and that thirty years would place us again in circumstances of difficulty. Another speculator would cultivate more corn at home: never noticing the man who cries that he is starving, because we cultivate too much corn—too much *inferior land*—already. A third *tithes*, the mere increase upon our existing numbers, by “emigration to Canada,” and calls that “practical relief and diminution.” And a fourth, enraged to see the labouring classes working almost to death for bare subsistence, proposes to revert to our old usage (no longer practicable) and allow the magistrate to fix a minimum of wages. It is curious to observe, in the evidence of Mr. Wills and Mr. Wright, members of a “Society for bettering the condition of the labouring classes,” how completely abstract propositions blind men to possibilities, as well as to results. Nothing can be more plausible, or more honourable to their dispositions, than the *arguments* of these gentlemen; and yet it seems almost wonderful how they can be so perfectly impenetrable as to the progress of their own mistake. “The labourer”—this is their position—“cannot stand in a worse situation than

he does. Let the magistrate fix his rate of wages, and always at that sum which will purchase him two bushels of wheat per week: which is the amount that he received in the last century. If he *does* work, let him not work for less than a subsistence; as the matter stands, his low priced labour does but produce a glut of merchandize, which, acting in its turn, sinks the demand, and renders those low wages perpetual." Now nothing can be more true than a great part of this statement: and we will even admit (for the argument's sake) that it is better that a man, who cannot get two bushels of wheat weekly for his labour, should die of hunger, or be maintained by the industry of others, than that he should work for a bushel and a half. But, will the capitalist and the labourer *consent* to this? And is it possible, in a country where men possess ordinary freedom, to make any law which shall bind them to consent? The capitalist is desirous to employ the labourer upon low terms: the labourer, rather than starve, or be ill maintained by the parish, is anxious to work upon low terms; how shall we keep these parties asunder? The "shop system,"* Mr. Wells and his friends must know, negatives every provision to such an effect in an instant: and that system no law can reach. If it be contrary to law for a master to pay his workmen with "orders"—say even upon *any* shop; what is to prevent his employing no workmen but those who *happen to deal* at a particular shop?—with the owner of which he has an understanding, which every body knows may exist, without the possibility that *proof* of it could be obtained. Or to conclude the question in a shorter way—what even could stop the "Cottage system"—in action, according to the evidence of witnesses before the Committee already? a scheme by which masters, investing part of their capital in building or purchasing cottages, let them to workmen weekly: and—for the rate and question of *rent*—*employ no hands but such as will occupy them?*

Perhaps the nearest approach to advantage would be in a partial and combined application of all the cures devised; excepting always the last, that of fixing a minimum of wages: to which objections enough exist (if it were necessary to name them) besides the fact of its being impracticable. To adapt the supply of labour in any country—with even a remote approach to constancy or proportion—to the demand, is utterly impossible: to population there can be but one effective check, under whatever name that check may be attempted to be disguised—the impossibility of obtaining sustenance. We may maintain a greater number of people, or a lesser; but we shall always have *more* than our wants can well dispose of: we shall no more get rid of misery by any course of human caution or arrangements than by any code of law we can get rid of crime. Something, however, may be done—we may palliate where we cannot cure—towards preventing an excess of one as of the other. To provide employ and subsistence for the greatest possible number of persons that circumstances can maintain, is our duty, less with a view to the advantage of individuals, than to the benefit of the state. The diminution, by all available means—(this is an ungrateful subject, and an old one, but we are compelled to return to it)—of those public

* A scheme of paying labourers by orders for provisions upon a particular shop, &c. kept by the master, or in which he is interested; where the prices charged being high, or the commodities inferior, the large profit obtained lowers the real amount of the labourers' wages.

charges and burthens which cramp the industry of the country, agricultural and manufacturing, and render its exertion too expensive; the adoption of such a system of general commerce, and especially of regulated trade in corn, as may enable our population to command, in the fullest possible extent, the foreign market for their manufactures; these are courses suited at once to aid the means of subsistence of our existing numbers, and to increase the amount of population for which we can provide in future. For the scheme of Emigration, that system may be of so much advantage to us: it will not relieve the country; but it may aid our strength at some period to have command over a population *abroad*, which could not have remained in existence *at home*. In the main, however, for the difficulty which it has been the object of the Emigration Committee to treat, we believe there is but one alternative—either want (and the mortality which it causes) must thin a population, or prudence must check its increase: this is an unpopular doctrine, we are aware: but we believe it to be the *true* one. In aid of that process of restraint, or as a first step towards the chance of approaching it, *education* is the grand measure on which we should rely. That process which teaches men to *think*, may sometimes lead them to place their reason as a barrier against their passions: we expect no miraculous results from the expedient; but it has one recommendation—it *must* do *some* good, and it can by no possibility do *mischief*. There is scarcely any other course that we have seen suggested—or that suggests itself to us—that is not either pregnant with mischief, or impracticable. There have been systems recommended—like this before us, of carrying away twenty thousand people, while we produce a hundred thousand—which are of no efficacy or avail. And others, which might be of avail, but which all our feelings of common policy, as well as of morality and decency, unite to hunt out of discussion. And lastly, not least, came the scheme of Mr. Malthus; which the reverend gentleman seems to think feasible even still! the plan of refusing parochial assistance after a given date to every able bodied labourer—thus furnishing the state with an army of thieves and beggars, instead of paupers—for that ploughmen out of work would lie down and die (even to affirm Mr. Malthus's theory), can hardly be expected? What was to be gained by maintaining men in crime rather than in poverty; making the prison the refuge of those who were destitute of employment, instead of the poor house, and their Committee of Emigration the common jury at the Old Bailey, it is not easy to perceive: but it is some proof of the difficulty of treating the real question, that such a scheme, with all its wildness, was not entirely without supporters. In conclusion, it should be kept in mind distinctly, that the utmost effect of the Report and evidence is to trace the distress existing among the lower classes to the presence of a surplus supply of labour in the country; not at all to the existence of a surplus population. Lord Clarendon's Letters of 1685 were written when the population of Ireland did not exceed probably half its present amount; and they describe the want and misery of the Irish peasantry, almost in the very same *words* used by the witnesses before the Committee.

THE POCKET BOOKS.

THE success of these annual volumes is almost without precedent in the records of Stationers' Hall. It is scarcely five years since the first, Mr. Ackermann's "Forget-Me-Not," made its appearance; and now we have six, published in London only, contending for precedence; and, in spite of the increase of numbers in the market, the demand for each work rather increasing than diminishing. The truth is, that the speculation originally was a well imagined one; and its very popularity has given it means of bidding for popularity which no other position could have afforded. Nothing short of the immense extent of the editions sold, could enable the publishers to bring out the books at their present price. A volume, for instance, which costs 700*l.* (to use the phraseology of trade) to "get up," is sold for twelve shillings! For this sum we have four hundred close pages of letter-press; exquisitely printed, upon the finest paper, and in the finest possible type; independent of twelve engravings, of which impressions, purchased separately, would cost considerably more money than the price paid for the entire work. Our business, however, is with the merits of the particular books upon our table, rather than the general advantage of the class of productions to which they belong; and, amidst so much competition for preference, with claims very nearly equal, the task of the critic, although commendation be his cue, is not an enviable one.

The "Forget-Me-Not," which claims precedence as the *original* publication, is not quite so happy in its embellishments this year as we recollect to have seen it. The plates are all from good pictures, and engraved by excellent artists; but with the exception of three—"The Bridal Morning," (the frontispiece), "The Bridge of the Rialto," and "The Triumph of Poetry,"—they have not exactly the liveliest interest, as to subject, that might be desired for a volume of this character. Mr. Ackermann's book, however, must not be dismissed lightly. "The Bridal Morning" is a delightful picture—and quite sure to be a popular subject. And it is illustrated by L. E. L.—who is the very Queen of the Annuals; and only not the star of any, because, like the moon—as poetical and as inconstant—she shines on all alike. The poetry of this illustration is very sweet and flowing; but we like another, and a shorter piece, by the same hand, "The Sword," still better. It is spirited and feeling in the highest degree, and almost as good as that exquisite bit, "The Forsaken,"—published, if we recollect right, in one of the Pocket Books two years ago. "The Sword" itself has so much merit that we make no apology for extracting it:—

THE SWORD.

'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look'd down on the dead and dying,
And the wind pass'd o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Pass'd a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stept where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it;
He wrench'd the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honour'd the brave who died sword in hand,
As with soften'd brow he leant o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand
My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."
Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping,
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

The "Amulet" of this year – (the next in order we believe) – contains pieces in prose and verse by most of its old contributors; with several new names, which form an addition to its strength. Some of the plates do great credit both to the selection of the editor and the talent of his artists. Among the best may be ranked "The Shepherd Boy," engraved by Rolls, from a beautiful painting by Mr. Pickersgill; "The Lady of Ilkdale" (a portrait, we rather think), from a picture by Jackson; "The Gipsy Child," by Howard; and "Strafford and his Secretary," from Vandyke's picture, in the collection of Lord Fitzwilliam. The Autographs of Guy Fawkes and the rest of the conspirators in the gunpowder-plot, too (with the superscription of the letter to Lord Montague, which disclosed the conspiracy), form a unique and interesting document. The literary portion of the "Amulet" is not inferior to the embellishments; and the volume is "brought out" superbly: the printing, binding, and indeed the embellishment in general, are of the most costly order, and in the most admirable taste. As our limits will only allow one extract, we select a short poem, by our popular and delightful friend, Mrs. Hemans. And, by the way, we really think that the ladies alone ought to write these *Annals* among them, without the aid of the grosser sex at all: they are quite competent to it. Or, at least, they should have a *Pocket Book* of their own; published for their particular benefit, and in which no writer shewing a beard should be allowed to interfere.

THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest-bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some – oh! well may *their* hearts rejoice –
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice;
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the earth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must e'er night be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict-cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning-bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the sounds from the city borne;
And some to the rolling of torrent-floods,
Far 'midst old mountains, and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
Each unto light hath a daily birth,
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But ONE must the sound be, and ONE the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all!

ONE, though to sever'd and distant dooms—

How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs?

The "Bijou," and the "Keepsake," come forward with pretensions to be very high and mighty. They begin the world by rating themselves nine shillings a volume above other people; and both are to be distinguished by the elegance of their pictorial accompaniments. The "Keepsake" must pass for this time. It comes out of Bond street, we believe—and, therefore, is last by prescription; but it has not come yet; if it brought all Bond-street to back it, we would not delay our paper five minutes longer. The "Bijou," however, if it promised largely, has certainly in some sort redeemed its pledge. "The Child and Flowers;" and "the Boy and Dog,"—both by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and engraved by the same artist, Mr. Humphreys—are exquisite specimens both of drawing and engraving. Perhaps the pictures may rank among the very best that the distinguished painter ever executed; and the engraver has done them ample justice. "Sans Souci," and "Haddon Hall," in another style of painting, are not less attractive; and the "Picture of Sir Walter Scott and his Family" would be attractive, were it only from the details and associations connected with it. The contributors to this work stand very high in name. The Letter of Sir Walter Scott "about himself," displays all the power with which that extraordinary writer can adorn the most common-place topic. Coleridge's "Wanderings of Cain" also is a splendid rhapsody: equal, we think—as far as it goes—to the best of his productions; and only leaves us to lament that so great a power to accomplish should have accomplished (and bid fair to accomplish) so little. "Beau Leverton" is a clever paper; one of the liveliest that the Annuals of this year have produced. The author's name is not given; but, at the hazard of running our short limits close, we give the following specimen of its quality:—

"To Thomas Sheriff Macdonald, Esq., at Long's Hotel, London.

"I cannot—I grieve to say it—be trans-atlantic with ye to-morrow evening, Tom. You must smoke your cigars at peace without me. Do not, however, affront thyself and thy brother Sachems, at my apparent desertion; but bury your tomahawks in the venison quietly, and forget so poor a man as Harry Leverton.

"Shall I tell thee what has kept me thus amongst green corn and withered oak-apples? Shall I, turning philosophical, betray to thee how the loadstone—I have half a mind to commit violence upon the three virgin sheets of paper which lie sleeping beside me, and inscribe my adventures upon them, for thine especial benefit. It *shall* be thus: so listen!

"I was satisfied, as thou know'st, with London; although the dog-star reigned, although the face of every (surviving) friend was baked, the ice-cellars empty, and the month of July at hand. But my Lord Bridewell *would* be at once peremptory and persuasive; and I had, I must confess to thee, reasons for not despising his suit. He came to my domicile, as he threatened, on Tuesday last; armed with spurs, and attended by two gardes-du-corps, a travelling chariot and coach, four postillions, and the warrant (to which was the sign manual) of Lady Cecil Dartley, to take the body of Henry Leverton, and him convey, &c. to her ladyship's court, which is at present held at the Grange, in Sussex.

"I will spare thee the tediousness of our journey. It is enough to tell thee, that we survived almost fifty miles of English dust—passed in triumph over four pigs, who made outrageous protestations against our proceedings—'took' (as my lord called it) a post—missed children of all ages (one a succulent)—refreshed at F—, and arrived, without further mischief or matter, at 'The Grange.' The place is pretty enough: a little hill—a lawn—a shrubbery—a fish-pond or two (they have capital stewed carp), and a modern sort of antique cottage-villa, where Vitruvius and Palladio, Greek, Goth, and Sir John Vanbrugh, flourish in united absurdity. This is all well. But the utter demolition of my toilette-equipage is a calamity for life: for some of the trifles were unique—and Burgess (my chamberlain) has been unable to procure anything beyond the most alarming instruments at — I forget its horrid name—the nearest market-town. You know that I indulge in some little niceties on these points. What wouldst thou think of my undergoing a course of brushes and shears of as rude a—Bah! I sent the former into the stable without delay, and reserve the latter for sheep-shearing, whenever I shall arrive at my aunt Slatter's pastures in Devon, which a villainous asthma (that provokes longevity) has kept me out for the last twenty and five years!

"Well, Tom,—The earl bowed, and looked grim and wise, and mumbled out his patrician welcomes (which were too ceremonious by half). The old countess, who paints as thick as a door, laboured to be alluring; and Lady Cecil out-looked all the roses which went scrambling about the drawing-room windows. Bridewell was busy in the

stable, and left me to make my way with his family as well as I could. And, in truth, bashfulness is not my vice, as thou knowest, Tom. Accordingly, after a brief refuge in my dressing-room, I descended, and found a mob of indifferent appearance, all prepared to invade the regions where eating and drinking are honoured. Some of our friends (is that not the word, Tom?) were there, male and female, coupled together like pigeons. One fair hand was, however, reserved for me (by the grace of the countess mother)—and it was that of the blooming Cecil!

“But I see that thou art dying to know who are my agreeable cotemporaries;—and I will tell thee.

“In the first place, then, behold our ‘noble’ family:—The earl, as dull as a drum, and tedious beyond even the privilege of parliament; the countess, a fine old enamel, as I have said, but a little cracked, and somewhat out of drawing; Cecil Dartley, always *couleur de rose*; and her sister Selina, a languid plant; their brother (Bridewell), the son and heir of all the Trumpingtons; and Colonel Dartley, a brother also according to law, but, in other respects, a thing between pug and monkey, that is hung round with blue and scarlet, and dances through ‘the Lancers,’ or to the tune of ‘Money in both Pockets,’ till Fanny Dartley is ready to die with admiration. Then cometh Fanny herself, a cousin of the family, who, *à la Turc*, staineth her fingers inch deep (with ink), and is a true specimen of that little female indiscretion, an authoress. Thou wouldst expire, my good friend Tom, if thou cou’dst behold her in her morning garments—they are so flowing, so oriental, so scornful of all shape and fashion, and withal so utterly covered with dusky hieroglyphics, that one can scarcely distinguish between the sweep of her stylus and the broader impress of her thumb. All is in learned confusion, like a country library; but incomparably less cleanly. Yet, ’tis a goodnatured chit, and laughs and talks (O Gad! Tom), and invites the women to drink wine; and argues like a syllogism; and is very odd,—and a little tedious. Next to her, was a Sir Somebody Something, the county member; and his lady, trussed and tucked up like a Christmas turkey, of the county also, and indigenous; their son, a spare thing, of six feet high, whose person hath outrun his wit; while by his side sate, full of scorn and languor, the Lady Selina Dartley. Then came Snapwell, the barrister; one of the young Froths, a pretty thing, but as insipid as plain broth; old Moidore, the Ministerial merchant, and (an inexpressible person!) his wife; descended from the tribe of Levi,—but converted. Then followed a Squire Huggins or Higgins, a proprietor of acres in these parts; then another Froth, not so pretty as the last, but with an exquisite propriety of shape; then Lord Saint Stephens, the new orator; and an odious fellow from the most northern part of the north, a Mr. John Mac Flip, an author, a critic, and a reporter, and a politician to boot; possessing little, however, that need be mentioned beyond an incredible portion of assurance, and an appetite that surmounts all fable. By him (well matched) sate a little black female barbarian from Shetland, or the Orkneys; then came a ‘Mac’ of some endless descent; then that immoderate simpleton, Garnish,—Lady Di. Flarish, and her detestable sister,—and, finally, young Gableton, from Oxford, who has travelled in Greece, and what is worse, hath written his travels, and still talketh his travels, till the fish (which he helpeth) is cold. These are nearly all, except our ‘ancient’ Childers, the fox-hunter—Jack Sitwell (Bridewell’s Newmarket chum)—a physician, and a Lord of the Admiralty; a burgess or two from the neighbouring Borough, and a rubicund figure, somewhat like a pipe of wine (called the Vicar of the village), which tolls out grace before dinner as regularly as the clock (but louder)—i’faith, and after dinner also, I believe, unless he chance to go to sleep over the *entremêts*.

“And now farewell, Tom. If thou art but half as fatigued in reading this as I in writing (and I am not without hopes but that thou wilt be), thou wilt bid me henceforward discontinue sending thee any more of the adventures of thy most faithful

“HARRY LEVERTON.”

This letter of Mr. Leverton’s takes up more room than ought properly to be given to it; for it compels us to dismiss the two last candidates upon our table briefly. The first, “The Friendship’s Offering,” has been produced under disadvantages. It was begun late—or rather transferred to the present management late—but it stands its ground fairly; and is dedicated, by permission, to the Princess Augusta. The plates may, many of them, challenge comparison with the boldest of their competitors; and the subjects are all interesting. We may venture to direct attention particularly to the very pleasing picture, “The Orphans,”—an old fisherman seated at his cottage-door, and watching the features of two beautiful young children. To “The Italian Wanderer”—a boy with a dancing-dog—the children that are looking on at the shew are very cleverly conceived. “The Sylph,”—“The Captive Slave,”—and “The Cottage Diorama,” have also each

of them considerable merit. The binding of this work too—like that of the "Amulet,"—is rich and well devised: the embossed and gilded cover has the advantage of being durable as well as handsome. We must find room for one specimen; some pleasing verses of Mr. Hervey's:—

STANZAS.

SLUMBER lie soft on thy beautiful eye!

Spirits, whose smiles are—like thine—of the sky,

Play thee to sleep, with their visionless strings,

Brighter than thou—but because they have wings!

—Fair as a being of heavenly birth,

But loving and loved as a child of the earth!

Why is that tear?—Art thou gone, in thy dream,

To the valley far off, and the moon-lighted stream,

Where the sighing of flowers, and the nightingale's song,

Fling sweets on the wave, as it wanders along?

Blest be the dream, that restores them to thee,

But thou art the bird and the roses to me!

And now, as I watch o'er thy slumbers alone,

And hear thy low breathings, and know thee mine own,

And muse on the wishes that grew in that vale,

And the fancies we shaped from the river's low tale,

I blame not the fate that has taken the rest,

While it left to my bosom its dearest and best.

Slumber lie soft on thy beautiful eye!

Love be a rainbow, to brighten thy sky!

Oh! not for sunshine and hope, would I part

With the shade time has flung over all—but thy heart!

Still art thou all which thou wert when a child,

Only more holy—and only less wild!

The "Winter's Wreath" (at last we are through our list) is a volume got up at Liverpool, and devoted to a charitable purpose. It is a neat book, and contains some ingenious papers; but has not the advantage, in general, of well-known names in its list of contributors. The engravings are all well executed, and by London artists.

Upon the whole, we may fairly congratulate the *Annals* upon having gained ground, rather than lost any, in the present year. The books ought to be good indeed, if we might augur from the aggregate amount of contributors:—Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, the Ettrick Shepherd, Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Mitford; Mr. Southey, Mr. Coleridge, Barry Cornwall, Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Delta and Titus of Blackwood's Magazine, Mr. Thomas Hood, Mr. Crofton Croker, Miss Roberts, Mr. Neele, the editors, personally, of four of the volumes, &c. &c. Some names might no doubt be added, which are not so well known to the public; and some which are not very likely to become so: but the array of talent, taken altogether, is a very splendid one.

THE MAN WITH THE APPETITE :

A CASE OF DISTRESS.

To the charitable and humane, and to those whom Providence has blessed with affluence.—CRITIC.

CHARLES XII. was brave, noble, generous, and disinterested—a complete hero, in fact, and a regular fire-eater. Yet, in spite of these qualifications and the eulogiums of his biographer, it is pretty evident to those who impartially consider the career of this potentate, that he was by no means of a sane mind. In short, to speak plainly, he was mad, and deserved a strait-waistcoat as richly as any straw-crowned monarch in Bedlam. A single instance, in *my* opinion, fully substantiates this. I allude to his absurd freak at Frederickshall, when, in order to discover how long he could exist without nourishment, he abstained from all kinds of food for more than seventy hours! Now, would any man in his senses have done this? Would Louis XVIII., for instance, that wise and ever-to-be-lamented monarch? Had it been the *reverse*, indeed—had Charles, instead of practising starvation, adopted the opposite expedient, and endeavoured to ascertain the greatest possible quantity of meat, fruit, bread, wine, vegetables, &c. &c. he could have *disposed of* in any given time—why then it might have been something! But to *fast* for three days! If this be not madness—! Indeed, there is but one reason I could ever conceive for a person not eating; and that is, when, like poor Count Ugolino and his familiy, he can get *nothing to eat*!

Charles, now, and Louis—what a contrast! The first despised the pleasures of the table, abjured wine, and would, I dare say, just as soon have been without “a distinguishing taste” as with it. Your Bourbon, on the contrary, a five-mealed man, quaffing right Falernian night and day; and wisely esteeming the gratification of his palate of such importance, as absolutely to send from Lisle to Paris—a distance of I know not how many score leagues—at a crisis, too, of peculiar difficulty—for a single *pâté*! “Go,” cried the illustrious exile to his messenger; “dispatch, *mon enfant*! Mount the *tri-color*! Shout *Vive le Diable*! Any thing! But be sure you clutch the precious compound! Napoleon has driven me from my throne; but he cannot deprive me of my appetite!” Here was courage! I challenge the most enthusiastic admirer of Charles to produce a similar instance of indifference to danger!

There is another trait in the character of Louis which equally demands our admiration, and proves that the indomitable firmness may be sometimes associated with the most sensitive and—I had almost said—infantine sensibility. Of course, it will be perceived that I allude to the peculiar tenderness by which that amiable prince was often betrayed, even into tears, upon occasions when ordinary minds would have manifested comparative *nonchalance*. I have been assured that Louis absolutely wept once at Hartwell, *merely because oysters were out of season*!—a testaceous production, to which he was remarkably attached;† so much so, indeed,

* Ireland's “Hundred Days.”

† Whence his cognomen of *Des Huitres*—by corruption, *Dix-huit*.

as to be literally *ready to eat them*, whenever they were brought into his presence.*

The foregoing reflections have originated, I regret to state, in a retrospect of my own unhappy case—a case so peculiarly lamentable in its nature, that I am compelled, in defiance of the dictates of my pride, to submit it to the Public, and, through the medium of this excellent miscellany, solicit aid. Know, then, I am that singularly-unfortunate and calamitously-situated individual, whose uncommon appetite of late has so much engrossed the attention of the faculty; and who is generally supposed to have generated (by some unaccountable phenomenon) an animal of the wolf *genus* in his stomach or abdomen. Men speak of Louis! What were the gastronomical feats of Louis compared with mine? What would five meals a day be to me, who have a sixty-alderman power, and could digest an elephant? Talk of Milo, indeed! Pah! what's an ox at a sitting? I could eat Milo after the ox—horns and all! Wish I'd the opportunity!

—Excuse me, gentle reader. The cormorant within; he gnaw—gnaw—gnaws; and, unless I instantly sacrifice a hecatomb of mutton-chops to his insatiate maw, there is no knowing what may happen!

There!—and now, while the beast is feeding:—

It will naturally be asked to what I attribute this “devouring rage;” or, rather, this “rage for devouring?” I beg leave most respectfully to state, that, from strong *internal evidence*, I am induced to believe that the propagator of the monster now within me is neither more nor less than that diabolical, malicious, and appetite-creating imp, yclept HALF-PAY!† Say, thou malignant and unreasonable restorative! thou worse than Tantalian torturer, and accursed cause of the unappeasable pangs which consume and distract me!—Say! ere I knew thee—when soup, and fish, and flesh, and fowl—the wines of France, the preserves of the West, the fruits of Sicily, and though last, not least, “in our dear love,” the cooling and exquisitely-refreshing ices of her hoary *Ætna*!—when all these, ye gods! in the most gratifying abundance, daily wooed my acceptance, and tempted the fastidious palate—say! did I not regard them with the most stoical indifference? Nay, was I not even constrained—*O mirabile dictu*!—to rouse my idle organs into actions, and, by the use of strong stimulants, actually compel them to perform their customary functions? Yes, yes, alas! such was then my enviable—my halcyon lot! But now—*Ventre sans gris*!—Bear with me, gentle Public! My heart is in our mess-room at Valetta, and I must pause till it come back to me!

In appealing to the well-known generosity of the British Public, and more particularly to the feelings of that service to which for so many years I had the honour to belong, it would be ill-judged to weary them with a circumstantial detail of the gradations by which I have arrived at the alarming and destitute condition in which I now find myself. Suffice it: after exhausting the hospitality of a numerous acquaintance, who soon—too soon—alas! discovered, in despite of all my forbearance and discretion, that, contrary to the received maxim, *one in a family did* make a difference, when that *one* happened to be myself; and were, in conse-

* It is said that this worthy descendant of the Good *Henri* used to put a barrel of Colchester oysters daily, *hors de combat*, merely to give him an appetite.

† The physicians, indeed, will not allow this; but, in some cases, the patients are the best judges.

quence, constrained to *cut* me—I was eventually thrown upon my own resources, and, for some time past, have subsisted entirely upon my half-pay, which, I regret to state, is at present mortgaged for the next two years to my butcher—a highly-respectable man, with a large family, who has at length been compelled to intimate to me, that it will be impossible for him to supply me any longer upon credit without considerable detriment to his affairs.

Thus circumstanced, I fearlessly throw myself upon the liberality of my countrymen, in the full assurance of obtaining that immediate assistance which my unhappy situation requires. But, should this hope prove fallacious; should I unfortunately be doomed to experience the chills of neglect, and the blighting mildew of indifference, I must, alas! resort to the only expedient in my power, and close with Mr. Cross, of Exeter Change, who has offered me a considerable annuity and elephant's allowance, if I will consent to exhibit my unparalleled powers for the amusement of the Public.* Oh, Heavens! that ever I should live to be classed with the Bonassus and the Living Skeleton!—"Here! walk up, ladies and gentlemen—the most extraordinary sight—the man with the wolf in his belly! devours a baron of beef every half-hour! Admittance, two shillings while the beast is feeding!"† But why thus needlessly alarm myself? Secure of the general sympathy, I rest satisfied in the conviction that I shall never be reduced to appear in so horrible—so disgusting a—

—Ha! more mutton-chops! Quick—quick—quick! He eats—he gnaws to my very—

Your pardon, generous patrons—your pardon! This rascal—my other self—he—. As Dominie Sampson says, "Woeful man that I am! who shall deliver me?"

JOHN HUNGERFORD CURTIS,

Late of His Majesty's — Regiment of Foot.

95, Swallow Street,

where the smallest donations will be thankfully received—whether in specie or provisions.

N. B. Public dinners attended at the shortest notice.

* P.S. Speaking of Mr. Cross and Exeter Change, puts me in mind of the "Beef-eaters" that stand at the door of that establishment; and, thence, by a natural transition of mind, to the subject of "Beef-eaters" in general. As it is perfectly clear, notwithstanding the absurd attempted derivations from "*Bufetier*"—" *Boire-facteur*"—(side-board-keeper, and cup-bearer) &c.—that "Beef-eaters" (I speak of the genuine "Palace" ones) were originally appointed for the express duty of *eating beef*; thereby representing in a manner, and illustrating occasionally for the instruction of foreigners, the peculiar powers of the English in that department of exertion—taking this to be indisputable, I would venture to suggest the propriety of my own appointment to the first of these situations that may become vacant. As I shall undertake—subject to penalty in case of failure—to perform the work of any *six* existing "Beef-eaters"—be their talents what they may—a considerable saving would accrue (in salary, cloathing, and so forth) to the public service from my nomination: and as it is the concentration of value in the *individual*, in any national display which is always aimed at—as of muscle in the Champion of England, or fat in the Prize Ox—the reputation of the country, I apprehend, would be better sustained by my employment—as well as my own necessities (without further trouble to the community) provided for.

† That this process may be witnessed, and the curiosity of the visitors fully gratified, Mr. Cross proposes that an aperture, of convenient shape and dimensions, neatly framed and glazed, be made in my abdomen; an operation which the medical gentleman who so cleverly cut up poor *Chuney* has kindly volunteered to perform. He assures me, that I shall feel no *pain* but that inserted by the glazier.

A DISSERTATION ON BEARDS, HISTORICAL AND LITERARY.
BY AN EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF SHAVING.

Beatrice.—Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face. I had rather lie in the

Leonatus.—You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice.—What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth—and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him.

Much ado about Nothing. Act II. Scene I.

I HAVE often thought that the history of fashions would form a very curious and interesting volume. It would give us a more direct insight into the manners and customs of our ancestors in domestic life, than we can ever hope to attain by viewing them in the trim and formal habits with which historians have invested them. It would enable us to trace with accuracy the variations of taste in different generations, and would serve as a barometer, to determine the degrees of civilization, at which they had arrived at different periods of their progress from barbarism to refinement. As their dresses changed from skins to silks, we should see their manners changing from brutality to elegance; and we should thus hold up to the philosopher and to the tailor a new and instructive view of human nature. I despair, however, of seeing such a history, written as it ought to be, because the mind of the philosopher, and the eye of the tailor, seldom centre in the same individual. To be a tailor by trade, and an author by profession, is a destiny which has not befallen many of our species. Mr. Place is the only living person within my knowledge, who, writing with the pen in one hand, and stitching with the needle in the other, has been equally sharp and pungent with both. If he would undertake the work which I have suggested, the world would be his debtor; and, as the researches into which it must inevitably lead him, would tend to his improvement, both as a fashioner of books and as a fashioner of garments, he would suffer no loss by the employment, but might return, at the completion of it, with redoubled zeal, to his usual occupation of patching up the costume and the constitution of his country.

It is my misfortune not to be a tailor. If I had ever had the honour of sitting cross-legged on a shop-board, I would have myself attempted the task, which I now call upon Mr. Place, if he has any love for the works of the thimble, to execute without delay. Had I been brought up at the feet of some illustrious fabricator, amid the steaming odours of goose and cabbage, I would have taken pattern by honest Stowe, and would have chronicled the ruffs, and tufts, and taffetas of former beaux, in all the pomp of historic narrative. I would also have endeavoured to catch some of the indescribable graces which my friend B—, who manufactures cashmeres and criticisms for the blue-stockings of Paris, has thrown over his erudite history of shawls; and, though I might not, like him, have gained success by my performance, I would have deserved it, like him, by industry and perseverance. But alas! I repeat again, I am no tailor. I am therefore, utterly unqualified to describe the strange, and numberless, and evanescent shades in the alteration of fashions, and am consequently unfit to immortalize the daring fancies and creative needles of the Places and Stulzes of former generations. But, though I cannot perform all that I wish, I will not shrink from contributing all that I can towards the historic labour which I have just projected, and which, I trust, some

future coat-collector, as rich in obsolete wardrobes as Dr. Meyrick is in worn-out helms and hauberks, will hereafter worthily and successfully accomplish. I will note as scientifically as I can the variations of fashion, which have fallen within the sphere of my own particular profession, and will thus prove to the world, that I am myself ready to act upon the exhortations which I have voluntarily come forward to deliver to others.

I expect to be rejected as a contributor to the *Monthly Magazine*, when I avow that I am nothing more than a retired pogonotomist. Yes, I, who have taken, without trembling, the boldest men in this empire by the nose, now faint with terror, as I confess, anonymously, to an unknown editor, that, though I now make flourishes on paper, as an author, with the pen, I commenced my career in life by making flourishes on beards as a barber with the razor. I might conceal from the public the cause of so wondrous a change in my avocations; but I scorn all unnecessary disguise; and therefore declare without hesitation, that, during the speculating mania which pervaded the land a few years ago, I disdained to deal any longer in bubbles of soap and water. I forsook my business to dabble in bubbles of nobler promise; and when those bubbles burst, discovered that my business, in revenge, had forsaken me. I was not, however, disheartened by the discovery, because I found out, upon winding up my accounts, that I had realized, by my speculations, a sum on which I could retire to a spruce little cottage in the Hampstead-road, for the enjoyment of that suburban repose, of which we metropolitans are so deeply enamoured. After I had rusticated there some weeks in all the dignity of a new-made gentleman, want of occupation converted me into a glutton of books. The same cause led me, at a later period, to try my hand at concocting puns for the *Post*, and paragraphs for the *Herald*; and I am now, in spite of nature, and education, and early habits, become, I know not how, a regular scribbler. As my thoughts, by a very natural process, often recurred to the subject-matter of my past latherings, I determined that the first production of my studies should be a history of the various vicissitudes which have attended pogonotomy in different ages and in different countries, and of the savage controversies and the sanguinary wars which they have occasionally excited. That production is now completed; and I feel as much rapture in having brought it to a close, as Gibbon describes himself to have felt in traversing his terrace at Lausanne, after penning the last sentence of his "Decline and Fall," and as Bruce may be supposed to have felt, after accomplishing his journey to the previously undiscovered fountains of the Nile. I expect, however, to be told, that my subject is not worth the labour which has been bestowed upon it; and if I am so told, I will not presume to gainsay the assertion. On the contrary, I will chime in with every objugation that may be directed against me for wasting my time upon trifles "light as hair," instead of applying it to matter of graver importance. I will even abstain from defending myself, by the example of a thousand writers of high authority and reputation, who have, each in their day, taken pride in exalting the low, and amplifying the little—and will suffer my reprovers to take judgment against me by default, provided they will permit me, in return, to try a trick of my trade upon their chins the first time they may visit the vicinity of Hampstead. If they will only vouchsafe me that honour, I will promise them that they shall not in a hurry stand in need of the services of another barber. My revenge shall be as sharp as my razor; and if my

razor do not cut as deep as their sarcasms, it must have lost its edge by disuse, and have become as blunt as a common oyster-knife.

I might here dilate upon the various purposes for which nature provided man with a hairy appendage to his chin, were not such a task rendered quite superfluous by the three hundred and sixty-nine closely-printed folio pages, which Marcus Antonius Ulmus, a physician of Padua, published on the subject about three centuries ago; and by the erudite and ever memorable quarto, which Pierius, a priest of Rome, dedicated to Clement the Seventh about the same time, in praise of its beauty, dignity, and undeniable holiness. Pagenstecher, the learned jurist of Steenvord, will enlighten those who are anxious to inquire into its political merits and judicial rights, and will prove, out of the mouths of mystics, moralists, philosophers, theologians, and historians, that it is given to man as a signal ornament and distinction, and is denied to woman, on account of the innate loquacity, dicacity, and garrulity of the sex, which keep her jaws in such perpetual motion, as to afford no leisure time for a beard to sprout thereon. I shall avoid all such speculative discussions, as unworthy of the barber and the scholar; and, contenting myself with the humble fame of an industrious compiler, shall seek nothing more than to form, out of the slight and scattered fragments of history, a concise and curious, and I hope not uninteresting, account of the decline and fall of the once bushy honours of the human beard.

If there be one people on the face of the earth whom I detest more cordially than another, it is that people of opposite and contradictory qualities, the Jews.* Obsequious and obdurate, superstitious and irreligious, straining at gnats and swallowing camels, constantly amassing wealth, and as constantly living in the most squalid filth and beggary, they are at once the humblest of slaves, and the most imperious of masters, to every community in which they can obtain a footing. As I wish to get rid at once of every disagreeable recollection, and as the very thought, much less sight, of a Jew, excites my spleen and raises my disgust, I will begin, since they trace back their history to times of which we have no other records but theirs, by emptying my common-place book of all it contains relative to their manner of decking and docking the beard. From their first appearance, down to their final dissolution as an independent nation, they held it in high respect and honour. The beard of Aaron, which streamed like a grisly meteor to the wind, is always mentioned by their writers in terms of hyperbolic praise—as is also that of John the Baptist, who is extolled by more than one of them for never having allowed a razor to approach his throat. In imitation of these their prophets and their priests, the Jews permitted their beards to grow to great length, and were fastidious to a fault as to the mode of cutting and adorning it. Their history affords a singular instance of their nicety of feeling on this point. When Hanun, the Lord of the Ammonites, shaved off half the beard of David's messengers, in derision of their master, the insult was felt to be so unpardonable, that David made the shavelings tarry at Jericho till it had grown again, being afraid lest their appearance with a beard so marred and mutilated

* For this dislike I have high authority. In Calvin's case [7 Rep. 17. a.] Lord Coke says, "All infidels (among whom he reckoned the Jews, 2 Inst. 507) are in law *perpetui inimici*, perpetual enemies; for the law presumes not that they will be converted, that being *remota potentia*, a remote possibility: for between them, as with the devils, whose subjects they be, and the Christian, there is *perpetual hostility*, and can be no peace."

should stir the people up to some sudden act of mutiny and outrage. During their occupation of Judea, they cut off the beard, when suffering under heavy calamity—but at present, as 'Change Alley, the constant witness of their griefs, and gains, and glories, can testify, they reverse the custom, and let it grow, probably in imitation of Mephibosheth, who left his own untrimmed from the day that David departed in trouble and sorrow from Jerusalem, to the day that he returned to it again triumphantly in peace.

If I turn from the Jews to the Greeks, I find that in that early period of their history, which is styled the heroic age, the beard flourished in undoubted honour. There are several passages in Homer which shew, that, if a vanquished enemy could succeed in touching his conqueror's beard, the rude laws of war, which then prevailed, compelled him to give quarter to the suppliant, who so demanded it. Young men were also accustomed to cut off the first hair of their beards, and to dedicate it, with great formality, to the gods, as a mark of their gratitude for the divine protection, which they had received during the numerous dangers of infancy and childhood. This practice prevailed universally in Greece till the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, when the razor first came into use, and brought devastation to the blooming honours of the chin. At that time, however, shaving was considered the index of the most unblushing and profligate effeminacy of manners; and the sneers which were cast upon Cleisthenes, who first practised it, have survived all other accounts of that dandy of antiquity. Aristophanes took every opportunity to denounce the innovation, which was thus introduced into the costume of the face. In his political comedy of the *Knights*, he makes one of the characters, who is appointed general reformer of abuses, say, "that he will allow no man to speak in public whose chin is not bearded;" on which another of the characters immediately asks, "Where then are Cleisthenes and Strato to exercise their oratory?" In his *Ecclesiastusæ*, where the women disguise themselves as men, and, like our female reformers of 1819, attend political meetings, one of them is made to speak in terms of great praise of the beautiful beard of Epicrates, and to ask whether it will be possible for any body to take her for a woman, after she has tied as large a beard under her chin. Agyrrius, she says, remained undiscovered under the massive beard of Pronomus; and yet the wretch was formerly a woman, though he is now the greatest man in all the city. In his *Thesmophoriazusæ*, the poet stickles as strenuously for long beards as ever parson stickled for heavy tythes. The fun of two or three whole scenes depends entirely on the reluctance, which one of the characters exhibits to be shaved. Euripides is introduced upon the stage in dreadful alarm, in consequence of information which has just reached him, that the women of Athens had entered into a plot to take away his life, in revenge of the sneers and insults which he was perpetually casting upon them in his tragedies. He requests his friend Agatho to appear in their assembly as a woman, and to speak boldly in his behalf. Agatho, naturally enough, asks, "Why the tragic poet cannot appear there in the same disguise himself." Euripides replies:—

"I'll briefly state my reasons—first, I'm known,
And then, I'm old, and grey, and wear a beard.
But you, my friend, are handsome, young, and comely,
With smooth-shaved beard and trim;—besides, your voice
Sounds shrilly like a woman's, whilst your gait

Is soft, and delicate, and mine'd so finely,
That, on my life, they'll ne'er discover you.

Ag.—Euripides!

Eur.—What is't?

Ag.—'Twas you that sung,—

“*Thou deem'st life to be precious—cans't thou not
Believe thy father deems it precious, too?*”

Eur.—The verse is mine—what then?

Ag.—Why never dream,

That we shall volunteer to bear for you
Your adverse fortune—we were mad indeed,
And worse than mad, to think on't—Firmly then
Resolve to meet the fate you cannot shun.

Agatho, having thus refused, Mnesilochus, fired with a generous indignation at his treachery towards Euripides, offers to go in his stead. Euripides bids him strip. Mnesilochus strips willingly; but when Euripides proposes to shave him, and borrows a razor for that purpose from Agatho, he makes a very strenuous effort to retract his offer. Euripides will not let him—but forthwith shaves one side of his face, in spite of his many cries and struggles. Mnesilochus attempts to run away. Euripides threatens to knock him down if he does not immediately stop both his bawling and his running. The wretch is frightened, and submits to have the other side of his face shaved, but not without exclaiming long and loudly against his unhappy destiny. The dialogue then continues:—

Eur.—Tush, man, ne'er fret yourself for such a loss,
But see how spruce, and trim, and brave you look.

Say—shall I bring a mirror?

Mn.—If you please.

Eur.—Why, there it is, then—dost thou see thyself?

Mn.—By Jove, not I—'tis Cleisthenes I see.

Eur.—Rise up, and let me singe these hairs away.

Mn.—Alas! Alas! he'll scald me like a pig.

Mnesilochus, being thus shaved, is sent into the assembly of women. When he has taken his seat among them, and has begun to congratulate himself upon the success of his stratagem, and is listening with silent satisfaction to the smart tales which they are telling of each other, under the idea that no male is present, the chorus starts up, and bids them cease their chattering—for a woman “fiery red with speed,” is approaching the place of their meeting; whereupon Cleisthenes immediately makes his appearance, and thus addresses them:—

“Dear dames of Athens, sisters of my soul,
How fondly I adore you, let my cheeks,
My beardless cheeks, proclaim—you know I love
To ape the woman, and I madly dote
On all your quaint devices. I have tidings,
Tidings which near affect you—shall I tell them?

Chor.—Speak out, my boy—for boy I needs must call thee,
Whilst thus thy chin is cheated of its beard.

He then informs the women of the trick which Euripides has put upon them through the agency of some paltry scoundrel, who has submitted to be shaved, and then come among them as a spy. Mnesilochus boldly affirms that the story of Cleisthenes is incredible:—

“Say—can you credit such a tale as this
When told by such a thing? Lives there a man,
So lost to all the feelings of a man,
As would for any bribe that wealth could give,

Submit to the dire shame of being shav'd?
By the dread goddesses, I'll not believe it!"

There is a great deal more to the same effect, which I purposely abstain from translating. Indeed I should not have quoted so much as I have done, had I not been anxious to refute the universally-received opinion, that Alexander the Great was the inventor of shaving. Chrysippus was the author of this fiction. Athenæus gave it currency and circulation in his *Dinner Philosophers*; and it has been regularly repeated, without any examination into its truth, by every author, who has written on the beard from his time down to the last written article on the subject in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The story has therefore gained some authority by prescription; but no prescription can stand against the facts which I have just cited, and which, by-the-by, are by no means of an isolated description. It is upon record, that Dionysius the tyrant, who died some years before Alexander was born, taught his daughters the use of the razor, in order to avoid the risk of exposing his throat to a republican barber. The Ephori, on entering into office, regularly issued an edict, forbidding the Lacedæmonians to nourish their beards; whilst the Byzantines and Rhodians absolutely inflicted punishment on those who did not shave them away. There is also a story told of Phocion, which militates strongly with the probability of Alexander's claim to the original discovery of shaving. Plutarch informs us, that, on some public occasion, Phocion called upon an individual of the name of Alcibiades, who was distinguished for the prolixity of his beard, to corroborate a statement which he had made. To curry favour with the people, Alcibiades, instead of corroborating, flatly contradicted it. Phocion walked slowly up to him, and taking hold of his beard, as if to smooth it down, said, in the hearing of the assembled people, "You should have shaved off this symbol of an honest man, before you set up the trade of a shameless liar." That the fashion of dispensing with the beard had become very prevalent in Greece in the time of Alexander, seems probable from the obstinate attachment which Diogenes, who loved to run counter to the vulgar, displayed to his own. It appeared to him to be as ridiculous to deprive a man of his beard as a lion of its mane—and he wore his own, he said, that he might never forget that he was a man, endowed with a thinking soul. He considered the act of shaving as the outward expression of an inward willingness to overturn the law of nature, a notion, which explains his object in once asking a smug-faced fop, whether he did not blame nature for making him a man instead of a woman. The philosophers, who succeeded him, acted in conformity with the same notion for several generations, after the rest of their fellow-countrymen had renounced all barbarous honours. A long beard and a tattered cloak were the outward and visible signs of a lover of wisdom, even so late as the beardless days of Plutarch, who, in one of his moral treatises, remarks, that something more than these two ingredients is wanted to constitute a real philosopher. Lucian, in his *Eunuch*, observes, that, if those who have the longest beards are the wisest philosophers, he-goats are the wisest philosophers in the world. A writer in the *Anthology* has embodied the same idea in a Greek epigram, and hence arose the proverb, "I see the beard and cloak, but wish to know where is the philosopher." It would have been well for these *soi-disant* sages, if they had nourished their beards, for the excellent reason of the old Laconian, who, when he was asked why he let his white beard grow to such a length, said, that it was in hopes

that the continual sight of it would prevent him from committing any act that might disgrace its whiteness. Had the philosophers of Greece been influenced as a body by such virtuous motives, her comic writers and her historians would have had less cause to accuse them of fraud, and avarice, and treachery, and almost every other vice, that degrades and defiles the purity of human nature.

Before I take leave of my friends in Greece, I cannot help noticing a singular phenomenon, which is said to have occurred in one of its colonial dependencies, and which Alexander Sanderson—the “Alexander ab Alexandro” of Waverley—has noticed, in his “Genial Days,” without stating how he came by the knowledge of it. I have hunted for it in vain in various classic authors, and therefore partly suspect it to be an experiment made by my friend Sawney, in one of his drunken moments, on the credulity of his readers. “It is a singular fortune,” says he, “which attends the priestess of Minerva, at Halicarnassus. As often as any misfortune is going to befall the Amphictyan colonists, who are settled in that country, a large beard sprouts upon her chin, and, by its magnitude, gives warning of the extent of mischief which is to follow. A similar phenomenon is not uncommon in Caria; the inhabitants know, that, when the females, who are dedicated to the service of the gods, have hairs growing in their cheeks and chins, they are capable of divining future events.” How the Carian ladies came by this strange qualification, or how they lost it, I pretend not to say. Sawney may have learned the story from some of their descendants, who sailed in a sieve from Aleppo to Scotland—for the witches, who unfolded the secrets of futurity to Macbeth, must have been of the same complexion and clan, if we are to credit the language in which he addresses them:—

“ ———— You should be women !
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.”

But I abstain from saying more on bearded women at present, as I intend to dedicate a page to their honour, before I bring this historical compilation to a close.

It is evident from several passages in the most esteemed Latin authors, that the early Romans were as averse as most other savages to the use of the razor. The large white beard of Numa is extolled more than once by the complimentary muse of Virgil: and the honest beard of his subjects is “familiar as household words” in the mouth of the caustic Juvenal. Indeed that satyrist assures us, that the first inhabitants of Rome looked upon the beard with so much honour, that they visited with condign punishment any disrespect shewn to it by the junior members of the community. The same feeling prevailed for more than five hundred years among their descendants, and led them to burden the chins of their gods very lavishly with these hairy appendages. With the exception of Apollo, all the images of their gods were well bearded—and, strange as it may appear, even the images of two of their goddesses were sometimes similarly decorated. It will perhaps excite a smile in the unlearned reader to be informed, that Venus was one and Fortune the other of these extraordinarily gifted female divinities. Macrobius has left us a description of the former, and Augustine of the latter, with the additional information, that she was invoked for no gift so often as that of a prolix and handsome beard. We learn from Persius, that when a devotee particularly wished

to propitiate his gods, he gave them a beard of gold—an honour which sometimes exposed their godships to very awkward accidents and predicaments. Æsculapius had his beard twice torn up by the roots in Sicily; and, if we are to credit Lucian, the cloud-compelling Jupiter, in spite of the thunder with which he was plentifully armed, was craven enough to submit in quiet to a similar indignity. When beards were thus mixed up with the religious feelings of the country, it does not appear strange that a man without a beard, or with only a small one, should have been looked upon almost as a curiosity. One of the Æmilian family acquired the nickname of Little Beard, and figures away in Livy as Quinctus Æmilius *Barbula*. It would have been fortunate for the senators, who witnessed the sack of Rome by Brennus, had they deserved a similar appellation—but, unfortunately, they were so bountifully provided with beard, and so scantily with brains, that they could not brook the unintentional insult offered to the bearded dignity of their colleague Papirius by an admiring barbarian, and so got themselves all murdered at one fell swoop in a hopeless attempt to avenge it. The Roman, who first attempted to bring his countrymen to a smoother state of chin, was P. Ticinius Mena, who, in the year of the city 454, introduced into it a troop of barbers from Sicily. His efforts were attended with partial success; but no Roman, if Pliny's authority is entitled to belief, dared to shave every day until Scipio Africanus, who had no occasion to fear the charge of effeminacy, set them the example. A remarkable revolution shortly afterwards ensued in the Roman face. The reign of long beards passed away, and though Cato endeavoured to restore it along with the republic, the fortune of the razor was triumphant, and the whole Roman world by the time of Augustus consented to be shaved. It must not, however, be concealed, that, even after shaving had become the rule of fashion, and not the exception, the "lords of human kind" suffered their beards to grow when they were suffering under severe calamity. Julius Cæsar, on hearing of the massacre of the legion which he had placed under the command of Titurius, vowed not to shave his beard until he had avenged it. Mark Antony, after the battle of Actium, neglected his hair, and allowed a thick heavy beard, I translate the words of Plutarch, to droop upon his bosom. It is recorded in the life of Caligula, that, on learning the death of his sister Drusilla, with whom he had been incestuously connected, he was so overwhelmed with sorrow, that he retired suddenly from Rome in the night, and returned to it some days afterwards with a long beard and dishevelled hair. Indeed these were the symptoms of deep mourning even in the early ages of the iron rule of Rome. They are mentioned as such by Livy, when he is describing the mode in which the people expressed their grief for the fate of Manlius, and again when he is noticing the very curious manner in which the censors treated an impatient fellow, who had taken in sad dudgeon a hasty vote of censure, which the sovereign people had passed against him for his conduct during his consulship. It appears that this coxcomb—Marcus Livius was his name—gave up, in consequence of it, all interference in public affairs for eight years, and almost banished himself from decent society. In the consulship of the celebrated M. Marcellus, he was lured back to Rome by that fortunate and victorious general. As he dressed himself in tattered clothes, and went about the streets with matted hair and an enormous beard, and exhibited in his countenance and demeanour a deep sense of the injury which he conceived himself to have received; the censors, to prevent mischief, compelled him not only to dress con-

sistently with his rank and fortune, but also to submit to a salutary shaving, and, after dragging him into the senate house, made him consent to discharge several important public duties, which they imposed upon him. It must have been an amusing spectacle to have seen the censors seizing on the ex-consul, stripping him of his rags, and forcing his patrician throat under the razor of a plebeian tonsor. What would I not give to see a similar scene enacted in the streets of London. Why did not the respectable alderman, who incurred the indignation of his fellow citizens, a few years ago, for telling them that half their London was burnt, when not even a chimney was on fire—why did not the sagacious Atkins retire immediately to his seat in Surrey, and meditate, in solitary moodiness, upon the malice of mankind, amid the sympathizing sorrow of cabbages and cauliflowers? By this time his beard would have grown into a curiosity, and would have filled the coach of any magisterial Marcellus, who might have endeavoured to lure him back to the citizens of Walbrook. Methinks I see him, on his restoration, wandering slowly past the Mansion-house, the very image of a distressed old clothesman! Even now the censors of the city—the marshals, and their men—are taking him into custody, and dragging him, a reluctant victim, to a radical shaver. The suds are already on his face—the razor is already drawn across his cheek, and nothing is wanted to complete his purification for higher city preferments, except the descent of Gog and Magog from their pedestals to witness and enjoy it. Even they are near at hand. Guildhall is expanding its gates to give the giants egress, and, conscious of returning glory, is determined not to close them till the cry of “fire, fire!” is once more heard within its walls, and Atkins is again proclaimed dictator over all the tradesmen and turtles in the city of London.

I must not, in my enthusiasm, forget to mention, that the striplings of Rome dedicated the day, on which they first performed the important ceremony of shaving, to feasting, and banqueting, and other important solemnities. It was the same epoch in their lives that coming of age is in ours, and was celebrated with all the pride and pomp of circumstance becoming such an event. Nero gave to these festivals the name of “*Ludi Juvenales*,” and when he kept his own, put the crispings of his beard into a vase of gold, and after adorning them with pearls of the purest whiteness, dedicated them to the Jupiter of the Capitol. Apollo and Venus were sometimes honoured with similar offerings; and Chaucer, in his knight’s tale, rigidly adheres to the practice of antiquity, when he makes Arcite devote his beard to Mars, in the following manner:—

“ And eke to this avow I will me bind;
My beard, my hair that hangeth low adown,
That never yet did feel offencyoun
Of Rasour ne of Sheer, I wooll thee yeve.” (give.)

From the curious amalgamation which he repeatedly makes of the manners and customs of different ages and countries, and from the constant anachronisms of which he is guilty, I should be inclined to suspect that he did not so much regard the practice of antiquity in this passage, as that which the monastic orders of his time had borrowed from it. Whenever an individual became a member of them, his beard was blest with great formality, and then cut off and consecrated to God. Both the Greek and Latin churches had a service for such consecration in the early

ages; and if I may take the word of a writer in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, it still retains its place in the *Euchology* of the Greeks.

From the time of Augustus down to that of Hadrian, none but the philosophers, as they styled themselves, wore beards. With the reign of Hadrian the beard resumed its former dignity, as if to convince the world that fashions were as liable to change as either weathercocks or women. Just as Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, invented shoes with inordinately long points, to conceal an excrescence in one of his feet; and as Charles the Seventh of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs; and as Duviller, an eminent professor of my own art, in the days of the *Spectator*, created full-bottomed wigs to conceal an awkward elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin; did the Emperor Hadrian revive the fashion of retaining the beard to conceal certain ugly excrescences in his chin. His example was imitated by all his successors, save Caracalla, Heliogabalus, and Justinian, and, as may naturally be supposed, was followed by their admiring courtiers and loving subjects. Antoninus particularly distinguished himself by the patronage which he bestowed upon the beard. Spartianus mentions, as a mark of that emperor's policy and probity, that he never gave a centurion's commission to any man who was not robust in person and respectable in character, nor a military tribuneship, which is equivalent to a colonel's command at present, to any officer who was not adorned by a full and flowing beard. Whether Constantine judged of the merits of his officers by the same criterion I do not pretend to know; but I have every reason to believe that he took pride in the title of *Μαργαριτης*, or Great Beard, which his soldiers conferred upon him. It was perhaps owing to a sudden sight of that hairy prodigy, that, early in the reign of his son Constantius, a woman gave birth to an infant, which had, on its entrance into the world, a stiff black beard, to say nothing of two mouths, two small ears, two large teeth, and four moderate-sized eyes, which the philosophic Cardan assures us it possessed. The Emperor Julian, along with the dominions, inherited the admiration of his ancestors for the beard; and what is more to my point, wrote a learned and witty treatise in defence of it. The inhabitants of Antioch, whose refined habits taught them to bear the inconvenience of shaving for the comfort of being shaved, used every effort in their power to bring the imperial beard into contempt and disrepute. Forgetful of the respect due to legitimate power, they libelled his imperial majesty, when he entered their walls, by saying that a butcher of victims (*Συτῆν*), and not a king, had come to take up his residence among them. They even gave him the nickname of "Goat," and swore that his beard was fit for nothing else than to be twisted into ropes. Though the philosophic emperor disdained to take corporal vengeance on these insolent caitiffs, he did not let them off entirely scot-free. He wrote his *Misopogon*, or *Enemy of the Beard*, in which he lashed their intemperance, impiety, and injustice, at first with lively irony, and at last with serious and bitter invective. As his work, which is seldom read even by scholars, has never to my knowledge been translated into English, I may perhaps be excused, considering its natural connexion with the subject matter of this article, for inserting a short extract from it, not so much as a specimen of the style in which its author retaliated on his licentious and effeminate accusers, as of his personal appearance, habits, and character. The extract, which I have selected, possesses some interest, not merely because it contains a distinct summary of all the annoyances which beset the heroes of the beard, but also because it is the

very passage which the friends of the Abbé de la Bleterie adjured him, in the name of the French nation, not to translate, on account of its extreme offensiveness to their fastidious notions of delicacy and decorum. To render it intelligible, I ought to premise that, throughout the work, Julian's method of attacking the people of Antioch is by accusing himself of folly and incapacity in not adopting their customs, which he "defends after a sort," as praiseworthy and excellent. The extract is as follows:—
 "There is no law which prohibits a man from either praising or blaming himself. Now, though I am very anxious to praise myself, I find it impossible; but, when I strive to blame myself, I find a thousand ways in which I can do it. I will begin first with my face. As it is not, I think, either very handsome, or very comely, or very youthful, I have added to it, out of pure churlishness of temper, a long thick beard, taking that vengeance upon it for no other cause than its want of beauty. For the same reason I let the lice disport themselves in it, just like animals in a forest, and I disable myself from either eating largely, or drinking greedily—for I must needs be always on my guard, lest I unintentionally eat my beard along with my bread. I care not a straw about it on the score of kissing or getting kissed—and yet the beard appears to have this as well as other inconveniency, that it does not permit its possessor to fasten a smooth lip on the soft, and therefore sweeter, lip of woman, to borrow an expression from a poetical eulogist of Daphne. You say, however, that ropes ought to be made of it. I am willing to let you try to make them, provided you can extract its hairs, and are not afraid that their rough edge should break the skin of your soft and delicate fingers. Do not however fancy that I am vexed at your scoffs—for I give rise to them myself, by keeping my chin bearded like a goat, when I might have it, I suppose, as smooth as that of a lad, or of a woman, on whom nature has bestowed her most bewitching attraction. But you, even in your old age, imitate your own young sons and daughters, and owing to the refinement of your lives, and to the simplicity of your manners, carefully polish your chins, displaying your manhood by your features, and not, as I do, by my beard. But not content with the magnitude of my beard, I take no pains in cleaning my head—I seldom cut my hair—I let my nails grow long—and I have my fingers generally dirtied and blackened by ink."

So frank a confession takes away our surprise at the peremptory dismissal, which he gave to the thousand barbers of the palace at Constantinople, immediately after he became master of it. Marcellinus's account of the immediate circumstance, which brought about that sweeping retrenchment in the imperial household, is amusing. It happened that, on one occasion, when Julian had sent for a barber to cut his hair, an officer entered his apartment, ambitiously and sumptuously drest. On seeing him, Julian was astonished, or as Gibbon says, in direct contradiction to the writer from whom he got the story, affected to be astonished. "It was not," said he, "a receiver-general of the finances that I wanted, but a barber." He questioned the man, however, concerning the profits of his employment, and was informed, that, besides a large salary, and some valuable perquisites which he had derived from presenting petitions to the emperor, he enjoyed a daily allowance for twenty servants and as many horses. Think of that, ye barbers of the present day, and mourn in obscurity over the diminished gains and glories of your ancient profession. Julian, concludes Marcellinus, was so indignant at this waste of the public treasure, that he turned this fellow and all his crew out of the

palace, together with the cooks and other servants, who had been accustomed to receive the same enormous emoluments. I am a great admirer of the achievements of Julian, but I cannot, as a barber, commend his unjust treatment of the gentlemen of my profession, nor, as a man of taste, applaud his indiscriminate cruelty to the anatomists of the kitchen. But, as a nameless archer avenged their wrongs in the plains of Sogdiana, I am willing to obliterate this blemish from his character, in deference to his many rare and memorable virtues.

Up to this stage of our history, there has been but little ink and no blood shed either in defending or attacking this ornament—shall I call it, or deformity—of the human countenance. But I am now come to a period pregnant with controversies of various descriptions, and not without its controversy on this particular subject. On the death of Julian, the triumph of Christianity was securely established, and the religion of the fishermen of Galilee became the religion of the Roman world. Its adherents, no longer under the necessity of struggling for existence with the powers that were, began in the fourth and fifth centuries to quarrel with each other about forms and ceremonies, perfectly insignificant and indifferent in themselves. No question was more fiercely battled than that which related to the beards of their clergy. A text in Leviticus expressly commanded the Jewish priests not to mar the corners of their beards. It was urged by one set of theologians, that the command in this text was confined to the Jewish priesthood; and by another, that it extended to the Christian priesthood also. St. Jerome was a staunch advocate of the latter doctrine, and declared a priest without a beard to be a foul and disgraceful nudity. The point was referred to the decision of two general councils, held at Carthage, in the years 410 and 418; but, unfortunately, we have no means of ascertaining how they decided it. One party gives the words of their judgment thus—“*Clerici neque comam nutrant, neque barbam*”—than which nothing can be more clear and explicit. The other, however, comes forward with an old MS. from the Vatican, and gives us the same words, with the addition of another, which entirely alters their meaning—“*Clerici neque comam nutrant, neque barbam radant.*” The history of the church does not afford us any collateral help, by which we can affirm either of these versions to be incorrect. If we suppose that these councils proscribed the beard, we must either conclude that their authority was demurred to by the individuals whom its proscription affected, or disbelieve the story of Paulus Diaconus, that one of the imperial prefects persecuted the monks by smearing their beards with wax and oil, and by then setting them on fire for his private amusement. If, on the contrary, we suppose that they favoured its growth, what are we to do with the story of Pope Joan, and all its extraordinary incidents? “If priests had been compelled to wear beards in the early days of the church,” says Pierius, “the chair of St. Peter would never have been filled by a profligate woman.” Nor, I may add, would Pasquin have had occasion to write his alliterative verses, in commemoration of her imprudence and infamy:—

“Papa, Pater Patriæ, Papissæ pandito portum
Pro Petri portâ peperit Papissa Papellum.”

If we look to later decisions of the church for assistance in these our doubts, we find them to be equally dubious and uncertain. The rescript of Alexander the Third to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on this subject, is liable

to similar dispute. Beyond all doubt, that rescript orders the clergy, who nourish their hair, to be shaved, in spite of all their remonstrances, by their archdeacons. But the question is, whether the original rescript did not extend the shaving powers of the archdeacons to those who nourished their beards too. It is said to be thus worded : " Clerici, qui comam *et barbam* nutriunt, etiam inviti, a suis archidiaconis tondeantur." It is contended that the words I have printed in italics are the interpolation of some literary beard-scaper, like myself; and Pierius is very indignant that any scholar should venture to defend them as genuine. Leaving curious eritics and pious polemists to settle this question as they may, I shall merely observe, that whatever might be the practice of the Greek clergy in the east, it was a settled point among the Romish clergy of the west of Europe, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, if not earlier, that beards were a secular vanity, and ought to be left as such to the laity alone. In proof of this assertion, I refer to the report which Harold's spies brought him from the Norman camp, that William's army consisted chiefly of priests—an opinion which it is supposed that they formed from a sight of his archers, whose beards were shaved off to allow them to draw their bows more conveniently in time of battle. In the reign of Henry the First, both the French and English clergy ventured to reprobate the wearing of beards even by laymen. All the different monastic orders which were formed at that time, or in a few years afterwards, followed the example of the regular clergy, with the exception of the Cistercians. These latter monks clung with the most obstinate attachment to their beards, and were, on that account, sometimes called " Fratres Barbati," or the Bearded Brotherhood. Their conduct, in this respect, excited the indignation of the other monks, and gave rise to several satires and lampoons against them, which have survived to our times. I subjoin a rough translation of one of them, which is written in rhyming Latin hexameters, as a specimen of the theological venom of the twelfth century :—

" Attend : I'll paint you a Cistercian monk.
 With well-kempt beard reclining on his breast,
 He wanders forth, a shagg'd and frightful monster—
 In looks, in words, in deeds, a very goat;
 And, 'cause he finds the gale of public favour
 Blows kindly on such men, he moulds himself
 Into an image of sour gravity,
 And speaks like sage and solemn oracle.
 Observe the caitiff meet the foolish lord
 Of numerous acres ! like a snake he crawls
 And coils around his victim—then exclaims,
 ' The grace of God be with you, my fair son !
 Our order fondly loves you, and each day
 Repeats its *pater-nosters* for your welfare.'
 And then he sweeps the pavement with his beard,
 Making a hundred congees, which he swears
 Shall cost his wealthy worship each a ducat.
 Shun you, my friend, this hollow hypocrite--
 This canting, cogging, servant of the Lord !
 This lecherous, treacherous, sighing, lying knave !
 Who only seeks your friendship for your ruin !'

To such attacks as these, the Cistercians replied by declaring that their assailants were distinguishable from the laity by their shaven beards, but blended with them by the profligacy of their lives. The Templars, who were more monastic than military in their origin and institutions, were,

notwithstanding, distinguished by the prolixity of their beards. This is proved by a letter of safe-conduct, which Edward the Second granted, in the year 1311, to his valet, Peter Auger, who, having first made a vow not to shave his beard, and having then been foolish enough to keep it, was afraid lest its great size should lead the populace on the Continent, where he was going as a pilgrim, to take him for a Templar, and to punish him at pleasure, for the various crimes then generally attributed to that warlike order. The facts which I have just quoted are sufficient to shew that the learned Hospinianus is mistaken when he says, in his history of Monachism, that the custom of shaving the beard did not creep into the church till about the year 1200, and that it then came in with the portentous doctrine of transubstantiation, which Innocent the Third succeeded in establishing about the same period. Though I feel obliged to notice this slight chronological error on his part, I cannot refrain from joining in the ridicule which he casts on the grave reasons assigned by the priests for submitting their beards to the razor. "They said that one of them was founded on their fears lest, in the sacrifice of the mass, their beards should dip in the sacred blood of our Lord, or should retain some portion of his body, by coming in contact with the consecrated wafer. On account of this danger, silver tubes were formerly invented, and let into the chalice, to enable the laity to draw the blood from it without polluting it. Wonderful saints! They sell this sacrifice of theirs to all comers for three farthings, and yet tremble with pious fear lest any part of it should contract pollution, by adhering to their beards! Is not this straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel? By the course, however, which they adopted, they not only prudently obviated the danger which they apprehended, but also usefully consulted the interest of the barber, who is in general a favourite with their reverences, on account of the valuable assistance he can lend them in their pleasures." I know that rigid Catholics will set me down, as well as Hospinianus, for an impious blasphemer, in consequence of the opinion which I have just quoted; and will give very different reasons from those, which have just been assigned, for the conduct of their priesthood. As I have no wish to turn polemic, I shall turn from their invectives with the single observation, that it is an undeniable fact, that, for some centuries before the time mentioned by Hospinianus, the mode in which the Roman priests had divested themselves and their saints of beards had formed a ground of schism between their church and that of the Patriarch of Constantinople. There is a sarcasm in the *Facetiæ* of Poggio, which illustrates aptly enough the distinction between the ministers of the two churches in his time. A Greek cardinal—so Poggio calls him—came to the Holy See, adorned with a long beard. The courtiers of the Roman Consistory wondered that he did not follow the custom of the place in which he lived, and shave it off. Cardinal Angelotti, on learning their surprise, said, "The cardinal knows well what he is about, and sees that, among the many she-goats of Rome, a he-goat is sure to find a comfortable residence." A little later—in the papacy, I believe, of Clement the Seventh—a simultaneous effort was made, by a considerable portion of the Catholic clergy in different parts of Europe, to obtain the sanction of the Pope to their resumption of the beard. Pierius then wrote his celebrated apology for it. The work is able and erudite, but produced no effect upon the Pope, who recollected that what infallibility has at one period declared incorrect, infallibility cannot, at another period, declare correct. He, therefore, denounced the innovation, and consigned the sacerdotal beard, as before, to

the unsparing operation of the barber. Francis the First of France turned the stir thus made among the priesthood to his own advantage. Under pretence of carrying into effect the canons of the church, he, though a restorer of the beard among the laity, issued an edict that the beard of every churchman should be forthwith cut off. He gave them, however, to understand that they might blunt the edge of this exterminating edict by paying a certain sum into his exchequer; and it is said that, by that device, he brought from their coffers into his own a very considerable treasure. The parsons of England displayed, at the same time, a similar partiality for this secular vanity: for, at a visitation of Oriel College, Oxford, made in 1531, Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, was obliged to order one of the fellows, who was a priest, to abstain, under pain of expulsion, from wearing a beard and pricked shoes like a laic, and from taking the liberty of insulting the beardless chins of the venerable governor and fellows of the society. The Reformation, however, shortly afterwards came to England, and, with the Reformation, the beards of the clergy. The bishops of James the First's day paid as much attention to the points of their beards as to the points of the puns and epigrams in their sermons; and even the Assembly of Divines, which sat at Westminster in the next reign, seemed impressed with the opinion of the learned Dr. Bulwer, that, "as the beard is a singular gift of God, he who shaves it away aims at nothing more than to become less than man." I can almost fancy that I see Philip Nye,* shaking his thanksgiving-beard in approbation of the doctrine, and admonishing the people that for man "to labour to extirpate so honest and necessary a work as the beard is, is an act not only of indecency and injustice, but is also a practical blasphemy, most inexpressible against nature, and God, the Author of nature, whose work the beard is."†

It is worth while to observe how the Catholic priesthood endeavoured, at different times, to revenge themselves upon the beard, which they were forbidden to wear. In Turpin's Chronicles, they gave it to the Saracens, to render them frightful and odious. In the old moralities and mysteries, which were got up under their superintendence, they gave it to the devil—perhaps in imitation of Virgil, who has so equipped the infernal ferryman:—

"Terribili squallore Charon, cui plurima mento
Canities inculta jacet."

In the mystery of Mary Magdalene, one of the stage directions is—"Here enters the prynse of the devylls, with a berde, and with hell onderneath the stage;"—an *entrée* which must have been deeply interesting to those who witnessed it. In the "Nigramansir, a moral Interlude and a pithy, written by Maister Skelton, Laureate," and printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1504, there is a similar direction: "Enter Belzebub with a berde." And yet, in spite of priests, and Saracens, and devils, the common people, both in France and in England, retained their admiration for it, and parted with it reluctantly, even when it was banished from the face of kings and princes—as I hope I shall be permitted to shew in another number.

H. W.

* Philip Nye was a friend of Hugh Peters and John Goodwin, and, like them, one of the Assembly of Divines. He had exerted himself during the rebellion so actively against Charles the First, that, at the restoration, it was once intended to exempt him from the act of amnesty. Hudibras, in his letter to the widow, makes memorable mention of the "great art and cunning" displayed in the trimming of "Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard."
† *Fide* Dr. Bulwer's "Artificial Changeling."

ON DUST.

"Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
But 'Thou—thy very dust is gone!"

Lord Byron.

Such, and so many, have been the changes in the heart and suburbs of this great metropolis, within the last quarter of a century—aye, within the last five years—that if the entombed dust of the greatest peripatetic that ever perambulated it, could be revived, and that, in the shape of Mr. Mogg, who, while the great destroyer levels cities with the dust, is still adding his parallelograms to the Chart of London—I say even with such an advantage, I think he would be at a loss to find his anterior locality. In every direction the wand of the enchanter has been extended. Tunnels and aqueducts, roads, bridges, and canals, have started into existence, presenting objects of novelty in themselves, and connecting situations, previously remote; while the magnificence of rising temples, palaces, and gardens, obliterate the impressions of the past by their more beautiful and grand associations. Leaving these loftier mutations, let us descend to the detail of the more humble metamorphosis in the vicinage of Gray's-Inn-lane. Nay, check your smile—deem it not vulgar—for, know, it once had pretensions to a mineral conduit, under the patronage of no less a person than St. Schads! where, for the consideration of sixpence, journeymen tailors, and other such Athenians, used to take their draughts of chalybeate on Sunday mornings; until a rise in the article, or, rather, a rise in the price of admission, tended at once to cut off all further communication between the saint and his votaries; and he now remains in the situation of most of his fraternity, *well nigh forgotten*.

Nearly opposite to St. Schads' Wells stood—not Troy, but what might have given a faithful representation of its ill-fated humiliation—*Smith's Dust Hill!* "Black it stood as night," an accumulated mass, unutterable, undistinguishable—the combination of a city's waste and refuse—an amalgamation too baffling to analyse, although an attempt may not be altogether useless or unamusing; for, however dry it may appear, I hope it will not be found dull. To begin with the beginning: as Rome was not built in a day, so neither was this sable Olympus raised in so ephemeral a period, but required years to complete its elevation.

Dust, than which nothing can, upon a superficial view, be considered more insignificant, was, a few years back, of very considerable value, far surpassing the value of many things acquired by difficulty and danger, and for which the breadth of oceans are traversed, through storms and tempests. Perhaps a cruize to the Gold Coast, with all its drawbacks and contingencies, is scarcely so profitable as the returns on the quantity of dust collected in the city of London, during the time necessary for the voyage, and its accomplished return. About the period I allude to, the parish of St. Luke received no less a sum than between one and two thousand pounds a-year for dust collected, which, being placed to the parish account, tended in a *great measure* to keep down the poor's rates. In addition to its value, no kind of property is better secured; as will be evinced, when the reader is informed that his present Majesty, George IV. when he was Prince Regent, lost an action for the recovery of the value of dust, carried away from the palace, by his servants, to be used as manure. In order to a further illustration of the subject, it is necessary to inform the reader, that what has hitherto been considered is but a

part of that incongruous combination, the contents of a dust cart—the very last residuum—the matter called “brize;” previous to which, by the result of much labour, of picking, raking, sorting, and sifting, a very pretty property is collected by the various shareholders of this joint-stock company, as a recent case that was brought forward at the Bow-street office will suffice to convince us.*

Perhaps the reader may have never witnessed the ejection of a dust cart: presuming he has not, I will endeavour to give him a general outline of the ceremony; together with all the circumstances attending it, and a sketch of the group and foreground. Suppose an eminence of about five or six feet already collected, in a circular form; on the heap is a man raking about, and a little child playing with a small brown shaggy mongrel of a dog, with a community of pigs battenning on the acclivity; a youth below, with spade and axe, is supplying three women with stuff—if women they may be called, who, of all the progeny of old Mother Nox, seemed most the resemblances of age, misery, and want; I say *seemed*, for when one was called—“one of three”—I beheld, as she raised her dilapidated Dunstable, a face, where beams of pensive beauty struggled through dusty darkness, and which mantled to a smile at the sound of notes whistled to the tune of—“In Bunhill-row there liv’d a Maid”—indicating the approach of Joe—for it was *his cart*:—the dying cadence now gave way to the gee-up! uttered in deep bass, accompanied with a smart smack of the whip, to urge the horse up the ascent. Joe was a decent sort of boy enough for his avocation, not to be ranked among those who “troop under the sooty flag of Acheron;” but a clean, square-built fellow, with a broadish face and forehead, blue eyes, nose rather short, expanded, and inclined upwards, and tinted with that imperial hue that indicated his knowledge was not confined to *dry* measure; this, with a mouth a little elongated, formed a countenance, upon the whole, full of mirth and good humour. This piece of device was surmounted by a hat of the usual professional form—a domed piece of felt, with a most prodigious margin: he wore a good stout flannel jacket, and waistcoat; his shirt collar fastened by a leaden brooch, in the shape of a heart, deviating from the general costume. His continuations were of white drill; but, mark the vanity! short enough to display a pair of hoppers, otherwise gaiters, of the same material; these, with a stout pair of ankle-johns, completed his outward man, of an order “simply Doric.”

At Joe’s approach, all was stir and bustle; the pigs, to the third and fourth generation, moved “in perfect phalanx,” not “to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders,” but to their own equally inspiring grunt; varying from the shrill treble to the deep-toned bass. Jowler, too, ran barking; but with less interested feelings: and his little patron ran to take the whip.

A few interrogatories on each side, a joke, and its accompanying laugh, occupy brief space: when, suddenly, a general rush proclaims the load is strewed upon the ground! a chaotic mass—“old hats, old wigs, old boots, old shoes, and all the tribe of leather,” remnants of all things, the

* It was a dispute between a dustman and a sifter, as to which had the most right-ful claim to a five-pound note, found in the ashes: and certainly nothing could be more impartially decided; for as their claims, or rather their non-claims, turned out to be equal—that is, in point of law—it was retained by the presiding magistrate in trust. In the course of the inquiry, it appeared that the sifter had realized sufficient property to enable her to be proprietress of three houses.

ends and the beginnings, horticultural fragments and broken crockery, the hunter's bone and the beggar's rags, pilfered lace suspected, and the stolen jewel, the lost gold, and the mislaid spoon: and, for a climax, rejoice! gentle reader—for when the designs of the crafty are defeated by inadvertence, or otherwise, with the weird sisters, “we should rejoice! we should rejoice!”—a bill for fifteen pounds, drawn by a lawyer for expenses, and which was taken to the acceptor by the dustman, for which he received a considerate remuneration. Complicated as this mass appears, it is all reduced to the most perfect order, and each portion arranged according to the purposes intended for. Thus, the vegetable matter, so eagerly seized upon by the pigs, contributes to keep up a supply of *dairy-fed pork* and *Epping sausages*: the bones are laid aside for the purposes of making hartshorn and phosphorus, dominoes and apple-scoops, &c. The old boots and shoes, with the tribe of leather, after a slight examination of their utter inefficiency, find their way, through divers passages to the glue-pot. How fractured bottles, and broken glass of every description, is disposed of, is easily *seen through*—to the furnace: and how the old iron is appropriated, is not *hard* to guess. The old woollen, if perchance any should exist in the shape of a pair of innominables, after exploring the pockets, and a sigh for their insolvency, are unceremoniously cast aside along with the worthless remains of rags of every description, string, paper, &c., &c., to pass through the operation necessary for making brown paper. What still remains, of coals, and cinders unconsumed, the dustman's perquisite, are measured first, “thence hurried back to fire:” the wood, the sifters take. Broken tiles, bricks, delf, crockery, with a variety of substances, and etceteras, go towards the formation of roads. I had almost forgotten the crowning item, viz. old wigs! Towards the close of the last century, so much were they in request, that the supply was scarcely equal to the demand. Yes, in the days of Beau Tibs, every street had its corner and every corner its shoe-black, and to every shoe-black might be traced an old wig, sometimes *two*. In those days of ruffles and etiquette, when a well-formed leg was advantageously displayed in *whole* silk stockings, shoes, and buckles, it was the custom with pedestrians, when making a call, to have their shoes wiped and touched up at the corner of the street nearest the place they were going to visit: and what so efficient for the purpose as an old wig? nothing. But, alas! those days are gone! and Beau Tibs is gone! and, if we question where? only Echo answers. But what becomes of the old wigs? is the question at issue. Alas! again, such is the degeneracy of modern days, that, instead of being used as an appendage to the toilet, though humble, I fear they will be traced to the vulgar bricklayer and plasterer, to be mingled with mortar, and “patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw.” Now, I believe, every particle is accounted for; and any little article, in the shape of a bijou, is the perquisite of those pickers-up of unconsidered trifles, the sifters.

From such collections, a mound arose, like
 —“That mighty heap of gathered ground
 Which Ammon's son ran proudly round;”
 and, from the terrific incidents connected with it, perhaps as full of interest. On account of its immense height, it was necessary to form a road, a quarter of a mile long, on an inclined plane, which continued to wind round it in a spiral direction; and two horses were always requisite

to draw a load to the top. On more than one occasion, it is recorded in the "lane," the load, with cart, horses, and driver, fell from the highest point of ascent, and were precipitated down to "bottomless perdition." What a catastrophe! I can scarcely conceive any thing that would impress the mind with ideas of deeper sublimity: not the fall of Mulciber;

— "from morn
To noon he fell—from noon to dewy eve—
A summer's day; and, with the setting sun,
Dropt from the zenith, like a fallen star,
On Lemnos, th' Ægion isle."

This is too splendid—the mind is lighted up with too bland an imagery—there is an ecstasy in which it is suffered to languish—and, finally, it expires in the dissolving beams of a declining sun: and, if any sensation is left, it is a pleasurable one, for he falls on Lemnos. How different the circumstance, the soil, the clime, from our "black Gehenna." The dark and deep descent—the overwhelming rush—the murky cloud that followed—the scream—the crush—and the annihilation! Another catastrophe, which can be authenticated, is the following.

The sleeping partner of a Mr. Cooke dreamed one night that her son was buried in the dust—a circumstance which she communicated to Mrs. Garret, who, like a kind neighbour, bid her think nothing of it; and, as a means of furthering her good intentions, proposed a glass of the waters of oblivion; that little wave, which oversweeps all terrors. About two years after, a friend casually dropped in, and wondered Mrs. Cooke had not heard of the accident. What accident? Why, the men in taking away the dust, undermined it so much, that——! Enough—memory, never treacherous in evil, rushed foremost. "She fled, and day brought back her night." In two minutes she was at the fatal spot: it was, indeed, her son, whom they were endeavouring to extricate; and, in so doing, unfortunately struck him in the side with a pickaxe, thereby affording an incident which further illustrated the dream, "making the cold reality too real." Nevertheless, he was thus rescued from death, not materially injured; and was thus restored to his mother, "like Alcestis from the grave."

"And who is Mrs. Garret?" said I to my informant. "My missus," replied the sweep, who was her eldest apprentice, and who, if he was not equal to Corporal Trim in eloquence, was equal to La Fleur in sympathy; further, he possessed authority, but disdained to shew it; he had power, but scorned to use it; and to the little blighted being he could crush, his harshest mandate, given in a *soote voce*, was, "Come Bob, be alive, and be sure you scrape the pot well out."

These instances are but the extracts of an Iliad: not that it was all terrors; for fame has made it sacred to the muses, it having always been called by the classic appellation of "Pig's Boarding School." The base was a sort of Campus Martius, where the youth of Battle Bridge practised the civic games of boxing, wrestling, racing, and throwing the discus—occasionally, a mad bullock was driven up. In short, its fame might vie with that of Ida, or Olympus. When carted away, it yielded many thousand chaldrons, which produced to the proprietor many thousand pounds; finally, it had stood fines, and as my informant emphatically observed, "It beat all the dust-heaps that ever he'd see'd."

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Now all is vanished—and to me, who am one of the veriest of cocknies, who have never crossed the Andes or the Alps—who have never seen the “Peak of Liakura unveiled,” or traversed the Pindus Chain—to me who have never seen a mount other than Mount Pleasant, it is a loss considerable in amount.

The memory of Mr. Smith is so closely connected with the subject, that to notice it is imperative; indeed, the omission would appear invidious, and I am sorry my information on this head is so very slender. Of what his pretensions were at the Herald's College, I cannot say; but the ingenious Master Verstegan, in his derivation of names, hath it thus set down:

“Whence cometh Smith, albeit knight or squire,
But from the Smith that forgeth at the fire?”

His biography, I am sure, would be on the side of virtue; and judging from the number of persons who are “thankful unto him, and speak good of his name,” he must have been a man of great urbanity. One instance: of his interference in favour of the recreations of the poor, is the following.—On Easter Monday, it was the custom to throw off the cares and the restraints of business, to indulge in such recreations as were congenial with the various tastes of the parties assembled on the occasion: thus, while some were diversifying the caricature of their physiognomies, by grinning through a horse-collar, others were making themselves equally amusing by jumping in sacks; of a third group, a pig with a soapy tail was allotted to him who could “*tiens ferme*”; others again were riding with their faces tailwards, in a donkey race, for a Cheshire cheese; and a foot race by the ladies, was crowned with a presentation to the winner of *that* which *should* be the whitest article of female apparel. On the occasion alluded to, the sports were interrupted by the stern authority of the law. What was to be done? Were the poor to be robbed of their amusements, because by the more fastidious they were deemed vulgar?—No! Application was made to Mr. Smith, who, with ready acquiescence threw open his field for their diversions; and thus the day finished with *éclat*, their hearts filled with gratitude and joy; and their pots (for pints were not in requisition) with pledges to the health and happiness of their benefactor. Now all is changed! Mr. Smith is gone to the tomb of all the Smiths, and the dust is converted into bricks; and on the site has been erected, a very elegant and extensive building, destined for a horse bazaar. The lane, compared with former days, is less agonistical—not but it must be a dull Sunday indeed, that does not afford a bit of *bruit*, a game at hockey, or such-like. Last Whit Sunday, a fine young bull was turned out, under the recommendation of his being mad; and after being driven two or three times up and down, with all the provocatives, “appliances, and means to boot,” that a Munro or a Warburton could desire, to establish a statute of lunacy, he was turned in again, to the general mortification of the numerous amateurs, and the day went poorly off, with a game at foot-ball. To conclude—the lane has had its zenith, and, like the Roman Empire, must look for its decline. I am going to move.

A DAY AT THE CAMP OF ST. OMER.

IN these " piping times of peace," when a camp has long ceased to be a common place, a description of the most extensive and complete one that has been formed for many years past may not be without interest—especially to English readers of the present generation, to whom a camp is a thing known only by name. In the midst of a fine and richly-cultivated country, lying to the south of St. Omer, in the department of the Pas-de-Calais, two ranges of hills rise parallel with each other, and between them runs an agreeable valley, watered by the Aa. On the summit of the second of these ranges of hills, the Camp of St. Omer is formed. We would engage the reader's imagination to accompany us thither, step by step, through one of the late grand field-days which were got up on the occasion of the King's visit—since a distinct and picturesque idea of any particular set of objects which address themselves to the sight, can by no other means be obtained, through the intervention of the pen alone.

We will start from our resting-place at St. Omer by day-break, that we may see the object of our visit under all its aspects; and, in passing out of the city-gates at this early hour, we may gain as distinct a notion as the uninitiated *can* gain, of what is at once the most curious, interesting, and yet unintelligible of the inanimate sights connected with war and its affairs—namely, the immediate outskirts of a fortified place, forming what are understood generally by *the fortifications*.

Imagine, first, a double gateway, opening into an archway of solid brick-work, thirty feet thick. It is dark even at mid-day; and our voices descend and seem to press upon us as we pass through, as if the place were one not made to talk in, since the very first step into it excites sensations and associations that silence alone can fitly entertain. This archway opens at the outer extremity on a causeway traversing an immense fosse. Pausing here for a moment, we look upon a kind of view that resembles and reminds you of nothing else whatever, except that from the corresponding spot of any other fortified place. Behind you is the black, dungeon-like archway, joining on either side to perpendicular walls, rising so high as to shut in all appearance of buildings, and of every thing but the tops of the trees with which the ramparts are occasionally planted. Then the water of the fosse itself, and, on the opposite side to the walls, numerous perfectly bare mounds of green earth, rising shelvingly to nearly the height of the opposing walls, and moulded into angular forms, each of which has some unintelligible correspondence with, or opposition to, some other mound, of the *second* or *third* line of fortifications that you are presently to pass. The spot on which you stand is a wooden platform, attached by chains to huge beams over-head, and forming the first draw-bridge, which is so constructed that the beams above nearly correspond in weight with the platform below them, and the additional weight of one or two men is sufficient to move in a moment the whole cumbrous fabric, and swing it up from its bearings, till it hangs against the archway and the wall above, and leaves open the great gap formed by the fosse—so that nothing can pass either in or out by that entrance. The rising end of the drawbridge rests (when down) on a causeway, which, at the point where the above-named mounds of earth meet it, is terminated by another gateway, joined to the rising mounds by palisades, and opening to another drawbridge similar to the above. On reaching this, the view on all sides is as singular as it was from the first, but somewhat different—since now you look on nothing

but the endless green mounds forming the fortifications, and on the second fosse, which divides one set from the other.

Not to lengthen out a description which can scarcely convey any very distinct notions of the scene described, the above is followed by a third, and sometimes by a fourth gateway, bridge, fosse, mounds, &c. &c. and the whole, when seen from above, presents an appearance, and produces an effect to the eye of the uninitiated, that may perhaps best be compared with that of a set of Arabic characters, every one of which has we know, some hidden meaning, but which no unassisted study or reflection, can possibly enable us to comprehend or expound.

Quitting the gates of St. Omer, (which, however, at this early hour, we can only do by virtue of a silver *passe partout*,) we enter upon a very agreeable country, interspersed with villages, very pretty looking (at a distance,) and intersected by good roads, flanked by noble lines of trees. Mounting the first ascending road that we reach, and after a little descending, on the other side of the first range of hills mentioned above, we turn on the right, into a green lane, and presently reach the foot of the rude and romantic looking defile, which must be mounted to gain the Camp.

Nothing can offer a more appropriate preparative to the extraordinary scene we are about to visit, than this extraordinary approach to it—which presents as determined a contrast to all about it, as the most unbroken barrenness, to the most luxuriant cultivation. The range of hills is of great height; rising almost perpendicularly on the plain, and as far as the eye can reach, of endless extent, and the whole seems to be composed of solid chalk, bearing a short, dusky, green turf. On labouring up the above-named defile, and reaching the summit of the hill, it needs no connoisseurship in Camps, to perceive that the situation is most admirably adapted to its present purpose, whether as a place of parade, &c. to play at soldiers upon, or as an actual gathering place for the large body of troops that now occupy it. The top of the hill is a sort of table land of immense extent, such as scarcely ever occurs at an equal height above the ordinary level of the surrounding country. It overlooks and commands all the approaches to it, and is on its south side, fringed by a fine wood, reaching at some points to the plain below.

There are several other approaches to the Camp, besides that which we have chosen; but there is no other so well adapted to our purpose of gaining a precise and picturesque notion of the scene we are about to examine. On reaching the summit of the hill, we find ourselves in about the centre of the front of the Camp—at a bowshot distance from the first line of tents, and in full view of the whole scene. Let us look at it in detail, now that it lies still, and as it were dead before us, in the fresh air of the early morning, and before even the sun has reached it, to rouse its earth-pillowed inhabitants from their not very luxurious slumbers. On the right of us, far in front of the tents, and nearly on the brow of the hill, rises a spacious, circular pavillion of blue cloth, ornamented with silver, which joins by a covered corridor to an oblong erection, forming an inner tent, &c. The whole of this, is the tent of the commandant, and serves for the reception of the king when he visits the Camp. On the left, at about an equal distance from us, rises an altar, which is reached by several steps of turf, and covered by a canopy. Before this, the whole camp is assembled every Sunday morning, to perform mass. Beside each of these erections centinels are pacing, even at this early hour. Passing forward a little from the spot we have hitherto occupied, we see before us the whole general camp; each

tent, lifting its snow white form from out the green earth, like some fairy tenement, and the lines of them stretching away to the right and left, interminably, till the distant points are scarcely distinguishable from the grey sky, against which they seem to rest. The space thus covered, cannot be much less than two miles; and the only object which breaks the beautiful uniformity of the scene, is a windmill which rises from the very centre of the camp, and seems to give it a connection, which it would otherwise want, with the scene of rural life that we have left in the plain below.

The sun having by this time reached the heights, and given a new external character to the scene, by the bright glow which it has cast on the tents, and the long shadows which flow from each of them, into the great open space in front, we will approach them nearer. We English, if we do not at present undervalue the courage of the French soldiery, have no very prepossessing notions of their other moral qualities. Those who are in the habit of connecting causes and effects, will at once get rid of any unworthy prejudice that they may have acquired in this respect, the moment they set their foot among the tents of the French troops now encamped at Saint Omer. It is difficult to imagine any artificial arrangement of inanimate things, from which more might be gathered, in regard to the characters, feelings, habits, and even modes of thought, of the parties from whom the said arrangement has proceeded. Here are thousands of human dwellings, wanting every comfort for the attainment of which human dwellings are erected—even those of common shelter from the winds and rain; and yet there is not one of them that does not present some indications of something amiable or praiseworthy, in one or other of the humble beings who are sleeping beneath its slight shelter. In most, this indication shews itself in the form of a little garden, occupying the trifling remains of space allotted to each tent, and not actually covered by it. There are hundreds of these little gardens—no two alike—and every one evidently attended to with the most diligent care. In some you see nothing but flowers—in others, trimly cut evergreens, rising out of smooth turf—in others, low growing herbs, sown so as to form initials, devices, &c.—in others, little arbours with seats and tables of turf beneath—in others, fountains, streams, waterfalls, grottos, temples, &c. That all this is on a scale so diminutive, as to correspond only with a child's baby-house, assuredly adds to, rather than diminishes the interest attached to it, and the value of the indications that may be drawn from it, when it is recollected that all is the voluntary occupation, or rather the cherished amusement, of persons whose business and duty it is to cut the throats of their fellow creatures, and who have seldom been known to fail in that duty, when called upon to perform it.

The most amiable of these indications of personal character to be found in the Camp at Saint Omer, are undoubtedly the gardens above named. But there are others quite as indicative and characteristic. In many, the little space in front of the tent is occupied by models of fortifications, or military trophies, or loyal devices, or poetical inscriptions, or triumphal arches, each no doubt representing the predominating idea of the maker, on the particular subject sought to be illustrated; and each more or less indicating his bias of mind. One, for instance, who piques himself on his little budget of knowledge in military history, faces the entrance to his tent, by a model of some fortress, the defence of which is famous in military history. (It would be curious to meet with an *English* common soldier, who had ever heard talk even of the battle of Poitiers!) Another, whose interests and feelings keep nearer home, erects a trophy to the plain, or

bridge, or defile at which he first or last distinguished himself. Another, still less restricted in his notions of the achievements that merit immortality, raises a pillar bearing the name (utterly unknown or unremembered but by himself) of the village, or wood, or way-side, where he first heard an enemy's bullet whiz by him, without being moved by it more than a passing panic! Others display at once their politics and their poetical genius, in loyal couplets or quartains. If we are to believe the inscriptions to be met with at the Camp of Saint Omer, there never was a race so "beloved," and "desired" as the Bourbons—never any at once so great, so gracious, and so good—and never even a Bourbon so "beloved," "desired," great, good, gracious, and what not, as that particular Bourbon who now fills the throne of his ancestors: neither was there ever so loyal a race of subjects as the present military, who serve and honour him! The truth is, Frenchmen have an instinctive love for kings, whether of the Bourbon or the Buonaparte class; and a most lively ingenuity in contriving to connect *themselves* with the objects of their admiration. "*Un serjeant du 6e. Regt. de la ligne rend homage au petit-fils d'Henri IV.*" Such is the mode in which their amiable self-love contrives to place its happy possessor in imaginary contact with two kings at a time.

The various devices, &c. which we have glanced at above, form the *private* ornaments of the camp of St. Omer, and if not so *imposing* as the public ones, they may be regarded as much more curious and worthy of notice, because they are spontaneous and sincere. The *official* ones consist of a nearly similar set of objects; namely, trophies, pillars, triumphal arches, busts, medallions, miniature gardens, &c. one or other of these occupying the centre of the front of each division of the lines of tents, or each street as they are called. Of these streets there are an immense number, running from end to end of each grand division of the encampment, and again at right angles, from the front to the rear; so that the scope for the display of taste and ingenuity, united with patriotism and loyalty, is sufficient to satisfy, if not to exhaust, even French enthusiasm, in these particulars. And, to say truth, the results are, (in detail at least) sufficiently puerile and affected. But assuredly they are ten times better, both in their source and their effect, than that which would take their place in an English encampment. There, as here, every required duty would be well performed; and perhaps from the same feeling, namely, that they *must* be so performed. But beyond this, all would be drinking, brawling, and blackguardism.

Passing into the body of the camp, (down the centre avenue, for instance,) we presently come upon a line of erections, not tents, but little open hovels, solidly built, and forming the kitchens of the camp—each line of tents, from front to rear, having one allotted to it. In the rear of these are about as many tents as in the front, the rearmost one being of a different form from the rest—oblong, instead of conical—and allotted to the officer of the line of tents reaching from thence to the front.

Passing from this division of the camp, towards the left, we find it separated from the other divisions by a wide space, (where the windmill stands), which is occupied by the caissons of the artillery, by which the camp is fortified at every approachable point of the hill; each point having a fort of turf, mounting one cannon, and these forts extending all along the open brow of the hill. Beyond the windmill is a second, and beyond that a third division, answering in extent, and in most other details, to that described above.

As it is not our purpose to penetrate into the arcana of a camp, but merely to glance at its external features, we need not pay much more attention to mere details, especially as by this time the scene has acquired a new and more enlivening general character, by the presence of most of its late slumbering inmates, who are now up and about, passing hither and thither, on their ever-repeated routine of fetching and eating rations, polishing gunlocks and cartouch-boxes, whitening belts, and blackening shoes; the whole interspersed with about an equal variety of *chansons*, setting forth the merits of those three only, and universal themes of camp worship, war, women and wine; for, in regard to the last named particular, a Frenchman is temperate in his palate alone; he gets tipsy as often in imagination, as the inhabitants of other nations do in fact.

The scene of perfect and almost preternatural stillness, which we encountered on reaching the camp at day-break, is now entirely passed away, and all has put on an air of lively and active preparation for the grand day that is to ensue. The soldiers, as we have seen, are at their daily duties, the officers are seen here and there, looking forth from their tents half attired; the wandering vendors of refreshments are reaching the heights one by one; and a few of the spectators have already arrived, and are looking about wistfully at the immense extent of the scene before them, as if they were not a little puzzled as to the choice of a position.

We cannot chuse a fitter moment than the present, for taking our morning's meal, at one of the numerous sutling booths that are erected at the back of the camp, for the entertainment of the visitors, &c.; we will chuse the best-looking external appearance, being, in these cases, (as in most others,) the surest criterion of that which accompanies it. The scene we meet with in the *restaurant* of the Trocadero, falls in very aptly with that without, and may, therefore, be worth a glance, while our *café au lait* is preparing. At the bar (as usual) sits a piquante and lively Frenchwoman, doing nothing but act the amiable to her guests as they enter; while her husband takes upon him all the other duties of the place. On a side table is set out every variety of *pâtisserie* that the French cuisine affords, and the rest of the long and gaily ornamented apartment is furnished with tables and seats for the guests: which latter are as various as the varied productions and prices of a French *café* usually get together, to the great scandal of those of our countrymen who are afraid to be seen in any but "good" company. At the first table on the right, sit a couple of *anciens militaires*, sipping their *demi-tasses* of *café noir*, at the "short and far-between" intervals permitted by their irrepressible volubility: for their game of *écarté*, at which they are playing, in no respect interferes with their desire and determination to settle the affairs of all the states of Europe, before they have finished their breakfast. They are overlooked in their game, and assisted in their discussions by a third, who has just looked in from his duties at the camp, and is on the wing to be off every moment that he stays. Opposite to these sit two other *militaires*, of a higher grade, (though younger) and of a very different school and style. In their ears the loud and reckless tone of their comrades opposite, (to say nothing of an occasional twist in the subject matter, or its treatment) smacks too much of the *late* mode, to sound either palatable or polite; and it may be questioned whether their opposite neighbours have not guessed as much, and are "aggravating their voices" accordingly: for none are so accustomed to commit the unpardonable rudeness of talking *at* one another, as "the politest people in the world." Close beside the two erect and fasti-

dious looking persons just named, are sitting, or rather spreading their lank forms abroad in all directions, a company of *paysans* from some of the neighbouring villages, lingering over their second bottle of *Bierre Mouss-euse*, with an empty gravity peculiar (in this country at least) to the class to which they belong. The next table is occupied by a knot of persons who evidently belong to the *bourgeoisie* of St. Omer; we may safely fix their residence at that town, for there is no other within several miles of the camp; and to suppose that a French shopkeeper would take the trouble of going a dozen miles from home to see "a sight," would be to do him great injustice. It is true, "shews" are as necessary to the French people as "bread:" but they must be brought home to their doors, or go unattended to. Though it costs but a few *sous* to go from Dunkirk to St. Omer by the barque that navigates the canal, not half-a-dozen additional passengers arrived by it, during the two days previous to that on which was to take place, what everybody said (and truly), would be one of the finest sights of its kind that ever was witnessed! If the same scene had taken place on Salisbury Plain, all the idle and half the busy of London, would have been there to see it.

But what is that bustle at the bar, and at the door of the salon, which attracts the attention of all the above-named parties, and silences for a moment even the indefatigable tongues of the *ecarté* players themselves?—It must be the arrival of nothing less than either the king, or a coach-load of English ladies and their chaperons. It is the latter—I see where they enter, attended by a rustling of silks, a flapping of Leghorn bonnets, and a flying about of whispers, that for the moment arrest all other sounds.—They cannot of course breakfast in the public salon;—for, whatever the younger members of the party may think, there is an elderly one who insists that it would be highly "indecorous." And luckily the *entrepreneur* of the place has anticipated the arrival of such guests, and has provided for them a *cabinet particulier*, into which they are presently ushered; and for the next ten minutes all is preparation for their refection.—But, hark! the drum is beating to roll-call; so that we have no more time to spend upon collateral matters, but must turn our attention, at once, to those grand military movements which chiefly brought us here to-day, and which are now about to commence.

The manœuvres of the day are to consist of a general attack and defence of the camp,—the attacking party consisting of a large body of troops which are stationed at St. Omer, and the neighbouring villages; and the defending one, the encamped troops themselves.—The latter are now all drawn up in line, in front of their encampment; and the magnitude of the after movements of the day may be judged of by the fact, that though the plain on which the defending troops are drawn up, is nearly a dead level, the extremities of the line cannot be distinguished by spectators standing opposite the centre.—In order to gain any thing like a clear and intelligible notion of what we are now to see, we must take the pains to imagine something of what we do not see. It will be worth while for us to do so; since by this means the scene will be made to differ in no material respect (but its innocence of bloodshed) from the one which it is intended to represent.—The encamped troops then, are supposed to have been called to arms, from information just received that the enemy is approaching to attack the camp: and as soon as they have been drawn up in line, as we have just seen them, they are marched off, drums beating and colours flying, to await and repel the attack in the plain below.—Following the last of

them as they pass us, we, at the end of near a mile, gain the brow of the hill, and perceive the whole continuous line, winding down the steep acclivity, except that the head of it is already seen stretching away into the open plain. In a few minutes more, the whole has reached its first destination, and each regiment has taken a separate position, to await the attack.

The point on which we now stand overlooks an immense space of open country, undulating, and richly cultivated, and through the centre of which runs, diagonally, the great road to the capital, lined on either side by a noble avenue of trees. The troops who have just been marched from the camp are lying on their arms in five or six great divisions, near to the left extremity of the open country before us. Presently drums are heard faintly, at a distance, beyond the great road, on the right, and from a situation which, from the nature of the ground, is not visible even from the eminence on which we stand. In an instant, the drums of the defending party are heard aloud, the soldiers are at their quarters, and what was the moment before a scattered body, consisting of thousands of members, each moving at its own will, becomes a single and compact one, actuated as if by one mind alone, and like Wordsworth's great cloud,—

“Moving all together, if it move at all.”

Meantime, the drums of the approaching party sound nearer and nearer, behind the rising ground on the right; a few scattered shots are heard from the villages in that direction; and presently a great body of troops—cavalry and infantry—rise from behind the high ground—their arms and armour (for some of the cavalry are cuirassiers, who wear polished steel back and breast-plates) glittering and flashing in the sunshine. Their appearance is the signal for a general attack on both sides; and, instantly, the batteries along the brow of the hill begin to play, and are answered by the light artillery of the advancing party; while the whole body of infantry, on either side, open a heavy fire upon each other. All this, which lasts incessantly for at least half an hour, probably as an object of sight and sound merely, differs in no respect whatever from what it would appear if the action were real, and presents a noble commencement of the movements of the day. The effect, too, is greatly aided by a continued running fire of musketry, indistinctly heard from the villages behind the rising ground, where a detachment of either party are engaged; and, also, by the continued passage, hither and thither, in the distance of staff officers, attended by their suites, aids-de-camp bearing orders from one part of the field to another, the bugles, and quick movements of the light companies, &c. &c.

The scene is now about to undergo an entire change—the fire of the defending party slackens, and at length ceases; and they form themselves into columns and retreat:—some mounting the hill on which the spectators are situated, but the greater part retiring round the base of it, and gaining the adjacent villages—through which they are immediately followed by the other party; and another general attack commences there—the effect of which is most picturesque and striking: for, by changing our position, the whole of the scene lies beneath us. The spot, with the exception of glimpses of the red roofs and white chimnies of cottages, here and there—and an occasional opening into narrow winding lanes, is so thickly wooded, as to have all the appearance of a rich grove of trees; and, through the breaks of these, the various uniforms and plumes of the troops, their glittering arms, and the volumes of smoke that rise above, or obscure them,

present a picture than which nothing can be more characteristic. The incessant firing, too, both of musketry and artillery, and the ten-fold echoes of it, all among the surrounding hills, complete the reality of the effect. After the above scene has continued to attract, and fix the attention for another half hour, we gradually lose sight of all the troops, who take their way (one party retreating, and the other following) round the base of the hill. Following the slackening sound of their fire in the same direction, but still keeping our commanding position on the heights on which the camp is situated, we presently gain sight of another plain, still more extensive than that on which the movements of the day commenced. The first object that attracts the attention is, the brilliant body of horsemen who are galloping through the skirts of the village, on the left of the plain just named, and have now gained the open country, and are making their way towards a height that rises abruptly on the opposite side. This is the king and his suite, who have hitherto been occupying some spot out of sight of the spectators on the camp hill. By the time they have gained the height opposite to that on which we are standing, the troops have defiled through the village into the open plain; and, in the course of half an hour's interregnum, the whole scene puts on a new appearance, and represents the preparation for a general battle on level ground, in which the cavalry and artillery are also brought into action. The first manœuvre is more grand and striking than anything we have seen yet, as it brings all the infantry into view and action at the same moment. It consists of drawing up the opposing parties in two lines, at musket-shot distance, and making each receive the other's fire for a considerable space of time, during the whole of which the artillery are also playing over the heads of their own party, and upon that line which is posted nearest to where we stand. In the midst of this scene the cavalry reach the field, and then, after a variety of other movements, the effects of which, though very striking to look upon, are not susceptible of a precise description, one of the parties forms itself into those solid squares, of which we have heard so much in connection with the battle of Waterloo. In this form, and with the angles of the square turned towards the point at which the cavalry approach, they receive and repulse the charges of the latter, reserving their fire till the cavalry reach to about half gun-shot distance, and then receiving them with volleys which turn them at once. This movement is repeated many times; and nothing can be more beautiful in its way than the effect it produces, seen from the height and distance at which the spectators are placed. The bodies of cavalry form opposite to the solid squares, but at a considerable distance, and advance towards them slowly at first, and increasing their pace as they near; till, at rather more than about a gun-shot distance, they press into a full gallop, and seem as if they were about to overwhelm the little phalanxes upon which they are advancing. But as the latter are on the point, as you expect, of being scattered in all directions by the seemingly resistless force that is bearing down upon them, volleys of fire and smoke burst out from every point of their motionless body, and the attacking party wheel round in an instant, and hasten to regain their former position. This movement takes place in several parts of the field at the same time; and probably its effect on the distant spectator in no material degree differs from that of the actual charges of the French cuirassiers on the English infantry at Waterloo.

The imitative movements of the day being now completed, the whole body of the troops that have been engaged in them are formed into columns

(to the amount of near twenty thousand), and march off the field together, towards St. Omer—which they enter with bands playing, and colours flying, at the head of each regiment, and thus closes, perhaps, one of the most effective exhibitions of its kind that was ever seen.

It will be observed that, though the King of France was present during the whole of the above scene, accompanied by the Dauphin, the Prince of Orange, and several of the highest officers of the state, we have not been tempted to pay any more than a passing attention to them. They served very well as accessories, to add to the illusion of the scene, by representing the general and his staff, moving hither and thither, according to the different changes in the movements of the troops. But as mere individuals, the king and his suite shared but a very small proportion of the interest excited by the general scene. The day was half over before the great body of spectators on the hill, seemed to recollect that there were any such personages present; and, when their attention was called to the fact, by seeing the body of horsemen pass along the great public road to gain an opposite height, not one in fifty left their own favourable position to follow the cavalcade.

There must be a real and absorbing interest attached to that scene, in which kings and princes take an active part, and yet pass but as secondary objects of attention and curiosity, even in the eyes of the idlest spectators.

THE BIRTH OF CERVANTES :

A SPANISH LEGEND.

GALLANT lords, and ladies gentle,

Finest of the superfine—

If you love the sentimental,

List ye all a tale of mine :

It is not of English misses,

Waltzing till their brains are boiling,

Till the blood within them hisses,

Down the burning ball-room broiling ;—

Till the sudden peep of morning

Glancing through the steaming air,

Gives the waltzing maidens warning

That their beauty wants repair ;

That the loveliest rouge alive

On the loveliest cheek grows mellow,

Letting certain tints survive,

Hinting that the fair one's yellow.

But my tale's a tale of love,

As love ought to be, half frantic,

As my hearer soon shall prove,

If he knows the true romantic :

Not a thing of country toasts,—

Romping, red-cheeked, blue-eyed charmers ;

Melting fruits of Britain's coasts ;

Passion's soothers—care's disarmers !—

But a story true of Spain,
 All of love—fond, fiendish, furious,
 Brought in three ships o'er the main :
 Listen, all ye tender curious !
 Don Rodriguez was a Spaniard,
 With a skin—the stoutest leather,
 Browned in Cordova's best tan-yard,
 Never more scorned wind and weather.

And he had an eye—ye skies,
 Be ashamed of all your stars !
 E'en the last new comet dies
 Before thy optics, man of scars !
 Then his bosom—human target—
 Every Moor that had a bullet
 At this bull's-eye would discharge it :
 Coolly out the Don would pull it !

When he rode, his armour's clank
 'Woke the world some leagues before him ;
 Where he trod, the high road sank—
 Saints, preserve the beast that bore him !
 Bridges where his foot was set,
 Plump'd headforemost in the water ;
 Half a Moorman was his whet—
 Dinner, was the wife and daughter !

Love his mighty heart subdued,
 Every day his cheek grew whiter ;
 Lastly, he fell off his food—
 Woman came to bite the biter.
 For the Don loved Lady Zara—
 Prettiest damsel that wore green
 'Twixt Arragon and Albuera,—
 ('Twas said a daughter of the queen.)

I from my soul abhor all scandal,
 Though what I know I know like others ;
 I hate the world's edge-tools to handle,
 So shun all talk of wives or mothers.
 The master of the ceremonies—
 A fellow great in snuff and whisker ;
 (Yet all the fact by mortals known is,
 His pocket suddenly grew brisker).

Until his Majesty—Saints bless him !
 With horsewhip, kick, and bamboo cane,
 Took heart one ev'ning to confess him ;
 At least so runs the tale in Spain ;
 At least there was no ceremony
 Between them on that high occasion ;
 One kept the wife—one kept the money :
 The better bargain, saith Vespasian.

Sweet Zara, like a water-lily,
 Grew up in beauty day by day,
 Making the wisest Moors look silly
 (The oldest cats with mice will play).
 Her cheek, though not much given to blushes,
 (The climate dealing in brunettes),
 Yet had its own delightful flushes,
 That neither eye nor heart forgets.

The rose inlaid upon the white,
 Provided that the rest is pretty,
 To me's a most delicious sight,
 Now seldom seen—the more's the pity;
 And yet, I own, I like a cheek
 On which the sun has set his tinges,
 Lit by a pair of eyes that speak
 Just what they like beneath their fringes.

Those sweet, soft, silken, sable fringes
 (I hope comparison's no sin),
 Just like a temple-portal's hinges,
 Op'ning to shew the shrine within;
 Or, like the dewy twilight veil,
 That dropt upon the cheek of Even,
 While all below is sweetly pale,
 Rises to shew the lights of Heaven;—

Or, like the Peri's flowery wings,
 That on the Indian air unfolding,
 As to his love the Spirit springs,
 Shew gems that blind us in beholding!
 I'll never dwell among the Caffres;
 I'll never willing cross the Line,
 Where Neptune, 'mid the tarry laughers,
 Dips broiling landmen in the brine.

I'll never go to New South Wales,
 Nor hunt for glory at the Pole—
 To feed the sharks, or catch the whales,
 Or tempt a Lapland lady's soul.
 I'll never willing stir an ell
 Beyond Old England's chalky border,
 To steal or smuggle, buy or sell,
 To drink cheap wine, or beg an Order.

Let those do so who long for claret,
 Let those, who'd kiss a Frenchman's—toes;
 I'll not drink vinegar, nor Star it,
 For any he that wears a nose.
 I'll not go lounge out life in Calais,
 To dine at half a franc a-head;
 To hut like rats in lanes and alleys—
 To eat an exile's gritty bread.

To flirt with shoeless Seraphinas,
 To shrink at every ruffian's shako;
 Without a pair of shirts between us,
 Morn, noon, and night to smell tobacco;
 To live my days in Gallic hovels,
 Untouched by water since the flood;
 To wade through streets, where famine grovels
 In hunger, frippery, and mud.

Yet had I Zara's pair of sapphires,
 By love or marriage made my own,
 I'd live and die among the Caffres—
 Nay, even take lodgings in Boulogne.
 The Don felt all their fatal glances
 Through every pore in all his skin;
 He felt them, in his midnight trances,
 Through all his brain and marrow spin.

He caught her slender hand—made speeches—

Nay, e'en for once the poets quoted—

Forgotten since he first wore breeches ;

In short, he fairly proved he *doated*.

Sweet Zara first rebuffed his passion—

Laughed, frowned, grew angry, smiled, coquetted,

(Such is, since Mother Eve, the fashion),

Until the Don was fairly netted.

The settlements at length were settled ;

The bridesmaids were with clothes provided ;

The lover came, high dressed, high mettled ;

The fair stood blushing to be brided.

Her caftan was as white as milk,

Made by a milliner from town—

Lovely and long the tresses silk,

In ringlets on her cheek flowed down.

The cheek was like the glowing grape,

The neck was like a statue moulded ;

And round the bosom's lovely shape

Lay gems in gold and silver folded.

Rodriguez led her to the altar,

The sweet perfection of the toilet :—

But here my pen begins to falter—

The pen of Homer's self would spoil it.

What man could paint the pretty creature—

The smiles, the sighs, the charming shyness !

(The women have it all by Nature,

From Joan the milkmaid to her Highness).

But into chapel bounced a villain,

As black as any in Algiers ;

His language shewed him no civilian—

It shocked the Christian people's ears.

He swore that Zara was his minion ;

In fact, the Moor began to swagger :

The Don quite differed in opinion—

Whereon the Moor pulled out his dagger.

Rodriguez drew his famed toledo,

Three yards, with several more to spare :

One slash foreclosed the Moor's bravado ;

The head flew off to—Heaven knows where !

This comes of hurting people's feelings !

The man who thinks of stopping banns,

May make up his account for whealings

From woman's hands, if not from man's.

Some saw the head go through the attics,

Some saw it vanish through the wall ;

Some, by the help of mathematics,

Swore that 'twas never there at all.

The Moor was earthed—that is, the trunk—

The head, from January to June,

None knew if 'twas in ocean sunk,

Or turned to green cheese in the moon.

At last the head too would be buried—

(A Pope himself the fact averred) ;

And every night the lovers flurried,

Insisting it should be interred.

Sweet Zara scarce could loose her laces,
 When on her toilet bounced the head;
 Making a hundred odd grimaces—
 Then danced before her to her bed.
 The Don could scarcely touch his pillow,
 When in his face lolled out the tongue;
 And ne'er were broached, on shore or billow,
 Worse words than those it said and sung.

The horridest abominations
 That ever startled human ears
 Composed the regular orations
 Of that same rascal from Algiers.
 The thing too was so mixed with joke,
 It almost split their sides with laughter;
 Till, when the tardy morning broke,
 Their brains were scarce worth looking after.

Then, calling them all sorts of names
 (The vulgar tongue was fairly rifled),
 The head would make its bow in flames,
 Leaving the couple all but stifled.
 Till, lastly, grown more impudent,
 It paid its visits in the day—
 Leaving the same infernal scent,
 And talking just the self same way.

The Don might take his morning walk,
 The lady take her evening tea;
 Before the warrior's foot 'twould stalk,
 And perch upon the lady's knee.
 The story reached the king of Spain,
 Who thereon called his council privy,
 Who pozed some months, of course in vain,
 (Though bulls and asses spoke in Livy).

The friar brought his salt and water;
 The bed, the toilet, all were sprinkled:
 Sweet Zara lisped the charms he taught her—
 Weak charms to what her two eyes twinkled!
 Till came one night, in shape a maiden,
 With not a touch of Earth's dull weather,
 But such as might have danced in Eden,
 With tongue of silver, toe of feather.

"Get up," said she, "you pair of fools!
 The head, behind the bed you'll find it;—
 Don, bid the sexton bring his tools—
 Why, any nose on earth might wind it;
 Except, I own, a Spanish nose—
 True nation of the true snuff-takers—
 On them no matter what wind blows."
 The spirit moved them both like Quakers!

They found the head—in earth 'twas moulded;
 But with it all their mirth departed.
 The lady pouted, pined, and scolded—
 The Don was plainly broken-hearted.
 They dug it up with one consent;
 That night they nearly died with laughter;
 Morn, noon, and night were merriment—
 CERVANTES came just nine months after!

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THE battle between the Turco-Egyptian fleet, and the squadrons of the allied powers, at Navarino, has been the only event of foreign political interest in the last month: and, although we regret that such an affray should have taken place, it does not at all alter our opinion as to the eventual pacific termination—"pacific," as far as the peace of Europe at large is concerned)—of the Greek contest. The Turks probably, ever since the declaration in favour of Greece was made, have doubted whether England, their old ally, would seriously go to war with them upon such a question. Moreover, according to the constant principle of their policy, they would exert themselves to *get rid* of the quarrel, if they could not hope to beat us upon it: to evade our object, if they could not defy it, by all possible means of equivocation and delay. And it could scarcely be any great circumstance of wonder, if a fierce and obstinate people, compelled to trim, and to dissemble, where they would be incomparably better inclined to fight, were urged, when they found negotiation would serve their turn no longer, into some act of sudden and partial hostility. We still confidently believe however that these hostilities will be only transitory, and that there is not the slightest chance that Europe will be involved in war. Even the blind fury of the Turks, accustomed as they have been to misapprehend the cause of their own existence in Christendom, will stop short before it leads them into a course so certain to produce their entire destruction. This, however, is a consideration rather for the future; and, be the event what it may, nothing can be more certain than that we had no choice, at Navarino, but to act as we have done. Independent of all commendation for bravery or naval skill, the sound judgment of Admiral Codrington's conduct is undoubted. Our intention as to Greece—be its policy good or bad—had been declared: time had been allowed for consideration: no definitive answer was made to our demands; and in the meantime our object was being evaded, and our power getting into some danger of being despised. This was a state of affairs which could not continue: it became necessary either to act decisively, or to abandon our declared policy, and determination altogether; and between these two courses, it would have been impossible for the commander of the British fleet to balance for one moment, without the most criminal and infamous betrayal of his duty.

For the immediate quarrel which led to hostilities, arose, it will be remembered, on the part of the enemy; whose fire upon our flag of truce was—a course, no doubt, for themselves to judge of—but certainly an insult, which no commander of an English force could overlook. It may be possible, as has been urged, that this fire was a "mistake"—and an unauthorised proceeding; but, at all events, it was a most irregular and dangerous mistake; and we venture to predict that it was such a "mistake" as will *not occur again*. We regret, as we have already stated, that the result of this contest should have been so serious to the enemy: and see no ground for national triumph in a victory which our arms have gained honourably, but which would have covered us with shame and disgrace not to have achieved: but we repeat that we are not surprised that some proof that Europe was *in earnest* should have been necessary to expedite the arrangement of the Greek question. The chuck under the chin which the Porte has received in the affair, has been severe: but no doubt it will prove a lesson—and it is one which certainly they have long stood in need of—to convince our friends, the Ottomans, that our habitual defe-

rence proceeded from an inclination for their alliance, not from an apprehension of their strength. In the mean time, while we are on the subject of correcting mistakes—we see some indications in the old quarter, of an attempt at another “Greek Loan.” This is waste of pains: the thing *won't do*, the parties may depend upon it. It will not even do, so far, as *to raise the price of the old Greek Bonds in the Market.*

Protestantism, it seems agreed upon all hands, is gaining ground considerably in Ireland. It gives us great pleasure to state this fact: as, after the entire freedom of Catholicism, the next good that we should desire, would be the extinction even of the memory of it. It seems a pity that the inhabitants of that country could not amend their tempers along with their faith; but that seems past hope: the “game has begun” with Sir Anthony Hart, the new Chancellor, already.

“*Sworn Appraisement.*”—Mr. Barber Beaumont, of the County Fire Office, has brought an action against the Morning Herald newspaper for taking away his character. And the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages—a shilling!

We have taken occasion once or twice to ridicule the absurd commendations bestowed upon a number of our inferior actors and actresses in the course of their recent exhibition at Paris; we pray heaven we don't perceive some symptoms now of a little traitorous design, to smuggle over some of these “French goods”—these transmarine pretensions and reputation—into England! Mr. Kean, junior, who (with a box of comfits) should beyond doubt be committed to the care of the housekeeper at Drury Lane theatre, and from thence back to school, as suddenly as possible, is announced, from one or two quarters, to be “*deeply engaged in studying Romeo!*” in which character his appearance is only “deferred” that he may “be assisted by the extraordinary powers of Miss Smithson, on her return from Paris, in the part of *Juliet.*” Now—we should like just to set this matter right. The French critics can know nothing about English acting; and most of them have sufficiently proved that they do know nothing about it; but, besides this, it remains to be observed, that the criticisms—such as they are—which appear in the French newspapers, are, two thirds of them, jobs of the most impudent description. Our readers will recollect, not more than a few weeks since, an exposure of the whole system, which was published in the Paris journals; when some gentleman, who had notoriously sold his applause for years, was *beaten* by a performer whom he abused, and who did not think fit to pay the amount of money demanded from him! And in fact, *French puffing* (to which we shall some day give a little notice) is becoming a regular course of advertisement among the minor dealers in English literature. This is a subject—as regards the actors—not worth pursuing; and perhaps we may be mistaken—there may be no such folly proposed at Drury-lane, as we allude to. In fact it is difficult to conceive the existence even of the thought of humbugging the London public with such trash, as “the ravishing talents” of Mr. Abbott and Miss Smithson, in *Jaffier* and *Belvidera!* not to speak of those “evinced” by Mr. Mason, in *Pierre!* Since we are upon the subject however, we may as well give our readers a notion of the sort of *English*, that these distributors of English fame and reputation write and speak. The extract is from the notice of the play of *Venice Preserved*: and the writer quotes a speech by *Belvidera*,

—“*New then kill me.*
While then I cling about the cruel neck,
Kiss the revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than I can guest hereafter.”

Now, in *four* lines of English, here are five blunders.* The critic has obviously written *by ear*, from the pronunciation of the actress. There are no doubt, abundance of Englishmen who would make almost as bad work as this in writing French. But we should think it too much, if an Englishman who did so, talked of reversing—upon any point of French criticism or taste—the judgment of the public of Paris!

An Absent Witness.—A man of the name of Abrahams, a few days since, brought an action in the Court of King's Bench, against a horse dealer, named Kenrick, for some assault and misconduct about the hire of a chaise. The case was opened: and the jury, after hearing the evidence, found a verdict, with some small damages, for the plaintiff. Mr. Gurney, however, who was for the losing man, told the court that Mr. Abrahams succeeded merely by accident: for he should have produced the defendant's hostler, who would have contradicted the plaintiff's whole case—if, unluckily, his witness had not, two days before, *been convicted, at the Old Bailey, of Felony!*

The "Cloud King."—Our Friend, Dr. M'Culloch—he of the "Malaria"—who goes about terrifying all the world with fables of fog, and pestilence, and vapour—is involved this month in a very odd contradiction with his allies, the editors of the "Quarterly Journal of Science and Literature." The learned M. D., whose book upon "Miasma" we noticed some months ago, and described as eminently calculated to drive every body who read it out of Great Britain, and into the hydrophobia, seems to have got a little conscientious about the horrors that he was spreading in every direction: and in a paper published in the last "Quarterly Journal of Science," referring to his terrific work, says: "Lest I should be accused of wishing to excite unnecessary alarm, I desire to state that, if we take the whole of England, there is not perhaps *one acre in a hundred thousand* where there is danger from malaria."

Now this is rather a staggering declaration about the effect of a book, which, if it proves any thing at all, proves much more nearly that there is in England scarcely one acre in a hundred thousand where a man would be *free from* the danger of malaria. And moreover it comes oddly from a gentleman, who, in the very next paragraph to that in which it appears, challenges the pestilential qualities of *five* of the counties on our Eastern coast of England only—Kent, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Lincolnshire. But luckily, to spare us the trouble of taking out the Doctor's book, or turning back to our own magazine, for a revival of the murderous propensities of "Situations near water, and situations away from water;"—"Positions near trees, and positions in want of trees;"—"Meadows that are undrained, and the drains made by draining meadows," &c. &c. &c.—the Doctor's *book itself* is reviewed (something late) in the very number of the Journal in which he is writing: and—let us see what his friend the reviewer makes of those "proofs," which "leave only one acre in a hundred thousand in England, subject to the danger of malaria?" "It is shewn," this Reviewer says (by Dr. M'Culloch) "That *all* places where water is present in such a manner as to act upon vegetable matter, *must* produce malaria; and the chief positions of danger are the following: "The rushy swamps of high moorlands, however *small* the extent."

* ——— Now then kill me
While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than I can guess hereafter.

"Woods and coppices, little suspected in England, yet shown to be the cause of fevers in Sussex, probably every where else." "Meadows and moist pastures, whether on flat lands or elevations." "Rivers, or all flat rivers at least,—which are among the causes not suspected in England." "Our author also notices," the reviewer proceeds, "canals, mill ponds, and all other pools and ponds." "Ornamental waters," including "the basin in St. James's Park, and the pond in St. James's Square." He concludes this list of *clear and undoubted causes*, with the unsparing excommunication of "moats, lakes, drains, ditches, marshes, fresh or salt;" with reference to all which, "it is the same, as to the production of disease, whether the marsh is *foot square*, or a *mile*." And from thence goes on to comparatively obscure or *disputed cases*; such as "flax and hemp ponds, sewers, dunghills, winds from the coast of Holland, tide harbours, and bilge water:" "the evidences," nevertheless, even as to these, concludes the reviewer, "being amply sufficient to make good the assertion!"

Now this forms a pretty stout list of dangerous localities—for a gentleman who has meant to show that only "one acre in a hundred thousand" through England is liable to peril. But we give up the Doctor here to follow his Malarian reviewer, whose commentary, in point of terror, distances the text of his author hollow! "Only as late as in the last autumn," this writer assures those readers who may have been sceptical as to the doctrines of Dr. M'Culloch—"in all the well known tracts in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Kent, Essex, Sussex, and so forth, there was *scarcely a house* without one or more inhabitants *under fever*!" Nearer London, the same horrible pestilence existed—without our even being aware of it. "Throughout the range of streets which extends from Buckingham Gate to Chelsea," it is said, "almost *every house* had a patient or more under fever." Thus it was also about "Vauxhall and Lambeth: and among all that scattered mixture of town and country which follows from Whitechapel, from Bishopsgate, and particularly along Ratcliffe-Highway, including Rotherhithe." And again proceeding to Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Plumstead! Want of breath, joined to sheer apprehension, compels us to fly from the pestilential state of things about "Lewisham;" in which there were "in *one house nine patients* under fever!" Ditto, as to "Dulwich, Fulham, Ealing, and the other villages along the Thames, as far as Chertsey," including even "Richmond, where there was *one house*" known to the writer, "where *ten individuals*, at one time, were suffering under this disease!" The whole of this dreadful mortality, as we have already stated, having occurred only in the last autumn. And with the horrible prospect, moreover, delivered to us—that "Whatever was the pestilence *last year*, it promises to be much *greater* in the *present one*!"

We are sorry to hear this gentleman state that "Lambeth" is among the unwholesome districts; because we should say that (otherwise) there exists an establishment in that vicinity peculiarly suited to the complaint under which he labours. But, what a strange dilemma does this review of Dr. M'Culloch's book place Dr. M'Culloch in—bound up, as it is, in the very same yellow cover with his last statement—that "Not one acre in a hundred thousand, in England, is subject to malaria at all!" Not one acre in a hundred thousand subject! We are like the Irish physician—tell us where there is an acre that is *not* subject—unless Dr. M'Culloch's own friends most wickedly misrepresent him—that we may go and end our days there!

The most curious part of the doctor's personal article in the "Journal

of Science," is his account of the state of the country between Chatham and Brighton. He says, "Incredible as it may appear, between Chatham and Brighton, including *every town and single house*, and Sittingbourne among the rest, the ague affects the *left* hand of the turnpike road, or northern side, and does not touch the *right* side, though the *road itself*, forms the only line of separation!" We give abundant credit to Dr. McCulloch for the activity and ardour with which he collects his facts, and still more for the candour and boldness with which he often states them, even when they are opposed to his own theory: and *this* certainly is a *most* remarkable fact—if it be perfectly well authenticated. The *single* houses are the points that touch us; because they have no dense mass, like the opposite side of a street, to give them even a semblance of protection. The hypothesis of the Doctor himself, that "a hoar frost, or a dew, will sometimes be found to be most accurately limited by a definite line, stopping for example at a particular hedge, and reaching to a certain altitude upon a tree, &c." does not seem to us to help the difficulty; because it is *we* in this case that must have hit the line, not the malaria or vapour. Taking the fact to be fully ascertained, as stated, there seems to be no means of avoiding one of two conclusions—either that there is some unknown property in a turnpike road—exist where it may—as witches of old were held unable to cross a running stream—which fog or malaria cannot pass: or that, through a line of road extending twenty miles, in all its numerous and irregular turnings and windings, we have happened to hit by chance, all the way from beginning to end, the very line to which the malaria which produces agues, from wherever it came, naturally extended! But we should like to have a great deal of very strong testimony as to the *fact itself*, before we went far into any long investigation of the causes of it.

With all our disposition to admire "improvements," and all that we have said about Mr. M'Adam's road-making, we are afraid that on this point we must at last succumb, and admit that the necessity of *paving* some of the more heavily frequented thoroughfares of town, is not entirely got over. The state of New-Bridge street, this year, looks very ominous of a return to granite. During the late wet weather, it has been—from the Obelisk to Chatham Place—literally one continuous canal of mud. And the bottom (when you get there) more broken and uneven than ever we recollect it, even in the worst condition of the stones. For the Squares and more open situations of the West, the plan is still admirable: but, unless some of the more recently converted streets have been done clumsily, it will not do for the heavy draught of the City. The new style of stone pavement in Fleet-street, is very pleasant, if it answers its purpose in other respects. We doubt, however, whether, especially in hilly situations, the very even surface will not be impracticable for horses in winter. Between Bouverie street and Fleet-market (going towards St. Paul's) it is difficult to pull up, with the weather as it is.

New books have been abundant in the last month; and, as usual, of unequal value. Lady Morgan's novel—"The O'Briens and O'Flahertys"—is a clever work, and ought to be very successful. Her ladyship's "Fashionable Conversations" are the best "upon Town," the liveliest, and the most like nature. Females indeed, in general, manage this description of writing better than the "Lords" of the (literary) creation. Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Ferrier, all do the thing extremely well; the fact is, their *women* are always lightly and easily thrown

up. Sir Walter Scott, in his "St. Ronan's Well," attempted the same sort of thing, and failed entirely! his coxcombs and fine ladies were all hard and wooden. The moment he got to *nature*—the old Scotch laudlady—he was at home (and triumphant over the world) again. "Whitehall," and "The Mummy," are meant for "satirical" publications: both are miserably bad. The attempted ridicule of science in "The Mummy," is extravagant and stupid; and it is difficult to discover, what is meant by the notices of living characters in the other work—"Whitehall." The wit about the Duke of Wellington—if it be wit—is totally incomprehensible. And the attack upon Mr. Colburn, the publisher, is utterly pointless and absurd. The writer obviously knows nothing of a great London publisher's mode of doing business; and appears never to have *seen* either the place, or the parties, that he affects to describe. "Satirical" novels in general, ought to be attempted with great caution. The annual publications are out, and will be found noticed, under a distinct head, in our present number. Their embellishments, upon the average, surpass what has been produced in former years. The literary matter is not so good as we have known it; but there are some excellent papers: and this is a description of value that must rise and fall. In the way of a word of gentle advice—we wish the editors would not, in prospectuses and prefaces, abuse one another. This sort of squabbling is bad enough in Magazines and Reviews; but it is *too* bad in pretty little volumes, which are printed only to lie upon the work-tables of young ladies.

The Anniversaries of "The Popish Plot," and "Lord Mayor's Day," have been celebrated since our last, with the usual festivities. This Popish Plot, by the way, we beg to assure our readers *was* a "Plot," and "Popish;" notwithstanding that which some rash papists of the present day pretend to say to the contrary. It was a plot, and popish; and the people were hanged, and properly: this is our creed, in which we propose "to live and die." On the late anniversary, fewer enormities seemed to be committed than usual: this was probably in consequence of one or two of the firework makers having blown their houses up—as our readers may recollect—(by mistake) before the proper day—some wrong reckoning—the "Old Style" perhaps—we don't exactly know what. We heard of no material entertainment—except that one baker's boy sneaked a squib into the boot of a hackney coach, which, setting the horses off, and the hay on fire, the vehicle ran at full speed along the Strand, astonishing and delighting the foot passengers. Some said it was a *Guy Fawkes* upon a grand scale; for the flames caught from the hay in the boot to the hammercloth, and the coachman sat—with three hats on—enveloped in fire! Others thought it was the new "Steam Coach," that is to run between London and Bristol, finished, and starting for its first trip. And others were just swearing, that it was the "Portable Gas," laid on for the lamps, and that the reservoir had burst; when the vehicle, passing the New Church, took another coach along with it, and both were overturned just opposite the "Sphynx" office, with a terrible explosion, upon which a wag who was passing, looked back, and said, he had been expecting a "blow up" *there*, for some time past. No mischief, however, as luck would have it, was sustained by any body. The coachman's "three hats" fell off in the scuffle; which was construed by some elderly people into a symbol—as happening at such a time—that there were no hopes for Popery: but that was all. The "Lord Mayor's Accession," did not go off so fortunately, for the lamps above the banquet table fell down, and discomfited the Lord

Mayor, and the Lady Mayoress, and several other persons (covering them with oil moreover) exceedingly. Some jokes about "Lords," and being "anointed," and so forth—as the wine was good (a circumstance unparalleled in the Annals of Guildhall)—restored the order of the feast—when the alarm was over, pretty tolerably: but so heinous a piece of carelessness on the part of the city lamplighter, we trust, for example's sake, has not been allowed to remain unpunished.

A little book, after the manner of Mr. Accum's "Death in the Pot"—Mr. Wright's "Dolphin"—and one or two other works, assuming to shew up iniquities, called "The Wine and Spirit Trade Unmasked," is astonishing a great many people in town, who have been used to fancy, that, like Desdemona—"The wine they drink is made of grapes." Let the world be on its guard! This affair seems to us to be a recondite humbug: got up by some *wine merchant*! We will never believe that "port wine" is made of half such wholesome materials as the expositor describes. Some amusing papers upon the "Frauds of Trade"—chiefly crucifying the "ticket" linen-draper—have also appeared in the *Times*. The imposture of these varlets is a crying one; but there is no remedy for it; and if there were, the practice of selling inferior goods is not *entirely* confined to the "cheap shops." It sometimes happens, we are afraid, that a *stranger* buys at a high-priced shop, precisely the same article for a guinea, which—bad enough as it is at any price, it would have been better for him to have bought at an advertising shop for twelve shillings. The lustres, moreover, and looking-glasses, and marble pillars, of the "higher dealers," (not to speak of their dandy shopmen,) are really too fine for plain people, and must keep some away. Every body feels that the expense of all this rubbish must be paid, in some shape, by the customer; and a silk handkerchief, bought in the Strand or Holborn, out of a shop where the master himself stands behind a common oak counter, serves a reasonable man's purposes, just as completely as though it came out of an "Establishment" on Ludgate Hill, or in Regent-street, where the shopman that sold it would be dressed like a "mock lover" in a pantomime, and the fittings-up of the place in which it was purchased have cost three thousand pounds.

The Alexandrine extent of our first article this month, compels us rather to curtail the "fair proportions" of our last. It matters little that we have much more to say, when we have no more paper to say it upon. This circumstance compels us to omit all mention, for the present, of a vast number of curious and important matters, which we had intended—looking to our customary limit—to discuss; as—Mr. Williams's wholesale "burial" proposition; His scheme for relieving good Christians from the dangers of "resurrection men," by confining the attacks of the latter peculiarly to the Jews; Mrs. Fry's speculations upon the state of Ireland; A minor Samaritan upon the "Watch Houses" of London and Westminster; The Order in Council to repress Greek piracies; The "Slave Grace;" The race between the Mail Coaches, and the *Sun* newspaper—and Phœbus victorious, &c. &c. &c. All of which, with many others too numerous to mention, must pass for this December number; but may perhaps rise again on the first of January, if the world and the life of periodicals endure so long.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys. 4 vols. By Lady Morgan; 1827.—With all Lady Morgan's powers—observing well, and painting well—with truth and vigour—often fixing, and rarely wearying—with all the warmth of her countrywomen, and dealing with the heated spirits of her countrymen—she does not *take*—to the extent we think she deserves to do. Of this failure there are some obvious causes—Ireland, and her rights and her wrongs—the favourite subjects of Lady Morgan's muse—are not popular with the classes which supply the novel writer with readers. Besides this, she is a radical in politics, a liberal in theology, and a materialist in metaphysics; and there are readers who shrink from allowing the merit they cannot but feel, through fear of being suspected of admiring what is at least neither very fashionable, nor perhaps very feminine.

The production before us, however, is a performance of much too high a character not to break through the impediments which are thus thrown in the way by its fair creator. The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys, have for generations been connected in love or in hatred. They are Connaught families, and, by the common fate of the country, have both been ruined by forfeitures. The representative of the O'Briens emerges from pauperism, and becomes a thriving Protestant attorney. The heir of the O'Flahertys was a general in the French service. The attorney detects a flaw in the claims of the possessor of the O'Flaherty property; and himself finally makes good his claim to the barony of Annanmore—but the estate is gone beyond recovery; and, in grasping at the shadow, he loses the substance he had laboriously gathered in the practice of his profession. He relapses to Catholicism, and takes his first vows among the Jesuits.

But the drama opens properly at a review of the Irish Volunteers, where we are introduced to the leading characters of the vice-regal court—and of the novel. The court is plainly that of the Rutlands. The Knockloftys are a family of overpowering influence, and high in the confidence of the government—the Earl, indeed, is the leading personage in the management of Irish affairs—on the orange principle of course. Of the ladies on the ground, the most conspicuous is the Countess Knocklofty, a very charming and fascinating woman—a mixture of coquetry and romance—none of the youngest—driving a pair of splendid greys in a beautiful curricie, and drawing the attentions of the young officers, and dispensing distinction and delight, by her smiles and her levities, on all around her. Beside her sits a rival beauty, nearly her equal in charms, and her superior in wit—at least

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in readiness of speech. In the course of the review, Lady Knocklofty is struck with the appearance of the young gentleman who commands the University Corps, and her inquiries to discover who he can be are all in vain. She manoeuvres to keep near him, and by degrees catches his attention, and at last his services, by contriving to drop her shoe, which he of course picks up, and wins the privilege of putting it on again. By a dextrous move, during the sham fight, he gains a particular position, and with it the approbation of the commander-in-chief; and, before the day is over, the lady's greys take flight at an explosion, and the young hero of course rescues her from destruction.

In the evening, in his way to college, he gets into a row; the military are called out as usual; a shot is fired—no body knows by whom, and he is taken to the guard-house. Towards midnight, however, a messenger arrives with an order to take him forthwith somewhere or other for examination; and this messenger he follows, through long-winding passages and noble apartments, some dark and some light, till suddenly a door is thrown open, and in an instant they are in the midst of a magnificent saloon, full of company—the vice-regal drawing-room in short; and his guide, throwing off the disguise, proves to be Lady Knocklofty herself. This was one of the freaks of the castle. Astounded as the young gentleman is, he—as the hero of the piece—is not driven from his propriety; he acquits himself admirably, and the vice-queen treats him with the courtesy that became her. The youth turns out to be the Honourable Murrough O'Brien, the heir of Lord Annanmore. He is introduced on all sides; and among others, Lord Walter Somebody—that is, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, not at all disguised—makes handsome speeches, and overtures of friendship.

In the midst of these exhilarating attentions, comes in the Lord Lieutenant, in a state of ebriety, with his bottle companions, and the prisoner is obliged to be smuggled off, but not before Lady Knocklofty contrives to put a ring of remembrance on his finger. The officer, under whose supervision it is understood he is to place himself, is out of the way; and he, in the meanwhile, throws himself on a bench, where, indulging in a reverie on the amazing events that had occurred through the day, he drops into something like a nap, from which he is at last awakened by a strange tingling sensation about the fingers, occasioned partly by his having made a pillow of his arm. As he wakes, a tall gaunt figure and a sedan are still in view.

The officer now makes his appearance; they

proceed towards the guard-room, where, to his utter amazement, he finds the ring, given him by Lady Knocklofty, changed to one with the signet of a death's head, and a warning motto. This is past all explanation. The next day comes an order for his discharge; but, though dismissed by the civil power, the university is not so easily satisfied. He had been already a marked man. He was a member of the Historical Society, and distinguished there for his eloquence and boldness; he had written political pamphlets, and given himself great liberties of speech everywhere. He was no raw unfledged youth. From the age of sixteen he had been in the Austrian service—an *ad-de-camp* of the Prince de Ligne, and a *protégé* of Marshal de Lacy—a relative, and finally broken for challenging a superior officer. At the age of twenty-five he had returned to Ireland, with the resolution of devoting himself to the service of his country. His father had recovered his title, and he was enabled to enter the university as *filius nobilis*. In the row of the evening of the review his clothes had been torn nearly off his back, and Lord Walter had lent him his great coat, and in this coat were certain papers of a seditious character. The said coat was taken out of his room to be brushed, and the papers found their way to the fellows. He was expelled chiefly on the evidence of these papers.

After his expulsion he returns home to his father's residence—an old tumbling-down house in one of the back streets of Dublin, but can learn nothing of his father. Without, he discovers a sale had taken place that very day, and within he finds nothing but an old chair and a table; but on the table were symptoms of some one having recently left the apartment. An illuminated MS. lay on the table, with his own portrait not completed—the MS. proves to be the fruits of his father's antiquarian labours. While engaged in reading it, he is surprised by the sudden appearance of the tall figure he had seen in the castle before the sedan, who turns out to be his foster-brother, and the person who had fired the shot in his defence. The poor faithful fellow was in a state of starvation; and, while O'Brien was pouring a drop of brandy down his throat, in bursts a file of soldiers with an officer at their head, Lord Walter, and others—to seize the said tall gaunt figure. Such was the crazy state of the building, that the floor sunk under the accumulated weight, the walls followed, and O'Brien and the whole party narrowly escaped with life. In the midst of the confusion appeared a lady in imminent peril, of whom no one knew any thing, who was rescued, and carried off, no body knew whither, by the foster-brother.

Left now apparently to his own resources, Lord Walter introduces him to his political set, and he is forthwith admitted an United Irishman in full assembly—pledging him-

self to the furtherance of their views with the exertion of all his energy. From the meeting with Lord Walter, he goes, in the guise of a pilgrim, to Lady Knocklofty's masquerade, where he meets with a nun, who holds him long in animated conversation. She is a mysterious personage, sharp, shrewd, and witty—full of French and Italian; knows all Murrogh's movements; reminds him of scenes at Florence, gives him sundry hints about his present engagements, and on quitting him puts a letter in his hand—forbidding him to open it before he leaves the house. Lady Knocklofty cuts him dead; and he quits the gay and glittering scene in a state of agony and mortification.

The letter was from his father, announcing himself to be in a condition of absolute indigence, and then waiting a last interview with him in the burial grounds of an hospital. Shocked at this intelligence, he flies to the appointed spot, where he finds him apparently dying with hunger, and half naked. The old man is a little mysterious, obscure in his communications, and solicitous only to obtain a pledge from his son to go with him where he pleases, and as soon as that pledge is given, conducts him to a carriage, at a short distance. They travel all night with the utmost speed, and at length arrive at Cong Abbey, a Jesuit institution—where a few elderly gentlemen appeared to be residing, at the head of whom was his great uncle, the well-known Abbate O'Brien. In the agony of his sensations, O'Brien had thrown open the carriage windows to catch the night breezes, but unluckily caught nothing but a fever. He was for some weeks in a state of delirium, during which his aged father died, and was buried with the honours due to his dignity, and himself attended by a *sœur grise*—the nun of the masquerade. On his recovery, he finds himself obliged to quit his asylum sooner than he intended—his uncle had discovered he was an United Irishman, and his residence could be no longer tolerated. He now resolves to beat up the quarters of his aunts, the Miss MacTaafs, two primitive maidens, who had declared him the heir of their property—to stir up the natives, and further the views of the society, of which he was a sworn member. Here, at a grand festival, given by his aunts in honour of his arrival, and on the broaching of a hogshead of claret, he encounters the nun again; and Lady Knocklofty once more. Again he rescues her ladyship from impending destruction, and accompanies her home. Explanations take place, and the affair of the ring is partly disclosed. In a tour round the neighbourhood, the Countess and her friends and O'Brien visit a nunnery, under the protection of the Jesuits, the abbess of which proves to be again the veritable nun. The mystery is intolerable to him, and he forces a private interview, and she tells him part of her story. She is

an O'Flaherty, his own cousin—who has long been his guardian angel, and by the aid of his foster-brother, has rescued him from more than one danger, moral and physical. He is now desperately in love with her, and resolves to break away from the seductions of Lady Knocklofty. In the meanwhile, a pamphlet he had written at Cong during his convalescence, is published, and a warrant issues for his arrest. While evading the tip-staffs—though fully intending to surrender on the trial—he encounters Lady Knocklofty, on the mountains, in the dead of night. She proposes to screen him from danger, and he insists at all hazards on seeing her home. She beguiles him to a secluded spot; his better resolves vanish; and he is finally surprised in the lady's bower, and safely lodged in Kilmainham gaol.

Lady Morgan had advanced thus far with her story, and found herself at the end of the fourth volume, and was of course obliged to compress. The *éclaircissement* follows some years after. O'Brien, it seems, escaped by the aid of the abbess—entered the French service, attained high rank, and finally married his vivacious and ubiquitous cousin.

Though unequal, there are capital scenes in the novel—particularly the review—the drawing-room—and the claret feast.

The Roman History, by G. B. Niebuhr; translated from the German, by F. A. Walter, one of the Librarians of the British Museum, 2 vols. 8vo. 1827.—This history, which was published in Germany about fifteen years ago, Niebuhr is said to have lately revised, or rather he is stated to have remodelled the whole of his very sagacious and elaborate performance. The necessity for some revision every man at all acquainted with the work—with its obscurities and general unconnectedness—must forcibly feel. He is said also—now that he is a counsellor of state—to have done so for the purpose of changing the general tone of it—of lowering the high and ardent sentiments which mark the writer's former zeal for the welfare of mankind, and which form, perhaps, the main value of his volumes. This purpose we are unwilling to credit. If ever writing carried with it marks of deep feelings and firm convictions, Niebuhr's does; and to find such a man flinching, to please the great, would be one of the most mortifying events that can well be imagined. Of this revision of Niebuhr's, however, of whatever character it may be, a translation has been for some time announced; but the one before us of the original edition, by Mr. Walter of the British Museum, is a work so ably executed that it would be an act of positive injustice to pass it by, in expectation of what may never appear, and may not be better, without the commendation due to its unquestionable merits. The translation

of such a work—so full of intricate criticism—of profound views in politics, and subtle speculations in metaphysics—written in a style of unusual complication, and with an abruptness of manner that frequently misleads, is itself a task of no common difficulty; and to have successfully overcome such difficulty, and then to have the labour lost, is exceedingly vexations. For such disappointments there is, however, no remedy. If the second work prove the superior, the first must be abandoned; and Mr. W. must be content with the credit of good intentions, and the merit of doing well all that was in his power to do.

In the perusal of Niebuhr's history—now that we have a translation—the general reader will be woefully disappointed; and the *Quarterly Review*, which first excited the public attention in its favour, must answer for that disappointment—for commending it, we shall not say, extravagantly, but undistinguishingly—for awakening expectations, which the work is not calculated to gratify. Niebuhr's history is the production of a scholar, and addressed to the intelligence of scholars; it is full of discussions, in which the general reader will not, and cannot, take an interest. He will find him too—to his farther disappointment—more ready in pulling down than in building up. In the confusions of evidence, to attain any high degree of probability is rarely possible, and in the confusions of fable and fact scarcely less so; but to exhibit incompatibilities, and expose absurdities, is generally no difficult matter. To make ruins, in short, is the easier labour; and ruins Niebuhr has made in abundance, and made them relentlessly—not that he is incapable of reconstruction—for he is a man of the highest reach of ability, of extraordinary research, and of boundless ambition. He has no rival in criticism and classical attainments in this country—accompanied as they are with a warmth of temperament, an active and yet disciplined imagination, and a sagacity and power of combination rarely paralleled.

The history before us extends to the year 416 of the eternal city, when the constitution of Rome may be said to have been perfected by the Licinian law, which opened the consulate equally to plebeian and patrician. Through this long period the thread of Niebuhr's narrative is scarcely traceable—so perpetually is it broken by critical inquiries and episodic matters—never entirely irrelevant, but sometimes not very intimately connected. In general he gives—not the results of his researches, but the researches themselves—and these, whatever may be the effect in the mind of the scholar, familiar with such discussions, will as often confound as enlighten those who run as they read. The early history of Rome is full of obvious fable; nobody seriously credits the thousand and one events

that are manifestly out of the course of experience. To have swept these away, and left us the probable, or at least the less improbable skeleton of facts, would to any ordinary mind have seemed all that was practicable; and indeed all that was requisite; but Niebuhr looked deeper and further—to the growth of the constitution—to the operation of laws and manners—and aimed at tracing the progress of a rude people to empire by natural and consecutive means. The full extent of his hopes and aims, he is far from realizing; but he has scattered to the winds much of the chaff of the common story, and has given much of it a new aspect, and opened up sources of inquiry, and suggested others, that will eventually, either by his own future researches, or the ardour of others, lead to more satisfactory and intelligible results.

Of the people, the plebs, of Rome, the reader will gain an entirely new conception. The greatness of Rome is traced to the formation of the plebeian order in the state, and the union of patricians and plebeians in centuries by Servius. But for his efforts the free people would too probably have been depressed by the patricians to the condition of clients: for the free people were distinct from the clients—the common notion that every patrician had his clients, and every plebeian his patron, is plainly an idle tale. It was through the aid of the clients that the patricians so long and so successfully retarded the struggle of the people to the full attainment of political rights.

Nor less novel will be the general appearance of the tribunes and the Agrarian laws. Their persevering efforts to enforce these laws will prove to have been directed—not to pluck from the great to distribute to the poor—not to tear from the patricians their private estates, but to break their monopoly of the public lands. These Agrarian laws, in short, always bore solely upon the public lands. The blunders of Machiavelli and Montesquieu on this subject are well exposed. Equally felicitous has Niebuhr been in illustrating the real condition of the Equites, and distinguishing the privileges of the Comitia—Tributa, Curiata, and Centuriata. He has also boldly thrown off all blind respect for authority, and fearlessly examined all pretensions; and with a learned spirit in human dealings, detected the bias of the writers he consults. His reviews of Dionysius and Livy are admirable specimens of his power of exhibiting character, and of estimating the value of testimony.

Livy (says he) at one time admits that the more moderate patricians held the pretensions of the people to be reasonable, while again he designates the Agrarian law as a poison of the tribunes, and their opposition as the blindness of the public weal; and he decides that it required no excite-

ment from the tribunes to exasperate the blind rage of the people. We might excuse him if such expressions were given merely as those of an orator, or of the senate as a body. When this is the case, it would be unreasonable to blame him if the bitterness of the other side had only been made equally intelligible to the reader, and dwelt upon with equal impartiality; he would on the contrary deserve our praise, because the indolent or inexperienced reader cannot present to himself in a lively view, from the mere development of the causes, the actual dispositions awakened by party spirit, nor possibly appreciate their energetic influence. Popular harangues expressing the internal feelings of the orator, exhibit these developments more forcibly; but not only are such exhibitions of plebeian feeling very rarely interspersed, but the hardest judgments pronounced as those of the historian himself; and from this period, during the following two centuries of the first decade, Livy's opinions are consistent respecting the internal commotions; he decidedly favours the patricians, whose rapacity and violence he cannot conceal, in opposition to the plebeians, even while compelled to admit their forbearance and long-suffering. This partiality painfully excites the displeasure of the reader who judges for himself, and is nevertheless ready to admit an excuse, from his love to this great historian. Livy was not a statesman either by disposition or habits of life; his very earliest youth was past in turbulent times; he had seen the commonwealth when yet scarcely a boy. With feelings undefined, he connected the idea of republicanism with the aristocratical party, because the republic was subverted by that which called itself the democracy. Livy was a partizan of Pompey, with purely speculative feelings, for, when still a young man, the parties were no longer in existence. And from this attachment, the less he distinguished between things bearing the same names, he invariably took the part of the senate and the aristocracy in times of old, as according with his own prepossessions, not recollecting that the latest aristocracy had grown out of that which he affects to despise in earlier times as the popular party, and which he therefore detests, because he makes it in the days of his fathers answerable for all the calamities which it brought upon the republic in his own days. The plebeians of the third century must atone for those who were called so in the eighth; their tribunes for Saturninus and Clodius; the Agrarian law of the early commonwealth for that of the Triumviri. Thus a man of the most amiable dispositions became unconsciously, and in opposition to his natural and best feelings, unjust to a good cause, and partial to a bad one.

In another place, Niebuhr speaks of Livy—

He who was so keenly alive to the old poetic narratives, who also wrote history admirably whenever he had sure guides, was little inclined to weigh the consistency and possibility in the confused periods of the middle age; he arrayed the first form that presented itself in a mantle of captivating narrative. The errors into which he has thus fallen, betray the man, who had learned to view history not in the light of the forum, or the camp, but merely in his own municipium. Perhaps all that Asinius Pollio meant to designate by

the charge of Patavinity, was this deficiency, which, in later periods also, frequently breaks out to stagger us in his military descriptions, and the language of his speeches, occasionally glittering, and ill-suited to the times and persons of the speakers, draws rather from literature and the school, than, like those of Thucydides, from the fullness of real life.

A large part of the first volume is taken up in canvassing the origin and extent of the nations or tribes, which occupied Italy before and about the period usually assigned for the commencement of Rome. The scattered accounts of these nations are full of contradictions, and when collected present a chaos, the analysis of which requires no ordinary courage to attempt. Niebuhr's searching glance has occasionally detected connections before unobserved, and shewn how dextrously he can thread a labyrinth. If the reader have patience with us we will give him a specimen—and one that will, we think, make good our assertion, that Niebuhr's book will disappoint him. It is a book to be studied—dwelt on for weeks and months, not glanced at in an idle hour. Our specimen concerns the **ÆNOTRIANS**. We shall very much compress it, and strip it besides of a multitude of authorities, and illustrations, and collateral matters.

Pherecydes (in Dionysius) states the **Ænотrians** to have taken their name from **Ænotus**, one of the twenty-two sons of **Lycæon**, and emigrated from **Arcadia** into Italy seventeen generations before the Trojan war—according to **Pausanias**, the earliest colony, Greek or barbarian, of which any record has been preserved. **Apollodorus** gives a different genealogy—making no mention of **Ænotus**; and represents the **Ænотrians**, **Thesprotians**, **Mænaliæns**, and other **Arcadian** races, as descending from **Pelasgus**. But who was **Pelasgus**—or rather, who the **Pelasgi**? An enigma—the solution of which those who study most, despair of most. They were not Greeks, in language at least—that is proved;—the earliest inhabitants of **Thessaly** and **Peloponnesus** were **Pelasgi**; many transformed themselves into Greeks—that is, we may suppose, they mingled with the Greeks, and lost all trace of their origin. The **Epirotes**, probably, in the fullest extent—reaching to the western shores of the **Adriatic**, were **Pelasgi**—the **Dodonæans** certainly. **Dionysius**, indeed, calls them Greeks, but that is his ignorance. They spoke a broken Greek. It was the same with other—perhaps all **Pelasgic** tribes. In very remote times the **Peloponnesus** itself was not **Grecian**; but the **Ænотrians** were probably kindred of a Greek stock—for any thing that appears, this is said quite gratuitously.

of The **Ænотrians** however—come immediately from what quarter they may—from **Peloponnesus**, or from **Epirus**, or even from the **Siculi**—those who were so called, we

mean by the Greeks—formerly occupied **Bruttium** and South-eastern **Lucania**. The period of emigration is fixed by **Philistus** eighty years before the Trojan war, and by **Thucydides**, probably following **Antiochus**, 125 years after. But this emigration refers to the ancient settlements of the **Ænотrians** in those western districts (**Campania**) afterwards possessed by the **Ausonians**, who were themselves expelled by the **Sabines**. It refers also to some in **Etruria**—for apparently the whole range of the west coast was occupied by a people at least related to **Epirotes**—that is **Pelasgic**.

But the **Ænотrians** to the Roman History are wholly unknown. They belong indeed to the brilliant ages of **Magna Græcia**, of which scarcely any traces exist. **Cato** appears not to have mentioned them in his early history of Italy—judging from **Dionysius's** account. When the Romans carried their victorious arms into Southern Italy, the **Ænотrians** were extinct, and their place occupied by **Lucanians** and **Bruttii**. The Greek settlements, according to **Strabo**, which began upon that coast previous to the commencement of Roman chronology, met with no nations but **Siculi**, or **Itali**, or **Chones**—neither **Ænотrians** nor **Lucanians**. The **Ænотrians** therefore must come somewhere between the Greek settlements and the **Lucanian** invasion. These **Lucanians** were **Sabines**. **Antiochus** of **Syracuse**, writing about the year of Rome 329, speaks as a cotemporary of the **Ænотrians**, and mentions neither **Lucanians** nor **Bruttii**. The **Lucanians** therefore had not appeared then. About the middle of the second century of Rome, the **Metapontines** were at war with the **Ænотrians**, and took from them a part of their territory. The **Lucanians**, about 362, invaded **Magna Græcia**, and ruined its splendour; and the **Ænотrians** fell at the same time, and were blended or lost among the invaders.

But **Niebuhr** is taking up too much of our space. The reader will see there is no want of learning or labour—all but the scholar and the critic will cry *cui bono*. The volumes however contain lessons of the profoundest cast for the statesman and the political reasoner.

History of the War in the Peninsula under Napoleon. By General Foy. Translated from the French. 2 vols. 8vo.; 1827.—This history of the war in Spain and Portugal was left in a very imperfect state by the author. The first volume, however, presents us with a sketch—and a very animated one it is—of the political and military state of France, England, Portugal, and Spain, which constitutes indeed the real value of the work. It is executed with decided ability and fullness of knowledge. Here it is that he reviews the character of **Napoleon**, and deals out his praise and his censure—his admiration for the depth of his genius, and the fire and vigour of his

soul—for the skill of the warrior, the sagacity of the statesman, and the energy with which the sovereign swayed the wills of his contemporaries;—his profound contempt—rather than a liberal allowance—for the foibles of the man, whose vanity made him pride himself on the *gentility* of his birth—take the tone and insignia of a legitimate despot—ally himself with an ancient dynasty—make kings and queens of his brothers and sisters. Here it is that he exhibits the military system of Britain, with a correctness of detail, beyond the usual reach of a foreigner, and with a severity of judgment which none but a foreigner is ever likely to exercise. “In the eyes of an English general,” says he, “the perfection of the art consists in bringing into the field fresh and well-conditioned troops, in posting them advantageously, and there coolly waiting for the enemy’s attack. Yes, doubtless, he continues (glancing at the Duke of Wellington) the instinctive determination which, even when it errs, is better than skilful hesitation; the strength of mind which no danger can appal, the tenacity which carries off the prey by sticking to it to the last—these are rare and sublime qualities, and where these are sufficient to secure the triumph of national interests, it is but justice to load with honours the privileged possessor of them. But the thinkers of all ages will not take upon trust the exaggeration of a glory so confined; they will point out the interval, which separates the man of the profession from the man of genius. Great generals were always great, without accessories, without attendants [this no doubt is miserable translation—but we have not the original at hand,] and they will remain great in spite of adversity: they borrow not their lustre from institutions which existed before them, and which will live after them—quite the contrary, it is they who infuse lofty ideas into the minds of the multitude. Equal to themselves in the display of all the powers of the human mind, no species of elevation escapes from their immensity; such appeared, with different destinies, Hannibal and Cæsar among the ancient, Frederick and Napoleon among the moderns.”

There is sound observance as well as good satire, in the advice which was ironically given to the commander-in-chief in a volume entitled—“Advice to the Officers of the British Army.” “Nothing is so commendable as generosity to an enemy. To pursue him vigorously after a victory would be taking advantage of his distress. It is enough for you to shew that you can beat him whenever you think proper. You should always act openly and candidly with both friends and enemies. You should be cautious, therefore, never to steal a march, or lay an ambuscade: You should never attack the enemy during the night. Recollect what Hector said, when he went to fight with Ajax—Heaven light us, and

combat against us.” Should the enemy retreat, let him have the start of you several days, in order to shew him that you can surprise him when you please. Who knows if so generous a proceeding will not induce him to halt? After he has succeeded in retreating to a place of safety, you may then go in pursuit of him with your whole army. Never promote an intelligent officer; a hearty boon companion is all that is necessary to execute your orders. Any officer who has a grain of knowledge beyond the common, you should look upon as your personal enemy, for you may depend upon it he is laughing in his sleeve at both you and your manœuvres.”

Of the war itself, General Foy’s history extends only to a few months of the first year. That period embraces the invasion of Portugal by Junot, who took possession of Lisbon on the 30th of November 1807, to the battle of Vimiera, on the 21st of August 1808, and the immediate evacuation of Portugal. The contemporaneous events in Spain are also detailed, from the entrance of the French armies in the spring of 1808, to the defeat of Dupont at Baylen, in July, and the consequent retreat of Joseph towards the Pyrenees. The details are greatly too much those of the soldier to be very agreeable to the unprofessional reader. It is too full of the minutiae of warfare, and of the employments and conduct of particular and even subordinate officers. The author shews himself and his opinions at every turn. He is an uncompromising republican, and more inclined to condemn Napoleon, and give all his policy the worst construction, than any French officer whose writings we have hitherto met with. His antipathies and prejudices respecting England and its government are occasionally quite absurd, and altogether unworthy a man of so enlightened a cast as Foy undoubtedly was. There is notwithstanding a general fairness in the history, and a fullness and particularity, and accuracy of information, very rare and very valuable, and which nothing but personal acquaintance can give; but most readers, we believe, will turn with more pleasure to the more judicious and quiet, though diffusive, and perhaps partial statements of Southey’s *Peninsular War*.

We are tempted to sketch the military career of the writer, which was one of singular activity. Foy was born in 1775, and educated in the military school of La Fère, and made sub-lieutenant of artillery in 1792. He was present at the battles of Valmy and Jemappe, and, in 1793, obtained a company—promotion was rapid in those days. In all the subsequent campaigns he was actively employed under Dumourier, Pichegru, Moreau, Massena, &c. In 1803, he was colonel of the 5th regiment of horse artillery, and refused, from political principle, the appointment of aide-de-camp on Napoleon’s assumption of the imperial

throne; but was still employed, and shared in the victories of the short but brilliant campaign of Germany in 1804. In 1806 he commanded the artillery of the army stationed in Friuli, for the purpose of occupying the Venetian territory incorporated by the treaty of Presburg with the kingdom of Italy. In 1807 he was sent to Constantinople to introduce European tactics in the Turkish service—but the object was defeated by the death of Selim, and the opposition of the Janissaries. On Foy's return, the expedition against Portugal was preparing, and he received a command in the artillery under Junot, during the occupation of Portugal, and filled the post of inspector of forts and fortresses. He was severely wounded at the battle of Vimiera. On the capitulation he returned to France, and with the same army proceeded to Spain; and, subsequently, under the command of Soult, again went into Portugal. When commanded to summon the Bishop of Oporto to open its gates, he was seized and stripped by the populace, and thrown into prison, and escaped with difficulty. The same year he was made general of brigade. In 1810, he made a skilful retreat at the head of 600 men, in the face of 6,000 Spaniards, across the Sierra de Caceres; and at the head of his brigade was wounded in the battle of Busaco. Early in 1811 he was selected by Massena to convey to the emperor the critical state of the French army before the lines of Torres Vedras. This commission, though one of great peril—the country being in a complete state of insurrection—he successfully accomplished, and brought back the emperor's instructions, for which service he was made general of division. In July 1812, Foy was in the battle of Salamanca, and was one of those who, when Lord Wellington raised the siege of Burgos and retreated to the Douro, hung upon his rear, and took some prisoners and artillery.

On the news of the disasters in Russia, and Lord Wellington's consequent resumption of offensive movements, Foy was sent with his division beyond Vittoria to keep the different parties in check; and after the battle of Vittoria, at which he was not present, he collected at Bergana 20,000 troops, of different divisions, and had some success in skirmishes with the Spanish corps forming the left wing of the allied army. He arrived at Tolosa about the same time with Lord Lynedoch, and after a sanguinary contest in that town, retreated upon Irun—from which he was quickly dislodged, and finally recrossed the Bidassao. In the affair of the passage of the Nive, on the 9th of December 1813, and the battle of St. Pierre d'Irube on the 13th, Foy distinguished himself, and in the hard fought battle of Orthez, on the 27th February 1814, he was left apparently dead on the field. Before this period he had been made count of the empire, and commander of the legion of

honour. In March 1815, he was appointed inspector general of the fourteenth military division; but on the return of Napoleon, during the 100 days, he embraced the cause of the emperor, and commanded a division of infantry in the battles of Ligny and Waterloo, at the last of which he received his fifteenth wound. This terminated his military career. In 1819, he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, the duties of which he discharged till his death in November 1825; and from his first entrance into the chamber, was distinguished for his eloquence, and quickly became the acknowledged leader of the opposition.

Emir Malek, Prince of the Assassins, an Historical Novel of the 13th Century. 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827. — With not a particularly catching title; no puffery—no name—and, for any thing that appears on the face of it, a first production; the book stands little chance of being read but through the notices of the reviews. The writer confidently presumes his work will make its own way. This is a mistake, in days, when so many manœuvres are worked for catching the public eye, and nothing does catch it without these manœuvres—a little paragraph-puffing is indispensable. Whatever the judgment, however, shewn in bringing it out, the book deserves to class respectably. The writer has considerable capabilities—a competent acquaintance with the times and scene of his story—is no novice in composition—apt at contriving critical positions and describing them with vigour and effect, with some felicity and occasional pathos. The story is essentially a romance—meaning by romance an exhibition of overmastering passions, with few or no modifications, with little or nothing of every day life and every day events—requiring slight knowledge of mankind, as men appear in society, and in our own times, but much as they shew in books—where the reins are given to the imagination—and where actions flow not from complicated but single motives—if such be the character such is the conduct—and where of course men's actions seem regulated more by the rules of geometry than the laws of humanity.

The hero of the piece is a prince of the Assassins—of a set of people, with whom a writer may take great liberties, for little or nothing is known of them, on which any reliance can be placed. To suppose a society of 70,000 persons, as wild and as ferocious as tigers, spread over immense districts from the Caspian to the mountains of Lebanon, wholly and solely devoted to the will of one man, even to death at command—because that man has given each individual a foretaste of a Mahomedan paradise—in an earthly heaven of his own creation—and all this for the purpose of employing them perpetually in the office of assassina-

tion—and this delusion or employment lasting for nearly a couple of centuries, from successor to successor—this is a demand upon our credulity, which history may indeed make, but which the very fondness of fiction can never make us pay. The story of Emir Malek is however rather private than public—more concerning himself than his tribe. He was an Egyptian prince, expelled from his country, and after a variety of marvellous adventures, enlisted among the Assassins, and finally the Souba's lieutenant on the hills of Lebanon. In the execution of his responsible office, he is any thing and every thing to carry his master's views—or his own—into execution. In his boyhood he was furiously attached to his lovely cousin, who from some reason or another was insensible to his fury. Like himself, however, this cousin was driven from her country, but falling into the hands of Lusignan, king of Cyprus and Jerusalem, became a convert to Christianity. This conversion explodes her volcano cousin, Ilderim; and the story opens with Vadilah's renunciation of Moslemism in full assembly, in the splendid cathedral of the metropolis of Cyprus. While in the act of repeating her new profession of faith, a voice from the crowd bids her beware, and presently a dagger, forcibly flung, pitches between her and the archbishop. None could see from whence it came—Vadilah makes a shrewd guess, but communications not.

The tumult occasioned by this event is calmed, and even forgotten, by the arrival of Sir Roger de Mowbray and Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, on an embassy from Prince Edward of England, then encamped before Ptolemais, 1271, to invite the new convert to visit the Princess Eleanor; and before she is ready to embark, De Mowbray, a gallant and youthful knight, falls desperately in love with her—and she nothing loath. But this brings Ilderim on the scene in new disguise. His angry feelings are now exasperated by jealousy, and he takes a speedy opportunity of planting a dagger by the side of De Mowbray while sleeping, by way of a warning—just to prove to him too how easily he could have struck it into his bosom. Vadilah herself has a visit from him—his ubiquity and stealthiness are past all comprehension—he can creep through a key hole; he commands her to return to Moslemism, and upon her refusal, gives her very plain hints that her days will be shortened, and apparently is only prevented from finishing them at once, by the approach of strangers.

Vadilah and the ambassadors now set sail for Syria, and land at Tortosa. The hills in the rear of Tortosa were occupied by the Assassins, and extraordinary precautions became necessary. The parties separate—the princess under the protection of De Clare, and De Mowbray convays the pil-

grims. The princess reaches Edward's camp in safety, but De Mowbray encounters the Maronites, and has a personal contest with the chief, who proves to be Ilderim. Ilderim is getting the worst of the fray, when being suddenly summoned from the field by the peremptory signals of his superior, the Souba, he is forced to withdraw—but not without a pledge to fight it out near Ptolemais.

These Assassins had become the pest of the country—and of all parties, and steps are taken by the hostile Christian and Mahomedan princes to extirpate them. The Souba, and his lieutenant Ilderim, whose official name is Malek, determine, in consequence, on despatching Edward, as the person whose death was most likely to break up the alarming combination. While at Cyprus, Malek had seduced one Guyon, a bastard of Simon de Montfort's, who was himself intent upon nothing so much as on taking vengeance on Edward for the disgrace of his father, and readily falls into Malek's views. An English lady, one Elizabeth de Rous, of high family and fortune, whose reputation was reported to be a little singed, and who had met with some slights from Edward's belief of the report, is, like the rest, panting for revenge, and she throws herself into the arms of Malek, and stimulates him, who scarcely wanted the stimulus. Malek has some conscience—his object is to extinguish Christianity and obey his chief, only indulging his own vehement hatreds by the way, and with something like fairness; but Miss De Rous is a perfect daemon—she not only wishes for the death of Edward for the slights he had put upon her, but stipulates with her paramour for that of Vadilah, simply because she learns Ilderim *had* loved her. De Guyon's revenge is confined to one object, and very little would probably have diverted him from that, but he was poor, and Edward was the cause of his poverty—and no one appeared likely to enrich him.

Matters arrange themselves thus. De Guyon undertakes to get an interview with Edward and stab him; and Miss de Rous, by some manoeuvres of her own to get Vadilah into her clutches. De Guyon, under the guise of a priest, Edward's own confessor, penetrates into Edward's apartment, and holds a long dialogue with him—a very Mathews in mimicry we must suppose—but just as he is grasping his dagger, his arm is caught by an attendant knight, and his purpose frustrated. Miss De Rous is somewhat more successful—under the character of a Ziogaree, she does get Vadilah into her power—and great difficulty has the poor lady in escaping. In the meanwhile, De Mowbray and Malek meet to have out their fight, and Malek is left on the field for dead. He, however, is tenacious of life as an eel, and, though his brains seemed beaten out,

he recovers, and very soon after contrives, on learning De Guyon's failure, to get into Edward's presence, and actually stabs him in the arm with a poisoned dagger, but is finally overcome by Edward, and an end put to him and his murderous course. De Mowbray is now in pursuit of the lost Vadilah, and luckily catches her just as she was flung down the whirls of a cataract; and so, after all their perils and escapes, they return to England with Edward, and marry, and live, and love, and die, the happiest pair in Christendom.

Elements of the History of Philosophy and Science, by Thomas Morell, Author of "Studies of History," &c.; 1827.—Though a very dry, and here and there intolerably meagre, this is not a useless compilation. Fuller histories of particular branches of science and literature are numerous enough, but we know not where to turn for a general sketch of the progress of the whole. Mr. Morell's is an attempt to supply the deficiency, by compressing into a moderate compass the leading and more prominent facts in the history of philosophy and science, from the earliest records to the commencement of the eighteenth century. He follows the established division of physical and intellectual science, and divides the whole series of ages into four great periods—that of remote antiquity, confined of course to the oriental nations—that of the Greeks and Romans—that of the middle ages, and that of the revival of letters to the days of Locke and Newton. The writer stops at this point, because, subsequently, he says, "the ramifications of human knowledge (of what other knowledge might he be thinking?) have become so numerous, as to require a series of volumes for even the most cursory review, and especially because a variety of small elementary works already exist, in which the later improvements of science are accurately and minutely described."

Of his first general period, the literary history is subdivided *geographically*, that is, according to the relative positions which the several nations occupied in the map of the world—its records scarcely admitting of a different classification. Of the second, the history takes a *chronological* order, and scientific discoveries and philosophical systems are more distinctly marked. Of the third, the progress of the sciences is separately sketched, under the two great divisions of matter and mind; and of the fourth, when the names crowd and accumulate, not only are physical and intellectual sciences distinguished, and notices given of individuals, who contributed to their advancement, but their productions are analysed, and the influence

of their writings estimated, immediate and remote.

The first part, which is a sort of review of oriental philosophy, under the heads of Assyria, Babylon, Chaldea, China, India, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and Phœnicia, was a severe trial on our patience—opening as it does with some miserable conjectures on the state of science before the flood. He starts with telling us, with great solemnity, that the book of Genesis is the "most ancient historical document the world has ever known," and then from its contents infers so much, that we are driven still farther to infer, that, in such a state of advancement, there must have been many a one *before*. Besides, we attribute the book to Moses—nobody does to any one earlier—and he was indebted for his learning—for his ability to write at all—to the Egyptians;—therefore they had learning, and books, and doubtless "historical documents," long before. For the oriental nations, generally, Mr. Morell trusts almost entirely to Sir William Jones, who was manifestly—manifestly we mean to such as are not dazzled by names—to say the least, very adventurous, and to Dr. Morrison, whose judgment we may, we believe, be allowed to distrust. Speaking of the Egyptians, he says, "they were most famous for magic." "It cannot be doubted (he cautiously adds) there was much of juggle and artifice in this pretended science; yet, from what is stated in the book of Exodus, of the successful imitation of some of the miracles of Moses, it is evident the magi of Pharaoh must have possessed a greater knowledge of some of the latent properties of natural substances than was known to their descendants." This remark is of course copied, without consideration;—no man who had recently glanced at the said miracles—as it was the writer's duty to do, when he chose to talk about them—could have prated of any "knowledge of latent properties." For what did these magicians do? Produce a serpent a piece, colour some water, and find a few frogs. What knowledge of *latent* properties is here? In truth, if the whole volume were written with as little of a critical spirit as the first part, we should have pronounced it worthless; but the other periods are more carefully executed; and the book is a very good one for a general glance, not only as to the progress of science, but the particular steps made by particular individuals. Enfield, Playfair, Dug. Stewart, and Bossuet, are his chief authorities.

The causes of the decay of literature are very neatly and accurately stated. After describing the more obvious and immediate causes—the rise of the Sarac-

cent empire, and the consequent dispersion of the Alexandrine school, he adds—

There were also many more remote or collateral causes contributing to the same event, some of which preceded, and others were cotemporary with the preceding. Such were—the disorganized state of society, and general corruption of manners, in the later periods of Roman history—the prejudices entertained by many of the fathers of the Christian church against heathen literature—the progress of superstition—the rise of monastic institutions—the ambition, ignorance, and vices of the clergy—the imprisonment of the works of the ancients in monastic libraries, whence they were seldom permitted to emerge, and where they were disregarded and forgotten [this is put in too unqualified a manner]—the exclusion of the laity, however exalted their rank and station in society, from the advantages of education, and all other means of intellectual improvement—the disuse of the Latin and Greek languages, as the medium of communication between men of letters—the despotism of a few names, such as those of Aristotle and Augustine, whose works alone were sanctioned by the ecclesiastical rulers, &c.

And the same may be said of his account of the revival of literature—

Among the political causes of this intellectual phenomenon may be enumerated the fall of the eastern empire, and the conquest of Greece by the Turks; the effect of which was to disperse the men of learning, who resided in those provinces, through the continent of Europe, but more especially to enlighten those countries which lay contiguous to the Ottoman Empire—the gradual demolition of the feudal system, and consequent elevation of the lower orders of society to wealth and importance—the study and practice of jurisprudence, by which the administration of justice was secured, and civilization promoted [this is loosely said, and without due discrimination]—the intolerable oppression of the papal hierarchy, which, though tamely submitted to during many ages, at length became so galling a yoke, that both princes and their subjects stood prepared to shake it off—and finally, the consolidation of the civil governments of Europe, under the administration of more enlightened princes, who became the zealous patrons of learning and science.

The literary and moral causes are equally well stated.

Notes to Assist the Memory in various Sciences; 1827.—The author in his preface says—"The following notes were originally collected to assist a most stubborn and capricious memory, which retained nothing if studied systematically, or by any tedious process, yet could readily apprehend distinct facts and principles, if disencumbered of all superfluous words, and subsequently, by a sort of mental reaction, connect and digest them."

"Had the author," he continues, "in preparing them for publication, adopted the method which he practically found most beneficial, he would have arranged them at cross purposes, making each successive

note a perfect contrast to its predecessor. On each note the reader will of course pause, draw his own inferences, and acquiesce or dissent, according to the degree of conviction they impress on his judgment. Some have been inserted more to stimulate curiosity and promote discussion than as established truths; for a valuable hint may be thrown by one incapable of forming a regular system."

This, therefore, is not a school-book professedly, though perhaps not the less calculated on that account to operate as a useful stimulant to the mind of young people, by a process nearer to nature than the usual systematic ascent up the hill of learning. We love detached truths—we grasp them with all our mind—and we grasp them unsuspectingly. Some betake themselves to one kind of truth—some to another; but the veriest system-mongers that exist, are devotedly attached to certain species of fact on which they build their theories. Certainly it must be felt by most persons who have passed over their first youth, that facts are the only really substantial mental possessions that exist—the only possessions which we can be sure are not deluding us with false colours, nor prompting us to wear out our thoughts in erroneous courses, which we may painfully have to retrace.

But it may be said, people possess quite as strong a propensity to frame and follow systems as for individual facts. So they may; but we still contend, that to every disposition indiscriminately, *that* is the safest and the most sterling pursuit, and one of which we can never repent. The general lover of fact cannot do better than run away from systems which demand a process of reasoning above his powers; the lover of classification cannot do better than fly from the seduction of premature conclusions to those inquiries which will more and more fit and prepare him for arriving at just ones; and whether he succeed or not in obtaining any results, his collection of facts will ever preserve a certain and independent value for business or communication. But wherever we have lent our minds to systems, for a while believed and then exploded, we have lent them in pure waste.

The book contains a large mass of miscellaneous information on every science and subject, couched in the briefest and clearest language. The moral and metaphysical portion exhibits a complete freedom from prejudice—presenting no statement, which a sane understanding can resist. The volume is not intended, or recommended, as of a nature by any means to supersede regular or systematic study; but for persons of a certain degree of information, who are grown up, and desire to keep their minds on a par with the

generality of their fellows, we think it might serve very amusingly to fill up vacant or weary minutes—while, to the quite young even, it is a perfectly safe, and might be a very beneficial present.

Notices relative to the Early History of the Town and Port of Hull, by Charles Frost; 1827.—These local histories, though in themselves of no general interest—a truth established by the well-known fact of their circulation being limited to the immediate neighbourhood of the places described—yet, when well got up, by individuals of real industry, and real love for antiquities, are well calculated to minister to the stock of useful information, by contributing to more correct conceptions of more general and more important matters. The facts that illustrate one spot, or one memorable event, may illustrate others—especially where all are of the same country, or of the same age—among a people of similar manners, and under similar institutions. The topographer, while extending his researches on every side to elucidate the obscurities of his particular subject, lights upon documents, of the existence of which the world was wholly ignorant, and which, though nearly inapplicable, or altogether so, to his immediate object, are applicable to others, and fitted perhaps for more general purposes—not to say, that the bringing to light the early state of one town may shew, in some respects, the contemporary condition of the whole country—may elicit the sentiments of the times, and clear away the clouds that envelope the mysteries of ages. If Hull, for instance, were a place of great traffic—of considerable export and import, some centuries before it is supposed to have been, that fact will and must modify the impressions we have of the general commerce and activity of those earlier times.

Of this character is the History of Hull before us—edited evidently by a man capable of great exertions in the way of research, which he has pursued in the midst of professional occupations not usually leading to such pursuits. He is an attorney of the town; and had, the preface tells us, for some years the sole management of the defence of a suit instituted for the recovery of tithe throughout the township of Melsa, or Meaux, in the neighbourhood of Hull, which had formerly belonged to an abbey of the order of Cistercians, whose possessions included the entire soil on which the town of Hull now stands. The facts which came under his consideration, in the course of investigations necessary for conducting the said defence, confirmed an opinion started by Macpherson in his *Annals of Commerce*, that Hull was a place of opulence and note to the

date assigned to its existence by historians.

The town takes its name—Kingston—as every body knows, from Edward I., or, as every body guesses, from some king or other. He was not, however, as has been precipitately supposed, the founder of the town. Under the name of Wyke, or Hull, it existed long before, and belonged to the monks of Melsa; but in the year 1293, it, together with the manor of Myton, was surrendered to Edward, at his especial desire, in exchange for other lands. The place was, in consequence of this transfer, elevated to the rank of a royal borough, and the citizens invested with numerous privileges. It thus grew rapidly into higher importance; but it owed the sunshine of the king's favour to its previous significance; and that it was a place of such significance, Mr. Frost by his researches has indisputably proved.

The language of the citizens and the king has misled the fathers of English topography;—in a petition presented to the king, within a few years of the transfer, the citizens, in the phraseology of adulation, or perhaps of gratitude, speak of their town as that laquele nostro soveigneur, le roi ad foundee et faite; and the king naturally accommodates his reply to the same tone, and talks of novam villam nostram de Kyngston sup. Hull. This may exonerate Leland, and Camden, and Speed, but will not annihilate facts.

Wyke is not mentioned in Domesday-book, though certainly within a century of that record it was a considerable port. It was however no borough, but parcel of the manor of Myton; and Myton is described in the record. This omission in Domesday is common to many other parts—as that of Wimbledon in Surry, in consequence of its being included in Mortlake; and Chedingford and Haslemere, as being in Godalming; and again of Royston, as lying in the lands of neighbouring manors.

Among the documents relating to Wyke, the earliest is a grant of lands del Wyke de Mitune made to the monks of Melsa, about 1160, by Matilda, daughter of Hugh de Camin. That monastery was founded a few years before by Wm. le Gros, Earl of Arlebermarle, the proprietor of the Isle of Holderness, in commutation of a vow to go to the Holy Land, and was liberally endowed by him, and other neighbouring barons. In Matilda Camin's grant, the town of Myton is spoken of. This, however, is no longer traceable, and was probably, says the author, absorbed by the growing town of Wyke. There is still some confusion not cleared up about Myton, Wyke, and Hull; the same town has been successively thus described, on two

may have become one, as the writer suggests—or perhaps the three. A chapel of the place was destroyed by the monks of Melsa, for which atonement was made to the amount of 100 marks, in the reign of John.

But the importance of Hull, both as a town and a place of trade, is testified by a petition, fifteen years before Edward's purchase, from the abbot of Meaux, praying that he and his successors might have a market on Thursdays, at *Wyke, near Mitten upon the Hulle*, and a fair there in each year, on the Vigil, the day and the morrow of the Holy Trinity, and on the twelve following days. The annual value again of the property of the monks in the Hulle, which was made over to the king, being as high as £78 14s. 6d., shews its importance—and they not the sole proprietors—the canons of Watton Abbey, archbishop of York, and the family of Sutton, and others, were also proprietors. But to take the more direct testimonies. In 1198, Gervasius de Aldermannesberie accounted to the exchequer for 225 marks for 45 sacks of wool taken and sold there; hence it may be inferred, that not only was it a seaport, but also one of the chosen places from which the great native commodity of wool was allowed to be exported. In 1205, in the pipe-roll, there is a charge in the sheriff's accounts, made under the authority of the king's writ, of 14s. 11d. for expenses of carrying the king's wines from Hull to York—that is, wines brought into that port. But comparison is here perhaps the best criterion. A document exists—the *compotus* of Wm. de Wrotham and his companions—which shews that at the commencement of the 13th century, it was not only superior to York in the extent of its commerce, but actually exceeded all the ports in the kingdom in mercantile wealth and substance except London, Boston, Southampton, Lincoln, and Lynn. According to that document, the receipts at the customs was, in London, £837., and at Hull, £334., while at York they were only £175. On an average, also, of four years before Edward's purchase, the duties received at Hull amounted to nearly one-seventh of the aggregate through the whole kingdom.

These and numerous other facts and allusions establish the certainty of the importance of Hull as a place of trade, and a principal port, long before the period usually assigned—namely, the date of Edward's exchange with the monks of Melsa, and the subsequent patronage of Michael de la Poole—a townsman of Hull.

Practical Instructions for Landscape Painting.—Mr. John Clark, the ingenious inventor of the Myriorama, the Portable

Diorama, and several other highly curious and interesting scientific toys, has produced a new book, entitled *Practical Instructions for Landscape Painting*, the object of which is, to supersede the necessity, in acquiring the art of drawing, of employing a master. The work, which is divided into four parts, and embellished with fifty-five coloured quarto engravings, explains the whole principle, and illustrates the practice, of landscape painting, from the more limited sketch, to the most highly finished subject; and this in a manner, although simple, so complete as to detail, that every separate gradation of the task is perceptible to the learner. The book is very splendidly got up; the engravings (many of which possess considerable merit), being separately mounted on card-board, and inclosed in cases, in imitation of coloured drawings. And, altogether, it is only justice to observe, that it proves at once an extremely useful work of instruction, and a very elegant circumstance of embellishment to the library, or drawing-room table.

A Treatise on the New Method of Land-surveying, with the improved Plan of Keeping the Field Book, by Thomas Hornby. London: Baldwin; 1827.—A merely superficial acquaintance with the theoretical elements of any branch of knowledge, seems to be considered, at the present day, sufficient to entitle the possessor to write upon the subject, and to rank among its most luminous expounders, provided his ignorance either be veiled in felicity of diction, or accompanied by extravagant pretension. We have loquacious barristers mystifying the public on philosophy, the vocabulary of which they had acquired in youth, and amateurs of science, still green from their colleges, dogmatizing to experienced men on the construction and use of apparatus, of which they are scarcely familiar with the appearance, or conversant with the application. Of the degree of useful knowledge likely to be diffused by these means, any rational man may easily judge; and the result, we can assure him, has fully justified the expectation. But while the public has thus been trifled with by individuals, who, by their severity to others, have forfeited all claim to mercy for themselves, several practical works have appeared from the pens of men whose reputation entitles them to confidence, and whose professional character is a pledge of ability to communicate information in the line of their business: in this class the present volume is to be ranked—comprising within itself all that the experience of a long life has shown to be requisite to complete the education of a surveyor in the most extended sense of the term, or to facilitate his subsequent operations, expressed in a

clear intelligible style. We feel certain that its merits will be appreciated when even it becomes known to the public, and shall be glad if any notice of ours can contribute to that effect.

Chronicles of the Canongate, by the Author of Waterley, &c. 2 vols. ; 1827.—The *Chronicles of the Canongate* is a title about as expressive of the contents, as that of *Tales of my Landlord*. One Mr. Chrysal Croftanger plays the part of Jedediah Cleishbotham; but in changing the machinery, there is this advantage, that a new personage gives occasion for new details; and half a volume is thus happily occupied in developing future plans—in settling preparatory matters. Mr. Croftanger was, in his youth, a Scotch Laird, of considerable property, which a few years of dashing scattered to the winds. A consequent exile of twenty or thirty years enabled him, in some measure, to repair the waste of early extravagance, and he at last returns to his native country, with just sufficient to make him comfortable for the rest of his mortal sojourn. Being, however, a man of no profession, with some remains of activity, he is miserable for want of something to do, and after long debating, finally resolves on a literary course—proposing to furnish a publication which should throw some light on the manners of Scotland as they were, and to contrast them occasionally with such as are now fashionable in the same country. For this purpose, he takes up his residence in the Canongate, induced by some tradition of family connection with the spot; and trusts to his own researches, but mainly to the contributions of his friends, for filling projected volumes. Among the acquaintance on whom he proposes to levy contributions, is an elderly lady, near eighty, indeed, of extraordinary vigour of intellect, whose personal recollections extend to “forty-five,” and whose hereditary treasures stretch backward to another century—giving her the advantage of a cotemporary of long by-gone days—so much so, that you were as likely to ask her for anecdotes of Mary or James, as of the young Pretender. The portrait of this old lady is a very agreeable one, and sketched in Sir Walter’s happiest and most discriminating manner—a well-bred woman of family—no stranger to foreign manners—retaining some of the stateliness and formality of Scottish ladies of olden times, but relieved by some conformity with modern relaxations. Unluckily she dies in the midst of the author’s projects, but she leaves him a bundle of written communications, and from these is extracted the first tale—called the *Highland Widow*.

Touring in the Highlands, the old lady was shewn a poor woman sitting under an

oak, in stern and deep melancholy, where she had sat for years—the object of mingled terror and veneration to her neighbours. She, it appears, was the widow of a Highlander, of the old stamp, who thought it a disgrace to want what could be taken by force. He finally fell in a marauding excursion, and left behind him a boy, whom his fond mother looked forward to as the successor to his father’s hazardous profession, and the upholder of his fame! The state and condition of the country, however, in the meanwhile, rapidly changed, and the boy, as he grew up, discovered, though his mother could not, that his father’s once honourable employment had lost something of its dignity, and he turned a deaf ear to her exhortations and remonstrances. Persevering, however, in her hopes, and persecuting him with her taunts, he at last fled from her importunities, and enlisted in a regiment of Highlanders, then raising by the government for America; and obtaining a few days furlough, he returned to take leave of his mother. Like a tigress, she received the intelligence; but after the first storm of passion and upbraiding was over, and she had exhausted the eloquence which rage and disappointment prompted, she cooled; and appearing to acquiesce in what seemed irremediable, she cast about for the means of preventing his return. That return was fixed under the penalty usually inflicted for desertion—to be lashed like a hound, as the mother phrased it—and the boy was intent upon returning to the time, not only from wrath, but for conscience sake—his honour was pledged. On the eve of the furlough’s expiration, she made him drink a potion, which laid him asleep two whole days, and he awoke only to the wretched conviction, that return was all too late, and his honour lost. He refused to be comforted—he refused to escape; he resolved to abide the consequences; and soon came a serjeant’s guard to arrest him. He stipulated for exemption from the lash—the serjeant could answer for nothing—the youth had his firelock in his hand—his mother urged—peril was imminent; he fired; the serjeant fell—and his companions disarmed the miserable boy—and he suffered the fate of a deserter—and a murderer. The violence and energy of a wilful woman, the author has always delighted to exhibit—and he never was more successful than in the Highland widow.

The second tale—one of far inferior interest and inferior execution—is entitled *The Two Drovers*. One is a Highlander, the other a Yorkshireman; business brings them frequently together, and, though nothing congenial exists between them, mutual interests make them friends. Before starting with a drove for England, an old spawwife, his aunt, in a fit of mountain inspiration, protests against the journey, for she sees blood upon his hand, and English blood too—and snatching his knife, refuses

to return it. He laughs at her warnings, but finally consents to put the knife into the keeping of a friend who is going the same road, and on the same errand, though not for some hours after. On arriving at a place where he and his friend the Yorkshireman propose stopping for the night, it so happens that they hire the same field for the accommodation of their cattle, one from the owner, the other from the bailiff. The Englishman loses temper, on being obliged to give way, and reproaches the Highlander with underhand doings. High words ensue, and nothing but a turn-up, or set-to, whatever the boxing phrase is, will satisfy the Yorkshireman. The Highlander is no boxer, and has no desire to fight; but being still urged and insulted, he proposes the broadsword. The broadsword is of course no weapon for a man who confides in his fist. Backed and prompted by the party, the Yorkshireman at last brands him with the name of coward, and knocks him down; and though the pluck of the Highlander impels him to return the blow, he proves no match for his practised opponent. Restless at this defeat and disgrace, he rushes forth to find the man who possesses his knife, and recovering it, he flies back to the inn, calls upon the Yorkshireman to come forward, and in the presence of the assembled party, plunges it in his bosom. On the trial, a long rigmarole of subtle distinction is made by the judge, to shew that the Italian with his stiletto, and the Highlander with his knife, are two very different characters. The one does the deed boldly, the other secretly. The one advances in front of his foe, and the other steals upon him. But the distinction is not worth a rush; for the man who was struck, and who stood up at the assassin's summons, had no apprehension of attack—to him the blow was as unexpected as if it had been given by stealth—and was, in effect, so given.

These two tales are, indeed, illustrative of Scottish principles; but the third, which occupies the whole of the second volume, has little to do with them. The author has ventured to take his people to India—a country of which he, of course, knows nothing but by the reports of his friends, and the intelligence of books. He has, however, prudently confined himself to matters of pretty general notoriety—still something coming more within his own purview is expected from such a person as Sir Walter Scott. We can only glance at the tale of the Surgeon's Daughter.—A lady, suddenly and mysteriously introduced to the surgeon, whose daughter is the heroine, in a small Scotch town, is delivered at his house of a child, which, on her recovery, is left in his charge. He knows nothing of the parties, but corresponds through a banker with the lady's supposed father. With the consent of this grandfather, the boy is brought up to his protector's profession, though but little disposed to sit down quietly to a

country practice, or any other humdrum employment. His ambition has been awakened, and he is panting for distinction—the old nurse has fed him with tales of his possible importance—that though his father was unknown, he must have been somebody of eminence, &c. The youth, however, goes through the usual routine of probation for his profession, in company with another young man, of nearly his own age, both of whom are attached to the surgeon's daughter; but the one of mysterious birth, who takes the name of Middlemas, carries her affection. On coming of age, he receives about 1,000*l.*, and taking leave of the surgeon, and his lovely daughter, proposes to go into the world and carve his own fortunes. He flies immediately to a young man, whom he had known as a lawyer's clerk, and who was now a captain in the East-India Company's army, and crimping for their service, who prevails upon him to join the corps—engaging to procure him a commission. With this person he goes to the depôt in the Isle of Wight, where, plunged in a state of ebriety, he is robbed and plundered by his friend, and, on coming to his senses, finds himself in the midst of scores of miserable and profligate wretches in the hospital,—from which deplorable condition he is speedily rescued by Hartley, his fellow-apprentice at the surgeon's, now in the Company's service, with the diploma of M.D., and visiting the hospital officially. Through his influence with the general, then commanding, whose children he had saved in the small-pox, he rescues his friend, and procures him redress; and in the course of the transaction discovers the general and his wife to be the parents of Middlemas, who was illegitimately born, and whom he endeavours to serve from affection for the surgeon's daughter, rather than motives of friendship—for they had been very indifferent friends. Though resolved not to acknowledge his son, from concern for his wife's honour, the general consents, on the intreaty of his wife, to an interview, before his departure for India. In this interview he makes some remark that cuts the poor lady to the soul; she faints—is removed to her own room—flies for relief to the piano, and dies, like a swan, in a stream of music little less than heavenly. Maddened by his loss, the general—he had had a *coup de soleil* in the east—breaks out into bitter reproaches against his son—who seems, however, to care little for reproaches—his whole mind being absorbed in considering how he may recover what appear to him to be his rights. Balked of his purpose, though impeded by no squeamishness, he sails for India, and the doctor also. In India, his insolence and profligacy soon get him into scrapes; and he kills his commanding officer in a duel. He betrays the government, and enters the service of the native princes, and finally stipulates for reinstatement to his rank in the Company's service, by offer-

ing to betray his employers. He has persuaded the surgeon's daughter to follow him to India, and he bargains with Tippoo for the government of Bangalore, on putting the beautiful girl into his possession. Hartley discovers the intrigue, and, by command of Hyder, Middlemas is finally crushed under the paw of an elephant. The young lady never recovers the shock of her lover's treachery—Hartley dies in the pursuance of his vocation—and she returns to her native

country, and plays the Lady Bountiful, with the means which Hyder had conferred upon her.

Worthy as much of these volumes is of the distinguished writer—surely, surely—names and prejudices apart—it is mere extravagance to place him at so immense an interval from all competitors, as many of our cotemporaries do—half a dozen might be mentioned as treading close upon his heels.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THERE are rumours of fierce attacks on the Minor theatres. We put no great faith in these rumours, inasmuch as they have regularly made a part of the menaces of every season, during the last half-dozen years, and they have always sunk without effect of any kind. But what could be more absurd, than that they should produce any effect? Why should the dramatic shillings of any man be compellable into the pockets of little the two great Winter theatres? or, why should not every man be allowed to use his money, his time, and himself just as he may please, within the natural limits of avoiding injury to others? We altogether doubt that the Minor theatres do any injury to the Major. Their effect upon the population of the suburbs, in which they chiefly exist, is probably to produce a theatric turn, which eventually directs itself into the treasury of the great theatres. These Minors are, in fact, outposts, from which regular communications are maintained with the two principal fortresses of the drama: they are colonies, which are always looking back to the mother country; they are ventures on foreign speculation, which regularly come back, in one shape or other, to the same market of Bow-street and Brydges-street. Let the Leviathans shew anything worth shewing, and they will have all the gazers crowding from north, south, east, and west, to see their gambols. Let them be stupid, and the dwellers on the Surrey side, the remote inhabitants of the Minorities, and the demi-civilized of Tottenham-court-road, will stay within their native regions, and leave the Leviathans to gambol in solitude.

We doubt the common imputation, that theatres necessarily increase the vices of a metropolis. Unfortunately, that increase depends on matters very little within the control of human regulation. We must first extinguish the misery that leads to vice, the wretched vicissitudes of fortune, in a commercial country; we must restrict the number of counting-houses and their clerks, the large establishments of trade in its lower branches, the conflux of the young into the great place of wealth, the crowd of sailors, the intercourse with foreigners. Without the slightest idea of palliating popular vice,

it must be obvious that its superflux, in this immense city, arises from circumstances interwoven with the general state of society; incapable of being put down completely by any magisterial effort; and as little to be excited by the theatre, as it is to be extinguished by the police-office.

But the Minor theatres are undoubtedly productive of one evil—a degraded taste in the drama. Their privileges extend to little more than a permission to produce the most humble imitations of plays. The general result is, the race of "Tom and Jerry," the miserable melo-dramas compiled from the Newgate Calendar, the preposterous fooleries of the lowest city life, and the low picture of the vulgar profligacies of the lower gaming-houses. We thus have taste humiliated and morals offended at the same time; manners share the degradation; and the broad impurity, dull humour, and disgusting vocabulary of the grossest offenders that lurk about the skirts of life in the metropolis, are made familiar to those who went to the theatre decent, and ought to come away unstained.

We dislike the idea of control upon anything connected with literature; and the manner in which the present licenser has exercised his office contrasts so ludicrously with his own publications, and the notorious facts of his life, that nothing but disgust can be felt on the mention of his newly-acquired zeal. But if a licenser be necessary for any of our dramatic exhibitions, it is not for the two great theatres, but for the little ones. Nothing, for instance, could be more absurd than to see the whole rage of official morality cutting and slashing away at Mr. Shee's tragedy, the moment when "Tom and Jerry" was teaching every apprentice, from Westminster to Whitechapel, the whole art and mystery of blackguardism, at sixpence a head. House-breaking and highway-robbery have had their representations on some of these theatres; and though the general purport of the representation is to shew the ruin that follows such a career, still the subjects are unfitted for public display, and may as often excite as repel. There should unquestionably be an authority somewhere, to repress those degrading ex-

hibitions. But, after all, they are only incidental; and, in nine instances out of ten, the evening of the London artisan will be spent more innocently, and even more productively, at the suburb theatre than in any other relaxation offered to him. We much doubt whether the well-known decrease of the more atrocious kinds of crime—the street robberies and murders, which, within memory, were the terror of London—is not strongly connected with the increased fondness for theatres. The artisan who, for a shilling, can spend his evening in the midst of music and pleasantry, with an interesting play going on before him, and in the comfort and companionship of a modern theatre, is infinitely better circumstanced for morals, health, and mental improvement, than the artisan who spends the same time in the alehouse, at probably five times the expense. One of the errors of our English system is the national want of amusement for the labouring classes; and the legislator who should supply this desirable requisite, under regulations adapted to prevent its inconveniences, would render a very valuable service to his country.

The activity of Drury Lane has not been suffered to go to sleep. That rare thing, a five-act comedy, has appeared: it is by Kenny—a very ingenious, practised, and dexterous *artiste* of plays. His “Bride at Fifty” was a capital adaptation. The French plot was meagre compared to his fulness, and witless compared to his gaiety. But a five-act comedy is a formidable test of power; and we may be long before we see one that will live beyond the first few nights of public curiosity. There is one obvious mischief in being able at adaptation—the writer finds it immeasurably difficult to be anything else as long as he lives. Even his dexterity is injurious to his legitimate success. The man who has walked long on crutches finds himself awkward when he must trust to his legs. Even the supremacy in these matters of spurious cleverness sinks and limits the natural powers. The rope-dancer stumbles on plain ground. The player of Punch, the more practised he is, the less he has the chance of ever speaking with a human voice. The painter turned copyist, can never draw an original stroke, while he holds a pencil. To every man who has an ambition to distinguish himself in that most captivating style of authorship, the Drama, we would say, in perfect conviction of the fact, Your peril is the French stage; never translate; never adapt; be original, or you will be nothing; draw from your own breast; or come at once to the true and the salutary conclusion—that you have not the talent essential to the Drama.

In these observations, we mean no offence to Mr. Kenny, whom we have already named as a very dexterous and pleasant writer, to the extent of his own objects in general; but whose dramatic distinction we think unfortunately curtailed by himself—by the

timidity which will not venture without the hand of some French *Farceur* to guide steps, which would have been stronger and surer if left to themselves. In the present instance, we think that he has been betrayed from the natural path of talent, by attempting to prop up English humour with French plot; and that the *Mansarde des Artistes*, and a little *Bas-bleu* farce, popular in Paris at the time of the controversy between the “Romantics” and the “Classics,” have been laid under heavy contribution. Yet the plot is the worst part of the play. *Sir Gregory Ogle* takes his second wife (a cheesemonger’s widow) and her two daughters to Paris, where they all become extravagantly accomplished. *Sir Gregory* has a nephew, whom he orders to marry a rich widow, and a niece who marries without his consent—and both of whom he treats harshly. But *Sir Gregory* has learned, old as he is, the worse habits of Paris, and pursues a handsome fair one, the daughter of an English painter. Her father is discovered to have been the husband of the Baronet’s sister, whom also he had treated harshly. The discovery makes him a repentant sinner; he allows his nephew to marry this pretty girl; he forgives his niece, and all is well. This is nearly all the plot. Yet what can be less equal to the severe exigencies of a five-act comedy? The characters are probably Mr. Kenny’s own, and their conception is a favourable evidence of his skill. Liston is a *ci-devant* English waiter turned into a man of 50,000*l.*, rambling through the coffee-houses of Paris, and performing the affectations of an idle man of the town; yet, without losing his native good-humour. He acts as a kind of *Paul Pry*, and is the general maker-up of matters through the piece; he frightens the Baronet into humanity by a disclosure; terrifies her ladyship into humility, by declaring that he knew her as cook to an alderman, &c. He laughs at all, and with all; and, with no apparent misprision of his own in the action of the play, is every thing, and every where. The blue-stocking portion rather disappointed the audience. Her ladyship was too vulgar in her manners, and too tawdry in her dress; her daughters neither said nor did anything of interest; and the dialogue was feeble. Yet some pleasant hits were made from time to time; as when a lady was mentioned to be so great a *blue*, that she might have come from an university, a French count says, “she is one of the ‘Oxford Blues.’”

The pathetic portions of the play were allotted to Miss E. Tree, as the painter’s daughter, who thinks herself abandoned by *Sir Gregory*’s nephew. Some of the recitation—for it was chiefly soliloquy—was eloquent; and it was delivered with very forcible effect by this clever actress, who certainly exerted herself to the utmost, and was of much service to the play. But there were, in fact, but three characters in the

entire—this heroine, Liston's part, and her Ladyship. Mrs. Davison, Wallack, Cooper, and Russel were cyphers. The passion for marriage at the close would have terrified Malthus: out of his eleven characters, five couple paired off as man and wife!

But there is a general disqualification about this play. The chief characters are unnecessarily taken from vulgar life. The rage of the day is too much in this style. Our leading novelists look for their principal interest in the conversation of clowns, beggars, thieves, and gipsies. This taste is injudicious. There may be occasional force in the headlong language of vulgar life; and nature may sometimes speak touchingly in the rude simplicity of the peasant: but the true interest is to be found only in the more cultivated ranks. The educated mind is not merely more graceful, but more active—not merely more remote from the offence of rude language, than from the dullness, clumsiness, and want of dexterity that characterizes the peasant-understanding. The Scotch novels labour to display the shrewdness of the rustic and the mendicant; and, undoubtedly, they both possess occasional ingenuity. But the true interest, in all instances, depends upon the movements and impressions of the more educated agents of the story.

Among our *permanent* plays, there is not one, in which the interest is connected with low life, except the "Beggars Opera;" and there the characters are redeemed by their being the close imitators of the higher life. *Mackeath's* language is that of a rake, but of the first rank of life in his day: it is dexterous, pungent, and vigorous. *Polly's* language is in general as delicate and pathetic as probably was to be found in the fancy of Gay—a man accustomed to courts. The decidedly vulgar scenes have been long since rejected by the public.

The introduction of vulgarity into Morton's, Reynolds's, and Colman's comedies, has always so far lowered their value; and the "push on, keep moving!" and other similar phrases, have actually, instead of sustaining their popularity, almost wholly expelled them from the stage. Their higher manners are humiliated by the connexion, their pleasantries are dulled, and their general truth of character is made more than questionable by the perpetual labour to raise rabble laughter.

The most diligently-wrought personage in Mr. Kenny's comedy is undone by this vulgarity. That the author could have well depicted a gentleman, and that Liston could have sustained the character, are equally clear. The error is intentional; and thus, for the principal character of the play, we have a waiter at a London coffee-house, rambling through the gaming-tables at Paris, and dispensing the triple slang of the kitchen, the stable, and the hell. And yet this is to be the benevolent man of the piece, the detector of crime, the protector of

innocence, the remembrancer and chastiser of absurdity! And this is done by one uttering the phrases of the gin-shop and the night-cellar—the "No go!" the "Doine-up!" the "Gammon!" and a whole vocabulary of the same repulsive kind.

The blue-stocking mother has been a cook-maid, who married a cheesemonger, and whose language is as conformable to her early career, as it is unpleasant to the taste of the audience. The result is failure; for such characters, though they may be tolerated on the stage, can never arrive at favouritism. In fact, this play, with a great deal of comic *matériel*, and with more vigour of dialogue than we have been accustomed to meet in modern composition, has been undone by the author's misconception of the source of popularity. Let him henceforth keep the vulgar for his footmen, if he will; but, as he values success, let him exclude it from the leading characters of his drama. We hope to see the ingenious author exerting himself long and often upon the field, the neglected but most fertile and pleasant field, of Comedy.

COVENT GARDEN—a theatre to which the public have been indebted, many a year, for some of the finest exhibitions of the stage—has at length put forth all its vigour in an Opera, "The Seraglio." The music is Mozart's, and the translation or adaptation is very well done. The plot has the simplicity of opera. An Italian fair one has been captured by a galley of Cyprus, and sent to the harem of the Pasha, who falls furiously in love with her. But she had left a lover in Italy, who follows her, disguised as a painter. He meets a former valet of his, now a slave in the Pasha's gardens. They form a plan for the lady's escape. The parties are arrested in their flight; and the Pasha is about to proceed to the height of Turkish indignation, when he discovers, by a bracelet, of which the lady has the counterpart, that she is his sister—he having been stolen in infancy from Christendom.

The rest of the characters are made up of Greek dancers, odalisques, an Irish surgeon of a man-of-war, and Madame Vestris, with whom the Doctor is in love in every shape of blunder. The dialogue in general was pleasant, and some of the Irishman's absurdities were amusing. Warde was the Pasha, and was formidably overloaded with sentiment. This, however, was no fault of his; and he always plays and looks like a gentleman.

When the music is declared to be Mozart's, criticism is almost silenced; for what can modern taste dare to question in the Shakspeare of music? Yet, even Mozart had his lapses; and we must think that this is one of them. The history of the composition may account for the failure. It was among his first experiments on any striking scale; it was for the German taste of a day, when that taste was remarkable for heaviness, and it was before Mozart had

formed the style which has given him such distinguished celebrity. It was highly popular, in its day, we will allow; but its popularity chiefly arose from the novelty of bringing the whole force of the German orchestra into the accompaniment. Mozart triumphed by this new auxiliary; but, in his future pieces, he looked to the surer source of fine melodies, and has, in consequence, retained a rank upon the stage, which otherwise would have perished with the first honours of the "Seraglio."

With a vast quantity of rich accompaniment, and laborious composition, we doubt whether the opera contains a single air which an English audience would ever desire to hear. But one was encoined on the first night, a little melody sung by Madame Vestris, and indebted for its fortune solely to the acting of this ingenious performer. But we are glad to see managers looking to Germany: the school is rich in fine composition. There are a hundred operas in the German library, not one of which has been known here, but which would, with a certain adaptation, be highly popular. But that adaptation is necessary. A few graceful airs, added from our English stores, to the "Seraglio," would have given it a spirit which it entirely wants, and have probably gone far to insure its permanent success upon our stage. This may not be too late yet; and the experiment is well worth being made.

The scenery and general equipment of the opera deserve peculiar praise. Four or five of the scenes were equal to any work of the pencil that we remember in theatres. Bold, simple, and picturesque, they united beauty of design with vigour of execution, in a singular and admirable degree. The first scene, the Ruins of the Temple of Bacchus, is magnificent; the pellucid water, the wild abruptness of the mountain above, the rich and time-coloured beauty of the mouldering columns and statuary, are perfect. If the design could be transferred with equal effect to canvass, we know no price that would be beyond its value. The seraglio garden, with an ancient fort in the background; and the scene of an amphitheatre in ruins, a bold and broken view of island landscape, combined with fine architectural remains, deserve similar praise. The concluding

scene, the Pasha's palace and grounds, is brilliant, but less to our taste. Its architecture is Indian, or Babylonish, not Greek; and the gaudiness of the colour, the quantity of gilding, and the superabundant brightness of the light, are overpowering. The first scene, for us, carries off the palm—if it be not rivalled by the amphitheatre. We congratulate Covent Garden on having thus re-asserted its old claim to fine embellishment. The processions, dances, and chorusses, were excellent. A festival of Bacchus, by torchlight, was perfectly classic; and the sailing in of the Pasha's gondola was one of the most showy exhibitions of the stage. The house was crowded, and the opera was applauded to the conclusion.

Giving due credit to managers for having done so much, we must still ask why they have so far forgotten the old sources of popularity, as not to take advantage of public events? In the late war, the stage reflected the Gazette, and every British exploit was presented to the public eye with the vividness that nothing but the stage can give. From the capture of a fleet to the cutting out of a frigate, was commemorated; and nothing could have been at once more attractive to a British audience, more gratifying to the heroic doers of the deed, or, in a higher sense, more suitable and congenial to the manly spirit of the nation. Yet a great battle has been fought by the favourite arm of England, a victory gained, whose consequences may be of the most pregnant import to Europe; a bloody, base, and malignant persecutor taught to feel that massacre must have its punishment; and a Christian people, the most interesting from old recollections, the most unhappy from remorseless slavery, and the most meritorious from desperate risks and unwearied resistance under all disasters, of any people on whom the sun shines—the Greek nation protected by the shield of England—the first of the ancient lands of freedom lifted up in its wounds and chains, by the first of the modern empires, in which freedom is the living principle. Yet Navarino has passed by without an attempt at its celebration. This argues badly at once for the taste, the public tact, and the activity of both houses. We hope the stigma will not be left to the suburb stage to remove.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

This society resumed its meetings on Thursday the fifteenth instant; but the only circumstance worthy of notice that occurred, was a proposal for giving an addition to the salary of one of the secretaries, for editing its publications. Now, as we have been in-

duced to pay attention to the proceedings of this fraternity, in consequence of some recent exposures of the ridiculous manner in which it is conducted, the prostitution of its funds, and the total neglect of the objects for which it was formed, we are decidedly of opinion that, instead of rewarding the editor of such frivolous articles, all who are in any way concerned in pro-

ducing them, ought to be made responsible for the payment of the paper and type which have been wasted on the occasion. More absurd speculations, it was never our lot to meet with; and our surprise was considerable on turning to the list of its members, to perceive the names of men among them, who are really distinguished by their historical attainments. If, however, the statements in the Westminster and Retrospective Reviews may be relied upon, the cause of the worthlessness of the transactions of the Society, is explained, by the selections which are made for its councils, which, it appears, are constituted of merchants, instead of antiquaries; and *music-masters*, instead of historians; nor are the officers more conspicuous in the republic of letters. Its president is an earl; its vice-presidents, excepting Mr. Hallam, are unknown by their works; its treasurer is a registrer of slaves; its director is an attorney; and only one of its secretaries is possessed of any other literary reputation than belongs to a dull compiler of the dullest of all compilations.

The result is what might be expected: its intellectual members are disgusted: its stupid ones—and we fear they preponderate—are indifferent, or perhaps worse; and the management of the society's affairs is consequently left to an oligarchy, possessed neither of talents nor judgment. The host of objects—the translation of early chronicles, the publication of valuable MSS., for example, upon which its revenues might be employed to advantage, are neglected; and every other proper subject for its attention is equally forgotten. The Society has thus fallen into a state of imbecility, from which nothing short of an absolute change in its government can recover it.

Fully estimating the services which such an institution might render to historical literature, we rejoice that the press has at length pointed out the abuses by which it is degraded; and, through its agency, we hope that the members will be induced to remove them. They have the power; and we dare not libel them by supposing that they have not the inclination to use it for so important an object: or, will they continue to allow the F.S.A., which they affix to their names, to be a mark of derision; their weekly meetings to be as rapid as the tea-table of a village gossip; and their lucubrations to be less distinguished by genius or learning, than the worst of the Leadenhall-street novels?

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—August 20, 1827.—M. Arago gave an account of the experiments which he had made on steam-engines, in conjunction with M. Dulong. He also read a letter from M. Pons, announcing the discovery of a new comet.—M. M. de Mirbel and Cassini made a report on the paper of M. Turpin, containing observations on the organization and re-production of the truffle, and remarks on the theory of the organization of vegetables in general.—27. Colonel Bory-de-Saint-Vincent presented a monographic essay on certain animalcula, to the academy.—M. Chevreul read the report of a committee upon the process of dyeing in blue, communicated by M. Ratienville, jun.—September 3. M. F. Cuvier made a verbal report on a work of M. Degeando, on the education of the deaf and dumb.—M. Joumal, jun., a physician at Narbonne, announced the discovery of several caverns, containing fossil bones, in the neighbourhood of Bisc.—M. M. Dumeril and Majendie reported on a paper of M. Velpéau, on the human ovum.—M. M. Chevreul, Gay-Lussac, and Dulong, made their report on the memoirs of M. Serullas, relative to the combination of chlorine and cyanogen, or cyanuret of chlorine and bromate of selenium.—M. Cauchy read a memoir on the determination of the series of Lagrange by a definite integral; in another memoir, he determines the law of convergence of the series of Lagrange, and others of the same nature, and proves that the convergence depends in all cases on the resolution of a transcendental equation.—M. de Blainville made a verbal communication respecting the organization of a species of terebratulæ.—M. M. Biot, Gay-Lussac, Poisson, and Navier, made their report on a memoir of M. Clement-Desormes, relating to an effect observed in the escape of elastic fluids, and of the accidents to which safety-valves are liable.—17. M. Raspail announced, that he had discovered in the subterraneous logs of typha, a fecula, possessing very peculiar characters, which he details.—M. Poincot read a memoir on the composition of mechanical forces.—M. Girard made a verbal report on a geographical and hydrographical essay on Egypt, dedicated to the King of France, by M. M. Segato and Masi, of Leghorn.—M. Moreau de Jonnès made a communication on the phenomena which recently occurred at the Antilles, at the time of the earthquake, which was felt at Martinique on the 3d of June last.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

A new edition of "The Adventures of Nouragius," is in the press. We are happy to learn that the publicity which this work has gained for the author—a publicity which we were the first to contribute to—has induced the Director of the East India Company to place him on their establishment.

The "Stanley Tales," Part I, Second Series, with considerable improvements, and beautifully illustrated, is in the press.

The Authoress of "Stanmore" has announced her intention of publishing a new Novel, to be called "Cuthbert;" it will appear early in January.

A Summary of the Laws relating to the Government and Maintenance of the Poor. By Sir Gregory A. Lewin, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law.

Sunday Evening Discourses; or, a Compendious System of Scriptural Divinity; for the Use of Households. By the Rev. Richard Warner. In 2 vols. 12mo.

Mr. Canning's Parliamentary Speeches will be forthcoming in December. The delay in their publication has been occasioned solely by the preparation of the Memoir and Portrait which are to accompany them.

The Subaltern's Log Book, including Anecdotes of well-known Military Characters, in 2 vols. post 8vo., is announced as nearly ready.

A Discourse on the Poor Laws of England and Scotland, on the State of the Poor of Ireland, and on Emigration, by George Strickland, Esq., is in the press.

The Lady's Monitor, or Letters and Essays on Conduct, Morals, Religion, &c. addressed to Young Ladies, by Lady Jane Grey, Queen Katharine, &c. &c.

Journal of Morbid Anatomy, or Researches Physiological, Pathological, and Therapeutic. By J. R. Farre, M.D. The first number to appear early in 1828.

Posthumous Papers, facetious and fanciful, of a Person lately about Town, will be published in a few days.

A Translation from the German of Madame Pichlet's new Historical Romance, entitled, the Swedes in Prague.

Lieutenant Siboon announces a Practical Treatise on Topographical Surveying and Drawing, with Instructions for Topographical Modelling, or the Art of representing the Surface of the Country in relief.

A short series of Popular Lectures on the Steam Engine, by Dr. Lardner, the Professor of Mechanical Philosophy in the New University, is announced for publication.

Parts II. and III. of the Dictionary of Anatomy and Physiology. By H. Dewhurst, Esq. F.A.S. Lecturer on Anatomy, &c.

A Treatise on the General Principles, Powers, and Facility of Application of the Congreve Rocket System, as compared with Artillery, showing the various Applications of this Weapon, both for Sea and Land Ser-

vice, and its different Uses in the Field and in Sieges. Illustrated by 12 plates. By Major-General Sir W. Congreve, Bart. 4to.

The White Hoods: an Historical Romance. By A. E. Bray, late Mrs. C. Stothard, Author of "De-Foix," "Letters Written during a Tour through Normandy and Brittany," &c. In 3 vols.

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Physiological Illustrations of the Organ of Hearing. By T. Buchanan, C.M. Royal 8vo.

A new Volume of Tales, by the Author of "May You Like It," is in the press, and will appear before Christmas.

An Historical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Account of Kirkstall Abbey. Embellished with Engravings from original Drawings, by W. Mulready and C. Cope. In post 8vo.

The following works are in the press, by the Rev. James Hinton, A.M. and George Cox, of the Classical School at Oxford:

1. First Steps to the Latin Classics; comprising Simple Sentences, arranged in a progressive Series, with directions for Construing, and a literal interlineal translation.

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The Process of Historical Proof Explained and Exemplified; to which are subjoined, Observations on the peculiar points of the Christian Evidence. By Isaac Taylor, Jun. Author of "Elements of Thought," and "Transmission of Ancient Books."

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Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City. A Poem. In four Cantos. By Mr. James Bird, author of the Vale of Sloughden, and various other poetical compositions, is in the press.

The Infants School System, as it is generally practised. In 8vo.

In the press. *Institutes of the Laws of Holland*, by Johannes Vander Linden, D.S.D. and Judge of the Court of First Instance at Amsterdam; translated by order of the Right Hon. the Earl Bathurst, late His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, by Jabez Henry, esq. late President of Demerara and Essequibo, Senior Commissioner of Legal Inquiry into the Administration of Justice in the West India Colonies; and Author of an Essay on the Roman Law of the Manumission of Slaves and its Application to the Colonies; Report on the Criminal Law at Demerara and in the Ceded Dutch Colonies; Treatise on Foreign Law, &c. &c. &c.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras. 4to, with plates.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE excessive dampness of the atmosphere that prevailed during the early part of the period comprised in the present Report, together with the sharp frosts that have taken place more recently, have combined to spread through the metropolis an unusual number of those slighter febrile affections, popularly denominated *colds*. They have appeared under the several shapes of catarrh, bronchitis, hoarseness, flying pains of the limbs, lumbago, and swellings of the submaxillary glands. Nor have the several kinds of disease attributable to the same source been wanting. Cynanche tonsillaris, pleurisy, peripneumony, and acute rheumatism have been, and still continue, very general; but, as far as the Reporter's observation extends, they have not proved particularly severe in those whose previous health was good. A few days have usually sufficed, in such habits, for the perfect restoration of health. The approach of winter, however, has had far different results in a different class of persons;—in those, to wit, who had been occasionally suffering, during the summer months, from cough and spitting—in those far advanced in life—and, generally, in all whose state of bodily health had been, through any cause, previously enfeebled; the raw cold and fog of the last month have tried the constitutions of such persons most severely. Many have already sunk under their baneful influence. Some are now lingering, with scarce a prospect of amendment; while to others the best-directed exertions of art can scarcely hold out any other hope than that of the temporary alleviation of pain. The comparative superiority of a cold and frosty air over that of a moist one, in promoting the health and vigour of the human frame, has been strongly exemplified in the course of the last month. Many individuals, oppressed in their breathing, and so feeble, during the damp days that prevailed in the first fortnight of November, as scarcely to be able to leave their rooms, have, since the setting-in of the frost, recovered their voice, and improved in strength and hope.

Typhus fever has considerably diminished. The cases of this complaint that now occur are not only fewer in number, but milder in kind. The Reporter, indeed, has met with a considerable number of cases, within the last six weeks, of a disorder which the old authors

would have called *febris erratica*. This complaint has been characterized by occasional attacks of chilliness and shivering, not recurring at any fixed periods, general weakness, pains of the limbs, palpitation, loss of appetite, with perhaps thirst and scanty secretions. Most of these persons were able to follow up, in some degree, their ordinary employments. In many instances, the disorder had been allowed to creep on for several weeks before medical assistance was requested. The Reporter found that, with few exceptions, all medicines of an evacuating kind aggravated this disease, and protracted a cure, which, under the free administration of sulphate of guinine and æther, was rapidly and with great certainty effected. The Reporter, in the course of his medical experience in the metropolis, never remembers meeting with so large a number of consecutive cases of fever not traceable to malaria, to the throwing off of which tonic remedies appeared to be so decidedly indispensable.

Among the younger branches of the community, measles seems to be the most prevalent disorder. Scarlet fever is also occasionally met with; but, as far as the Reporter can ascertain, there is nothing peculiar in the symptoms or severe in the character of these affections, as they at present occur. In weakly and scrofulous children, they have sometimes proved fatal; but, for the most part, they have run a mild and favourable course. Small-pox is less frequent than it has been for several months past.

Looking back upon the medical history of the metropolis for the two past years, the Reporter is strongly impressed with the feeling of its comparative healthiness. In all situations, a certain portion of sickness is to be anticipated; and where might we so reasonably expect that sickness would prevail, in its extremes of extent and severity, as where upwards of a million of human beings are collected together? The atmosphere, tainted by the breath, is loaded at the same time with the pernicious exhalations of innumerable fires; while the height of the houses, and the closeness of the streets, offer obstacles apparently insuperable to its due purification. When we reflect upon this, and upon a multitude of other sources of disease, which seem almost of necessity to connect themselves with the circumstances of a large city, it is wonderful in how great a degree the health of the inhabitants of London is preserved. Much is doubtless attributable to the excellence of the municipal regulations, to the ample supply of water, to the depth and universality of the sewers, and to the careful cleansing of the streets. But the great secret is to be found in the habits of the lower orders. They feel and prize the comforts of life, and they spare no efforts of industry to acquire them. Cleanliness pervades their habitations; their diet is far superior to that of a similar class of persons in the country; their children are better clothed. These advantages compensate the inhabitants of the metropolis for the want of the pure breezes and open fields, which would otherwise give to their brethren in rural life so decided a superiority. As it is, the chances of life are pretty nearly alike in town and country; and if the hourly temptations of the gin-shop, which lead so many to their destruction, could but be avoided, they might perhaps actually be found in favour of the inhabitants of London.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square, Nov. 24, 1827.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WITH the month of November, of course the wheat-seed season concludes; and, taking it generally, the present may be said to have been finished under as happy auspices, whether in regard to the state of the atmosphere, of the lands, or of the necessary agricultural forces to be put in operation, as any which have preceded it. Partial and temporary interruptions there doubtless have been, among which the most considerable was that deluge of rain which fell several weeks since, and by which the low grounds exposed to it were rendered a mere bog. The evaporation which afterwards took place has reclaimed a part; leaving yet a considerable breadth, the seeding which with wheat must be an obvious risk. On some of those lands, already sown, great part of the young wheats were completely washed out of the ground; yet too much was left for it to be easy to decide on ploughing up the crop. In this case, surely it must be eligible to re-seed the bare patches; a practice, nevertheless, we believe, much oftener talked of than really executed. The latter diggings of the potatoe have turned up successfully, over the three kingdoms; completing a crop of that universal root, great beyond expectation, both in quantity and quality. We have thus secured a crop of bread corn, of second bread, and of malt corn, fully sufficient for the support of the whole population; and if, in the ensuing season, such complaints should exist, as a want of bread and beer for those who duly earn them by their labour, the calamity must arise from a very different cause to that of scarcity.

The vast crop of autumnal grass, superior also as it has proved, in quality, to *fog*, in most years, will no doubt incline the farmer to keep his live stock abroad to a late period of the present season. This advantage, together with the ample provision of winter and early spring food, which has been generally made, in a proportion, indeed, beyond that of

any preceding year, will render winter feeding of cattle of all kinds, both a comfortable and profitable occupation, the public at large having its due share of the benefits. The turnip crop, in the aggregate, is far greater and of better quality, than could, in months past, have possibly been hoped and expected of it; on the best lands it appears to equal that of the most fruitful years. The Swedes which we have gone over, are of high promise; but considering the superior quality of that root, we have always regretted the comparative smallness of the quantity cultivated. To those who can remember the original aversion of our farmers to the very name of the 'wuzzelly-fuzzelly' root, and the constant ridicule they poured on all those who attempted to introduce it, it is pleasant to remark the change of opinion and practice of themselves or their successors. The culture of mangel (*mangold*) wurtzel has, at length, become the fancy, or hobby-horsical culture of the day; with an admirable concomitant, which, truly, we were not sanguine enough to expect—that of *drawing and storing* the roots: for, be it known, that the difficulty has been equally great to induce a farmer to be at the profitable labour and expense of drawing and storing his roots, as to persuade him to cultivate the cramp-named beet. Three score years past, and during the prevalence of the Tullian husbandry, our superior stock feeders, invariably, in winter stored their turnips; and, at that period, various articles were in profitable culture, of which the very names have long since vanished from the country, the GOLDEN CROP shutting out all intruders. It will not be always so.

The late change, from an extremely mild temperature, to frost of a considerable degree of severity, will have a favourable effect in checking the too great luxuriance of the early sown and forward wheats, and of impeding the operations of the slug and grub, which, during their element, warmth and moisture, had already made alarming havoc. Winter tares, of which there never was a greater breadth in the country, cover the land well, and have a most luxuriant appearance. Live stock, of every description, is in full autumnal plenty, and, by consequence, somewhat lower in price, fat things included; yet every thing, fat or store, which is really good, meets a ready sale, more especially milch cows, in-calfers, and pigs. Some considerable time must pass ere flesh meat can be cheap. Good cart horses and cart colts find great prices, which must continue to be the case with good horses of every description, unless the present steam speculations for road carriage should really take effect. The roads, *Macadamized* by our unfortunate ex-labourers, were never before in so fine a condition. Great errors have been committed, indeed, of the most calamitous and fatal tendency, on the subject of the labourers in husbandry. Perpetual complaints are afloat of the inequality of price in all agricultural produce, as a remuneration to the grower; on the other hand, the complaints of the consumer are equally loud on the exorbitant price of all articles of the first necessity. On the whole, prices, however inadequate, certainly bear a considerable figure, all circumstances, present and prospective, considered. The squabbling and contention in the country, between buyer and seller, on the score of new and old measure, is almost as rational as legislation without compulsion. It is not quite clear that any difference can result whether the corn be sold by the Imperial or Winchester bushel, since the price must necessarily follow the bushel. By the quantity of cold and rough handed wheats thrown upon the markets, it would seem that the fine and dry, of which the quantity must have been great, are generally held. The government and the maltsters having settled their affair amicably, and the latter appearing in no great haste to commence for the season, argue any thing rather than a defective stock of malt. There has been a considerable movement in the wool trade, but no great advance of price—an advantage, under present circumstances, not to be expected. Manufactures are reviving in all quarters. The crime of horse-stealing, through suiferance, has actually become a settled trading concern in the country; and, but for its deplorable nature and consequences, our apathy and tolerance would form a proper subject of ridicule.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 10d.—Mutton, 3s. to 4s. 8d.—Venl, 4s. to 6s.—Pork, 4s. 6d. (Dairy).—Raw fat, 2s. 6½d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat 42s. to 61s.—Barley, 27s. to 36s.—Oats, 18s. to 34s.—Bread, 9d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 105s.—Clover 90s. to 125s.—Straw, 26s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 31s. to 40s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, Nov. 23, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The demand for Muscavadoes continues steady and considerable. The average of daily sales is 800 hogsheads, and prices are fully supported. The stock of Sugar to-day is 15,930 hogsheads and tons less than at the same period of time last year. The Refined market has become rather heavy at the close.

Rum.—A parcel of St. Lucias sold at 2s. 8d. per gallon; and Jamaica Rums have been steady, and in good demand:—but Brandy and Hollands without any alteration since our last Report.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—By letters from Petersburg, dated the 28th, Tallow was at 96 to 98 roubles, and exchange at 10½d. per rouble.

Cotton.—The demand for Cotton still continues very dull, and a further decline of a farthing to a halfpenny per lb. in the Liverpool market has taken place.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 4.—Hamburgh, 36. 8.—Altona, 38. 9.—Petersburg, 10d. rouble.—Frankfort, 15½.—Paris, 25. 35.—Bordeaux, 25. 60.—Madrid, 35½.—Barcelona, 34½.—Seville, 35.—Gibraltar, hard dollars, 46.—Leghorn, 4.—Rio Janeiro, 34.—Bahia, 40.—Lisbon, 47½.—Oporto, 47½.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.—Calcutta, 22½.—Madras, 21.—Bombay, 20.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £3. 17s. 6d.—In bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—Doubloons, 37. 14s.—New Dollars, 4s. 10.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 303½.—Coventry, 1250½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 113½.—Grand Junction, 310½.—Kennet and Avon, 29½. 5s.—Leeds and Liverpool, 395½.—Oxford, 28½.—Regent's, 28½.—Trent and Mersy, 850½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 300½.—London Docks, 92½.—West-India, 209½. 0s.—East London WATER WORKS, 125½.—Grand Junction, 65½.—West Middlesex, 73½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—1½ dis.—Globe 15½.—Guardian, 21½.—Hope, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 97½.—GAS-LIGHT, Westminster Chartered Company, 55½.—City Gas-Light Company, 167½.—British, 11 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 22d of October and the 22d of November 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Duval, P. jun., Mirories, carpenter
Leigh, J. Blue-anchor-road, Bermondsey, engineer
Richards, W. Pifehead Magdalen, Dorsetshire, dealer
Robinson, T. Porter-street, Newport-market, upholsterer

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 116.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Alfrey, W. Ironmonger-lane, Cheapside, woollen-draper. [Matanle, Bond-court, Walbrook
Austin D. Cottage-grove, Mile-end Old town, brick-maker. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Anderson, W. Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, bookseller. [Francis, New Boswell-court
Acton, T. Holton, Cheshire, innkeeper. [Potts and Co., Chester
Alderson, G. Ferry-bridge, Yorkshire, coach proprietor. [Coleman, Pontefract; Gregory, Clement's-inn
Atkinson, R. St. Paul's Church-yard, linen-draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Acton, J. Ipswich, maltster. [Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn
Bramwell, W. Eybury-street, Pimlico, wine-merchant. [Crane, Union-court, Broad-street
Birkhead, J. P. Watlington, apothecary. [James, Ely-place; Cook, Watlington
Brown, J. L. Milsom-street, Bath, draper. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Barnard, I. Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, jeweller. [Reilly, Clement's-inn
Bidmead, J. Cheltenham, plumber. [King, Sergeant's-inn; Chadborn, Gloucester
Birkett, W. Whitehaven, grocer. [Helder, Clement's-inn; Walker, Whitehaven
Bollock, E. Bath, haberdasher. [Clowes and Co.,

King's-bench-walk, Temple; Hardy and Co., Bath
Barber, R. Upper Clapton, plumber. [Dicas, Pope's-head-alley, Cornhill
Bremer, J. C. Somerset-place, New-road, White-chapel, merchant. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Brown, J. H. Duke-street, Manchester-square, chemist. [White and Co., New-square, Lincoln's-inn
Baeyertz, F. Bread-street-mews, merchant. [Towne, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Carter, A. Crosby-row, Walworth, baker. [Kiss, Gloucester-buildings, Walworth
Cull, J. Portsmouth, maltster. [Bogue and Co., Raymond's-buildings, Gray's-inn
Copeland, W. Sheffield, surgeon. [Capes, Raymond's-buildings, Gray's-inn; Hardy, Sheffield
Copley, G. Wakefield, Yorkshire, linen-draper. [Coleman, Pontefract; Gregory, Clement's-inn
Cooper, W. Cheltenham, music-seller. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn fields; Pruett and Co., Cheltenham
Cheese, J., J. R. Gordon, and W. Low, late of Red-lion-court, Fleet-street, printers. [Watson and Co., Bouverie-street, Strand
Crossman, T. Bristol, victualler. [Jones, Crosby-square; Saunders, Bristol
Creese, W. Gloucester, innkeeper. [King, Sergeant's-inn; Abell and Clutterbuck, Gloucester
Cooper, W. H. Cannon-row, Westminster, dealer in Roman cement. [Oriell and Leader, Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate-street
Darby, E. Arabella-row, Pimlico, oil and colourman. [Hodgson and Co., Salisbury-street
Duncan, E. and W. Brecon and Merthyr Tydfil, mercers. [Bold and Co., Brecon; Bicknell and Co., New-square, Lincoln's-inn
Dollman, C. Regent-street, Mary-le-bone, East India shawl-warehouseman. [Bailey, Berner's street, Oxford-street

- Dawson, R. Liverpool, merchant. [Prift and Co., Liverpool; Blackstock and Co., Temple]
- Dodson, N. and T. Subin, Lewisham, corn-chandlers. [Tadhunter, Bermondsey street]
- Dyson, W. Clayton West, Yorkshire, carpenter. [Rodgers, Sheffield; Rodgers, Devonshire-square]
- Davies, W. Southampton, dealer in music. [Hawke, Broad street-chambers; Winter and Co., Bedford-row]
- Ellis, W. Seymour-street, St. Paneras, grocer, [Aubrey, Took's-court, Cursitor-street]
- Edwards, P. Liverpool, corn-broker. [Holden, Liverpool; Wheeler and Co., Gray's-inn-place]
- Elliott, J. Bond-court, Walbrook, money-scrivener. [Kwington, Bond-court, Walbrook]
- Edmonds, T. junior, Steyning, Sussex, timber-merchant. [Howarth, Warwick-street, Golden-square]
- Eborall, J. Litchfield, mercer. [Constable and Co., Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane; Parr, Litchfield]
- Fenton, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Lord-street, Liverpool]
- Fogg, J. Bolton-le-moors-lane, innkeeper. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Cross and Co., Bolton-le-moors]
- Fletcher, G. Worksop, Notts, blacksmith. [Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham; Hurd and Co., Temple]
- Fraley, N. junior, Trowbridge, Wilts, builder. [Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand]
- Gales, W. Brighton, wine-merchant. [Tilson and Co., Coleman-street]
- Gesson, M. A. Crawley, Sussex, hatter. [Dendy and Co., Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane; Steedman, Horsham]
- Green, T. Clarence-cottage, West-green, Tottenham, builder. [Holmes, Great Knighttrider-street, Doctors' Commons]
- Graham, J. Liverpool, innkeeper. [Morecroft, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn]
- Grimani, C. Blackheath, schoolmaster. [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury]
- Hayes, S. Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, book-seller. [Wigley, Essex-street, Strand]
- Harris, R. Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, corn-dealer. [Brooks, Stow-on-the-wold, Gloucestershire; Jones and Co., Great Mary-le-bone-street]
- Howden, G. Ingress-park, Kent, boarding-house-keeper. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house]
- Hornblow, W. Aere-lane, Clapham, master-mariner. [Alliston and Co., Freeman's-court, Cornhill]
- Hughes, J. Lombard-street, broker. [Vickery, New Boswell court, Carey-street]
- Harrison, W. B. and G. Manchester, cotton-dealers. [Thompson and Co., Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Hammond, G. Strensall, Yorkshire, tanner. [Bell and Co., Bow-church-yard; Thorpe and Co., York]
- Hughes, J. Cheltenham, butcher. [King, Hatton-garden; Packwood, Cheltenham]
- Joseph, T. Cheltenham, hatter. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane]
- Jones, T. High-street, Shoreditch, linen-draper. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane]
- James, W. Bruton, Somersetshire, blacksmith. [Hartley, New-bridge street; Miller, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire]
- Johnson, E. Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper. [Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn; Richardson, Hull]
- Jessup, W. junior, Broad-street, Ratcliffe, victualler. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square]
- Kent, J. Great Cambridge-street, Hackney-road, builder. [Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook]
- Knight, J. Rupert-street, St. James's, saddler's-hornmonger. [Young, Poland-street, Oxford-street]
- Lax, J. Liverpool, grocer. [Williamson, Liverpool; Rearsley, Lothbury]
- Lloyd, R. Bourne Farm, Edmonton, cattle-dealer. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row]
- Mallalieu, A. Cobham-place, Finsbury-square, agent. [Robinson, Walbrook]
- M'Turk, W. Pils-worth, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. [Lever, Gray's-inn-square; Acre and Co., Manchester]
- Martindale, J. of the Flatts, Durham, farmer. [Carr and Jobling, and Kirkley and Fenwick, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard]
- Moore, W. Upper King-street, Bloomsbury, cord-wainer. [Vincent, Clifford's inn]
- Mumford, T. Kennington-cross, coach-master. [Blake, Essex-street, Strand]
- Metcalf, G. Liverpool, grocer. [Blackstock and Co., Temple; Brabner, Fenwick-street, Liverpool]
- Moore, S. Crown-street, Soho, victualler. [Matzule, Bond-court, Walbrook]
- Mullen, S. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham; Hend and Co., Temple]
- March, W. F. Southampton, ship-owner. [Pepper, Southampton; Brundrett and Co., Temple]
- Moses, L. Harrow, slopseller. [Wright, Bucklersbury]
- Millwood, J. Hammersmith, builder. [Lonsdale, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane]
- Marshman, B. Castle-street, Leicester-square, woollen-draper. [Ridout, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury]
- Newmarch, B. Cheltenham, coal-merchant. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Praen and Co., Cheltenham]
- Preedy, J. Bristol, grocer. [Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row]
- Pallan, M. Ranskill, Notts, victualler. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square]
- Phipps, G. Morton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire, victualler. [King, Hatton-garden; Goore, Morton-in-Marsh]
- Rainford, G. Kidderminster, liquor-merchant. [Parker and Co., Worcester; Cardall and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn]
- Robinson, F. Ripley, Derbyshire, grocer. [Fox, Ashbourne; Barber, Fetter-lane]
- Rees, J. Neath, Glamorganshire, linen-draper. [Cardall and Co., Gray's-inn; Powell, Neath]
- Raphael, P. Hosier-lane, Smithfield, glass-dealer. [Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion house]
- Richardson, E. T. Charing-cross, watch-maker. [Webber, Bedford-row]
- Rogers, T. Shacklewell, boarding-house-keeper. [Richardson and Co., Poultry]
- Roby, R. Leamington, Warwickshire, hotel-keeper. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Carey-street; Patterson, Leamington]
- Roper, H. Aldermanbury, woollen-factor. [Scott, Prince's-street, Bedford-row]
- Stippen, E. Newman-street, Oxford-street, music-seller. [Bishop, Great James-street, Bedford-row]
- Strudwicke, W. H. Covent Garden-market, fruiterer. [Pellatt and Co., Ironmonger's-hall, Fenchurch-street]
- Sims, G. F. Sun-street, Bishopsgate-street, chippman. [Bowden, Little St. Thomas Apostle]
- Snowden, R. Liverpool, master-mariner. [Alliston and Co., Freeman's-court, Cornhill]
- Steinback, H. Castle-street, Leicester-square, gold embroiderer. [Barrett and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Smith, T. S. New Exchange Coffee-house, Strand, wine-merchant. [Henson and Co., Bouverie-street]
- Sharpe, S. Market-Deeping, Lincolnshire, money-scrivener. [Monkhouse, Craven-street, Strand; Bonner, Spalding]
- Thompson, S. late of Bolton-le-Moors, ironfounder. [Barker, Gray's-inn-square; Woodhouse, Bolton-le-Moors]
- Taylor, J. Green-arbour-court, Old Bailey, type-founder. [Clarke and Co., Sadler's-hall]
- Tucker, J. Church's-mill, Woodchester, clothier. [Housman, Woodchester; Cardall and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Thompson, J. Winkley, Yorkshire, flax-spinner. [Thompson, Stansfield, and Thompson, Halifax; Wigglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Tobias, J. Ratcliffe-highway, furrier. [Isaacs, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields]
- Turner, E. Warrington, Lancashire, banker.

[Duckworth and Co., Prince's-street, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane. 7979.]
 Taylor, J. T. Upper Thames-street, iron-merchant.
 [Thomas, Fen-court; Fenchurch-street.]
 Tebbutt, H. Stamford, Lincolnshire, grocer.
 [Fladgate and Co., Essex-street, Strand; Jackson, Stamford.]
 Tetley, J. Harden, Yorkshire, worsted-stuff-manufacturer. [Constable and Co., Symond's-Inn, Chancery-lane; Dawson, Heligley.]
 Whitmarsh, J. Old Bond-street, Piccadilly, victualler. [Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane, Cannon-street.]
 Ward, H. W. Berner's-street, merchant. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn-place.]
 Whitlock, J. Weedon, Northamptonshire, timber-merchant. [Carlton, High-street, Mary-le-bone.]
 Wardle, T. Lad-lane, silk manufacturer. [James, Bucklersbury.]
 Wall, W. Great Titchfield-street, Mary-le-bone, tailor. [Tilbury and Co., Falcon-street, Aldersgate-street.]
 Watson, W. late of South Shields, agent. [Lowrey and Co., Pinner's-hall-court, Broad-street; Lowrey, North Shields.]
 Wilson, C. Henley-on-Thames, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane.]
 Woods, C. Robert's-bridge, Sussex, saddler. [Briggs, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.]
 Wilson, T. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, perfumer, Wall, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.
 Wardle, R. Grosvenor-street-west, Pimlico, carpenter. [Bartley, Somerset-street, Portman-square.]
 Wheeler, H. Frome Selwood, Somerset, millwright. [Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Miller, Frome Selwood.]
 Young, J. and W. W. Bristol, confectioners. [Bourdillon and Co., Cheap-side; Bevan and Co., Small-street, and Savery, Corn-street, Bristol.]

ECCLIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Shuldharn, to the Augmented Curacy of Cowley, Oxon.—Rev. C. C. Clarke, to the Vicarage of St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford.—Rev. W. R. Wyatt, to the Living of St. Giles's, Durham.—Rev. W. N. Darnell, to the Vicarage of Norham, North Durham.—Rev. W. Streatfield, to the Vicarage of East Ham, Essex.—Rev. T. Best, to the Rectory of Kirby-on-Baine, Lincolnshire.—Rev. C. Arnold, to the Rectory of Tinwell, Rutland.—Rev. E. A. Brydges, to the Rectory of Denton, with the Perpetual Curacy of Swingfield, Kent.—Rev. F. Morrison, to the Living of Corkmahide, Limerick.—Rev. R. W. Hutchins, to the Rectory of East Bridgford, Notts.—Rev. Dr. Payne, to the Augmented Curacy of Northmore, Oxon.—Rev. E. Griffith, to a Prebendal Stall at St. David's.—Rev. W. Bowen, to the Vicarage of Ewyas Harold, Hereford.—Rev. W. Sandford, to the Benefice of Newport, Salop.—Rev. H. Atlay, to the Rectory of Costerton Magna, with Pickworth annexed, Rutland.—Rev. C. Ingle, to the Living of Strensall and Osbaldwick, York.—Rev. W. Hames, to the Rectory of Chagford, Devon.—Rev. B. Bray, to

the Rectory of Lidford, Devon.—Rev. B. Beauchamp, to the Curacy of Thorverton, Devon.—Rev. J. Landon, to the Vicarage of Bishopstawton, Devon.—Rev. E. Homfray, to the Perpetual Curacy of Langdon, Salop.—Rev. J. Paul, to the Church and Parish of St. Cuthbert, Presbytery of Edinburgh.—Rev. W. Nicholson, to the Church and Parish of Ferry Port-on-Craig, in St. Andrew's, Presbytery of Fife.—Rev. J. N. Molesworth, appointed Chaplain to Lord Gullford.—Rev. W. S. Gilly, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Margaret, Durham.—Rev. J. F. Squire, to the Rectory of Beachampton, Bucks.—Rev. S. S. Busby, to the Rectory of Colton, Cambridgeshire.—Rev. T. S. Bassett, to the Rectory of Rensall, Derby.—Rev. D. Jones, to the Vicarage of Aberystwyth, Brecon.—Rev. P. J. Lewis, to the Vicarage of Cwmoy, Hereford.—Rev. W. Williamson, to the Perpetual Curacy of Farnley, Leeds.—Rev. G. W. Brooks, to the Rectory of Great Hampden, with the vicarage of Kimble, Bucks.—Rev. H. Robinson, to the Rectory of great Warley, Essex.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Marquis of Lansdown, to be Lord Lieutenant of Wilts.—Sir Anthony Hart, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.—Sir Launcelot Shadwell, to be Vice-Chancellor and Privy Councillor.—Sir W. Keppel, to be Governor of Guernsey and Privy Councillor.—Sir James Macintosh, a Privy Councillor.—Mr. Herries has been sworn in Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Sir E. Codrington, Grand Cross of the

Bath; and all the Captains and Commanders in the late Navarin engagement, to be Knights of that Order.—The Lord High Admiral has promoted to the rank of Post Captain all the Commanders who were serving in the ships engaged with the Turkish fleet, the Senior Lieutenants to Commanders, and the Senior Mates to Lieutenants.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

October 27.—Information of the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg's safe arrival at Frankfort, from her voyage to England.

—The irresistible, steam-boat (built by subscription for aiding the Greeks) took fire, and burnt to the water's edge, near Gravesend: two men severely scalded. It cost £10,000.

28.—An Order of Council issued, to modify, to a very limited extent, the exclusion of the United States merchants from the ports in British West India Colonies.

29.—An irruption of the Thames, no extensive that in a few minutes all the excavations of St. Katharine's dock were filled to the level of the river.

The Sessions terminated at the Old Bailey, when 22 received sentence of death, 79 were ordered for transportation, and others imprisoned—making in the whole 200.

—A meeting of the Privy Council held at His Majesty's Exchequer, in Westminster Hall, for the trial of His Majesty's Coins in the Pix of the Mint.

November 9.—The Lord Mayor's Day was kept in great splendour, and the procession was grander than usual; H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral of England, with various noble and distinguished personages, honoured his lordship with their company to dinner, at Guildhall. An accident occurred about ten o'clock in the evening, which threw the guests into a little consternation, by the fall of a board with lamps, on the persons of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress; fortunately they were not hurt.

11.—An Extraordinary London Gazette published, containing an account of an engagement which the British fleet sustained, in unison with the French and Russians, against the Turkish and Egyptian fleets, in the port of Navarin, who were conveying troops into the Morea against the Greeks, under Ibrahim Bey. The result is, 1 Turkish line of battle ship burnt; 2 driven on shore, wrecks; 1 double frigate sunk; 1 on shore, a wreck; 2 burnt; 15 frigates burnt and sunk; 3 on shore, wrecks; 1 on shore, masts standing; 15 corvettes burnt and sunk; 4 on shore, wrecks; 9 brigs burnt and sunk; 1 on shore, masts standing; 6 fire-ships destroyed, and 3 transports. The loss of men must have been immense, as 1,050 were killed in two ships only. The British lost 75; wounded, 197. The French, 43; wounded, 144. British officers killed were, Captains Bell, Stevens, and Bathurst; Lieutenants Fitzroy, P. Sturgeon. Wounded, Hon. Lieut.-Col. Craddock (passenger); commander J. N. Campbell; Captain Moore; Lieutenants D'Urban, Sturt, Smyth, May, and Lyons.

15.—The Middlesex Magistrates, assembled in the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, voted that the immediate erection of a Lunatic Asylum is absolutely necessary; and they formed a committee to receive plans, &c.

16.—A Privy Council held, when the Recorder made his report of the 40 prisoners condemned at the last September Sessions, when 4 were ordered for execution on the 22d instant.

20.—An Order of Council, published in the London Gazette, authorizing the commanders of the British naval forces to seize and send into some port belonging to His Majesty, and to be there detained, every armed vessel at sea, under the Greek flag, or fitted out and armed at any Greek port, excepting such ships as are acting under the orders of the persons exercising the powers of government in Greece.

22.—Four convicts executed at the Old Bailey.

MARRIAGES.

At Marlebone, J. Bulkeley, esq., to Miss Bulker, of Bryanstone-square.—At St. Pancras, C. Bickhoff, esq., to Miss Frances Compton.—At Chestnut, J. Selby, esq., to Miss Matilda Anne Todd.—Isaac Cohen, esq., brother-in-law to N. M. Rothschild, esq., to Miss Samuel, of Finsbury-

square.—J. Ward, esq., R.A., to Miss Fritche.—At Harrow, Captain E. F. Fitzgerald, son of Lord E. Fitzgerald, to Jane, daughter of Sir J. D. Paul, bart.—W. Treland, esq., to Miss Hanson.—At Wanstead, H. T. Danvers, esq., to Miss Gilly.—At Chelsea, Harriet, Duchess of Roxburgh, to W. F. O'Reilly, esq., major of 41st regiment.—At St. Margaret's, C. K. Murray, esq., secretary to the Lord Chancellor, to Lady H. A. Leslie, daughter of the Countess of Rothes.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Cerotti to Miss Smallwood.

DEATHS.

In Privy Gardens, 68, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.—At Twickenham, Lady F. C. Douglas, fifth daughter of the Marquis of Queensberry. In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, 93, Sir F. Willès, formerly under secretary of state.—At Mitcham, 72, Lieut. Gen. Sir H. Oakes, bart.—Mary, daughter of the Lord Mayor.—At Warley-lodge, the Hon. G. M. A. W. A. Winn, M.P. for Maldon.—At Bloomsbury, Rev. T. Willis, rector, prebendary of Rochester, and vicar of Watlington, Kent.—In Westminster, 63, A. Benson, esq., principal committee clerk of the House of Commons.—In High Holborn, 73, Mr. R. Cribb.—At Kentish Town, Sarah, Lady of Sir J. Williams.—In South Audley-street, J. N. Talbot, esq., son of Colonel Talbot, M. P. for Dublin.—In Westminster, 69, J. Sale, esq., member of the five choirs, viz. Windsor, Eton, Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey.—At Hammersmith, 75, W. Belsham, esq., author of a "History of England," and other works.—In Westminster, 72, T. Gayfere, esq.; the exterior of Henry VII.'s chapel, and the front of Westminster Hall, both of which were restored from his drawings, and under his sole superintendence, will be lasting monuments of his abilities as an architect and a mason.—At Yorkgate, J. A. Gilmour, esq., treasurer to the East India Company.—At Richmond, 85, Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Buccleugh.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Newfoundland, the Hon. F. Maude, R.N., son of Lord Hawarden, to Frances, second daughter to the Hon. A. H. Brooking, collector of H.M.'s Customs, St. John's.—At the British Minister's, Berne, H. P. A. Baron de Medem, of Mittau, to Eliza Anne Lambton, widow of the late H. Lambton, esq., Durham.—At Rotterdam, J. Macpherson, esq., to Miss E. Ferrier, daughter of the British Consul there.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Verrerie, near Albe, in France, 163 years, 9 months, and 21 days, the Countess Dowager Solages.—At Jamaica, the Hon. M. St. Clair, second son of Lord Sinclair; and Lieut. C. Maitland, cousin to Lord Landerdale.—At Paris, the Earl of Newburgh.—At Frankfurt, Sir J. Murray, bart., colonel of 56th regiment.—At Boulogne-sur-mer, Captain J. Mayne.—At Naples, Lieut.-Colonel Montmorency, nephew of the late Viscount de Montmorency, a branch of the illustrious Montmorencys of France.—At Paris, 47, J. H. Colebrooke, son of H. T. Colebrooke, esq., of Argyle-street.—At Vienna, Field Marshal Brady, a native of Ireland.—At Rome, Rev. T. R. Spence.—At Lausanne, Mrs. Thruston.—77, Selina, eldest of

the late W. Jones, esq., of Jamaica, and daughter of the late Sir W. Chambers, bart.—R. T. Pocock, esq., lieutenant in the Madras Cavalry, and

son of Sir G. Pocock, bart.—At Marseilles, Dr. A. Solomon, formerly of Birmingham.—At Charenton, near Paris, Mr. T. Finch, engineer;

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Assembly Room, built by the Duke of Northumberland for the inhabitants of Alnwick and environs, was opened October 19, with the Sessions Ball, and was attended by all the gentry of the vicinity. On the Duke and Duchess entering, the music played *Cherry Chase*. The room is the length of that at Newcastle, and 24 feet high, and is adorned with three magnificent chandeliers.

A superb piece of plate, consisting of a splendid candelabra, of exquisite workmanship, has been presented, by the freeholders of Northumberland, to M. Bell, esq., M.P., in estimation of his public character.

A meeting of the ship-owners of Newcastle was held November 7, to take into consideration the increasing depression of the British shipping interest generally, and of Newcastle in particular; when several resolutions were unanimously passed, expressive of calling upon His Majesty's government to attend to their complaints; and proving the actual incapability of British ships competing with the *untaxed* foreigner. "Surely (said the principal speaker on this occasion) the foundation of the mighty fabric of our naval and national greatness will not, for a baseless and heartless theory, be suffered to sink into irremediable ruin, for want of that fostering care to which it is so justly entitled."

A meeting of merchants and traders has been held at Newcastle, when a memorial was agreed to be presented to the Lords of the Treasury, for repealing that part of the stamp act which requires stamp receipts for sums under £20.

A fine healthy boy, about 5 years of age, the son of Mr. Adamson, of North Shields, died lately, from eating the roots of a flower commonly called monk's-wood.

Lately, in Newcastle, a man, who had undergone variolous vaccination, was affected with the small-pox, in the confluent. All his neighbours and children had undergone vaccination, except one little girl, who sickened and died; a young man, who only passed the door on his way to and from work, who had not been vaccinated, conveyed the effluvia to his own home, where his sister, who had not been vaccinated, sickened and died.

Mr. Lindesay, of Durham, has laid before the Committee of British Merchants and Ship-owners of London and Liverpool, a method of raising all kinds of goods into their lofty warehouses, by means of water, instead of the cranes now in use.

A male skeleton was found lately at Hayston-hill, near Houghton-le-spring, in a lime quarry. It was at a depth of about two feet from the surface, and was doubled up together in a manner which leaves no doubt that a murder had been committed.

At the Durham Martinmas Hiring, few servants were hired, in consequence of their asking an advance in wages, which the farmers could not afford to give.

Married.] At Houghton-le-spring, by licence, T. Simm, to Catherine Arthur, both of Easington-lane. Before the ceremony took place, the intended bride undressed herself in a pew of the church, and the bridegroom elect put a chemise over her, and this was the only article of dress she wore at her marriage. This indecency originated in the silly idea, that a husband who marries a wife without property or clothes is exempt from the payment of her previous debts.—At Allendale, Rev. W. Walton to Miss Jane Crawhall.—At Newcastle, J. Bainbride, esq., to Miss Woodhouse; Mr. W. Henderson to Mrs. Hogg.—At Gretna-hall, J. E. White, esq., to Miss Birch.—At Tanfield, Mr. H. Henderson to Miss Watson.—At Sunderland, Mr. Sherlock to Miss Dixon; Mr. L. Haddock to Miss Proudfoot.—At St. Peter's in Allendale, Mr. W. Walton to Miss Jane Crawhall.—At Stanhope, Mr. J. Barnfather to Mrs. Coatsworth.—At Wallsend, G. Hawkes, esq., to Miss Wright.

Died.] At Kingswood, 83, J. Johnson, of the Society of Friends.—At Durham, Mr. J. Wilds; Miss Herron.—At Elwick, 76, the widow of T. Younghusband, esq.—At North Shields, 90, Mrs. Ditchburn.—At Heighington, Mrs. Elizabeth Jepson.—At Easington, Mrs. Thompson.—At Darlington, 97, J. Lamb.—At Fenham-hall, Mrs. Clarke; the Rev. T. Mollard; 61, M. Morrison, esq.—At Chapple-house, near Newcastle, Mrs. Davison.—At Newcastle, Mrs. Jane Clarke.

YORKSHIRE.

The foundation stone of the Museum of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, was laid by the Archbishop, October 24, on the ancient site of St. Mary's Abbey (granted by the crown), on the Manor-shore, near York.

A public meeting has been held at Leeds Court-house, in behalf of "instruction to be given to a destitute population of one of the most ancient colonies of this realm—the Colony of Newfoundland;" when a collection was made, and resolutions entered into, for the benefit of the Newfoundland Society.

The Huddersfield Bazaar, under the protection of its lady patronesses, has produced the sum of £454. 19s., for the benefit of the National Schools, and has thus not only relieved them from debt, but formed a surplus fund for their future support.

Application will be made at the approaching Session of Parliament, for an act to erect a bridge over the Aire, to communicate Hunslet with the south-east part of Leeds.

The Proprietors of the Aire and Calder Navigation, intend to make application to Parliament next session, for powers to enable them to complete their long contemplated improvements up to Leeds and Wakefield. The privileges of a port have been lately extended to Goole; and the intention with

respect to the river Aire is, to form a continuous line of canal navigation from Leeds to Allerton Byewater, which will be followed to near its confluence with the Calder; from whence a new cut will be made to Bullholme Clough: below which place the river is very deep generally to Ferrybridge, where the Goole Canal commences. Our commercial readers will readily appreciate the immense advantages which will accrue from these improvements. Connected with Goole as a port, we hail them as fresh stimulants to the trade of the whole district.

Reliques of the ancient times are continually being found in York. Several coins, fragments of urns, and other articles, have been found in digging the foundations for a new street, without Micklegate Bar.

In the last week of October, auriculas were in bloom in a garden near York. At Sheffield, polyanthes in the gardens, and primroses in the fields, sent forth their sweets, and displayed their colours, as if it were a new spring.

A new church was consecrated at Ripon, on the 31st of October, by his Grace the Archbishop of York. It has been built at the sole expense of the Rev. Edward Kilvington.

Some workmen, in lowering the hills of the Roman ridge, near Kippax, discovered ten skeletons, which had probably been consigned to that deposit during the time of the civil wars.

The Methodist Society in Leeds is quite in a state of disorganization, owing to Conference having sanctioned the erection of an organ in one of the chapels there, against the opinion of some of the class leaders and local preachers. The affair threatens to produce a breach in the Society.

The trade at Leeds is very dull. There has not been any increased demand in the Baltic trade in consequence of the importation of foreign corn; and the merchants are much less warm in advocating the repeal of the corn laws than they were.

Married. At Stonegrave, J. Dale, esq., to Miss Robinson.—At Thwing, J. Sturdy, esq., to Miss Wright.—At Knaresborough, E. S. Bowersback, esq., to Miss Walton.—At Leeds, W. Cadman, esq., to Miss Rhodes; R. Raisin, esq., to Miss Oliver.—At York, M. J. Quin, esq., to Miss Smith.

Died. At Stainton, the wife of J. Favell, esq.—At Farnley, the Rev. T. Pullaw.—At Sheffield, R. Blakelock, esq.—At Hull, 100, Mrs. Ann Robins.—At Knaresborough, G. Atkinson, esq.—At Bramhope-hall, Mrs. Rhodes.—At Scarborough, the Rev. J. Kirk.—At Stone-gap, near Skipton, W. Sedgwick, esq.—At Paunal-house, near Harrowgate, 90, Mrs. Crosby.—At Wakefield, Mrs. Soulbey.—At Richmond, Mr. Douthwaite.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

By a meeting of the inhabitants of Ludlow, October 23, it appears that "the bailiff's feast and ball" has been abolished, although it has existed time out of mind, to the manifest injury of the trade, and the uncalled-for deprivation of the amusement of the town. Several strong resolutions were passed at this meeting, and the following: "Resolved, that those persons, who have attempted to reduce the tradesmen of this town to want, for no other reason than because they have in the least offensive manner asserted their rights and privileges, are entitled to the scorn and detestation of all good Englishmen."

Trade is in an improving state in the Staffordshire potteries; and the winter prospect is so far

preferable to that of last year, that it is highly gratifying.

Married. At Lichfield, W. Oakeley, esq., fourth son of Sir C. Oakeley, bart., to Mary Maria, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir E. Miles.

Died. At Ludlow, Admiral James Vashen.—At Dawley-green, G. Gilpin, esq.; he has left a curious MS. on the Emigration of Prince Madog, and the Existence of a Tribe of Welsh Indians in America.—In August, 1826, died Mr. Lateward, of the Hall Orchard; and 15th September following, his daughter; soon afterwards his mother-in-law expired; and 18th August last, his wife—making the 4th corpse in one family within 12 months; and, since then, his sister, Mrs. Mansell, of Envill, is also dead.—At Shrewsbury, 87, W. Jones; he had been grave-digger at St. Chad's 61 years.—At Uttoxeter, 86, B. Hodgson, esq.—At Cannock, 105, Mrs. Brindley.

LINCOLN AND NOTTINGHAM.

Died. At Cromwell, Rev. C. F. Clinton, rector of that parish, and prebendary of Westminster.—At Newark, 84, "Porr Billy Briggs!" who, though quite blind, used to carry parcels to any part of the town without a guide.—At South Collingham, 91, "Honest Will Farrow!" whose lengthened existence solely passed in the arduous occupation of a river Trent fisherman, in which employment he encountered all the trying difficulties and privations of unassisted penury; his regular diet was mint tea for breakfast and supper, and bread moistened in the river for dinner. "Blush, grandeur, blush!"

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE..

At a meeting held in the Town-hall, Liverpool, it has been resolved to erect a bridge over the Mersey, at Fidler's Ferry. The expense is estimated at £30,000, to be raised in shares of £100 each.

By the General Report of the Macclesfield Commissioners of Police, it appears that the expenses of the lighting account, from September 29, 1825, to September 29, 1827, were £1,192. 5s. 6d.; and those of the highway and improvement account, £6,932. 11s. 8d.

The Mayoralty of Liverpool has been contested for with all the characteristics of the return of an M.P. It lasted six days; the lucky candidate had 1,780 votes, and the unlucky one 1765.

On the morning of November 13, at half-past 12 o'clock, R. Gleave was taken on the premises of Mr. J. Longshaw, Warrington, stealing fowls, and secured, and, in one hour, delivered into the custody of the deputy constable, who took him in a chaise, with the prosecutor, at 7 o'clock; at 10 o'clock they arrived at Kirkdale—a bill was found—he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to 7 years' transportation. The offence was thus committed, the prisoner taken into custody, conveyed 20 miles, convicted, and transported, in the space of 12 hours—a proof of judicial expedition.

Died At Whalley, 76, Rev. C. Wright, principal of Stonyhurst College.—At Chester, J. S. Aspin, esq., deputy seal keeper for the County Palatine of Lancaster.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

Died At Lyndon, 75, Mrs. A. Bull.—At Goadby-park, Anne Manners, wife of Otho Manners, esq., high sheriff for Leicestershire.—At Bosworth-park, Sir Willoughby Dixie, bart.—At Great Bowden, Mr. D. French.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The Northamptonshire National School Society has approved of the establishment of a Preparatory Infant School in Northampton, and are carrying it

into effect, independent of the funds of their own; for which purpose subscriptions are taken in by the local bankers.

Died.] At Northampton, 82, Mrs. West.—At Meriden-hall, 79, W. Digby, esq., many years chairman of the quarter sessions, Warwickshire.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The expenditure of the county of Worcester from Michaelmas 1826, to same date 1827, amounts to £8,421, 12s. 6d.; near the whole of which has been swallowed up in conducting the criminal and civil jurisprudence, and its et ceteras—scarcely £1,500 having been expended under the heads of lunatics, coroners, bridges, militia, and even vagrants!

The Commissioners for Inquiry into the Public Charities under the management of the Corporation of Worcester, have concluded their sittings.

Died.] 84, Mr. J. Broad; he occupied Lickhill Farm, near Stourport, upwards of 60 years.—At Worcester, 92, Mrs. Bayliss.

GLoucester and Monmouth.

The sale of fancy work, conducted by the ladies at Alstone, for the Infant School, produced upwards of £160, which has entirely freed the school from embarrassment, and rendered its utility to above 120 children!

At the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Cheltenham Savings' Bank, October 30, it appears that the receipts amounted to £70,512. 8s.; out of which had been repaid to depositors, including interest, £37,988. 1s.; remaining in government securities, £32,524. 7s.

The amount of goods and shipping, during the first six months, which has now been completed, of the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal, is no less than 60,447 tons, producing rates of upwards of £1,560. Thus the business done has exceeded the original calculation, which was 83,000 tons per annum.

The anniversary of the birth-day and death of the benevolent Colston, was celebrated November 13, at Bristol, by the different charitable institutions, with that enthusiasm it so justly merits. At the dinner of the Dolphin Society £400. 10s. 6d. was collected; at that of the Anchor Society, £552. 2s. 6d.; and at the Grateful Society about £330!!!

Married.] At Clifton, E. W. Batchellor, esq., to Miss Eliza Bush.

Died.] At Dirham, 83, Rev. G. Swayne.—At the Hotwells, 67, H. Dupont, esq.—At Charrington-park, J. George, esq.

BEDFORD AND HERTFORD.

What must every considerate man think, and more especially a religious man, when he sees the parish church shut up for three successive Sundays, and that more than once in twelve months. On inquiry, the answer at the clergyman's house was, "Master's very well, but he and his family are gone for a few weeks to a watering-place." This has actually happened twice within the last twelve months at a parish in Bedfordshire!!!—*Herts Mercury, Oct. 27, 1827.*

BUCKS AND BERKS.

At the triennial visitation recently made by the vice-chancellor, &c. of Oxford, the sum of £300 was distributed in portions of £25 each, to maid-servants, for having well conducted themselves for upwards of three years in one service.

Married.] At Pusey, Rev. J. H. M. Luxmoore, son of the Bishop of St. Asaph, to El. Bodverie, daughter of the Hon. Philip; and Lady Lucy Pusey.

Died.] At Windsor, 75, the Hon. Mrs. A. Egerton.—At Reading, 103, Mrs. A. P. Morrell.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Waterstock, Rev. L. M. Halton to Miss E. P. M. Selater.

Died.] At Oxford, 79, Mr. S. T. Wood; he served the offices of chamberlain and bailiff in 1772 and 1780.—At Pyrlton, 17, Miss Caroline Dimock; the following Sunday her aunt, Mrs. Field, 49; and the next day, Mr. Dimock, her father, 47.—At Woodstock, H. F. Mayor, esq.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

It was resolved, October 20, by the Governors of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, that the musical festival, from the great success that attended the last two meetings, shall be held triennially.

The inhabitants of Acle have resolved at a public meeting, lately held for the purpose, to divide among themselves, in proportion to their number of arable acres, their able-bodied labourers, and to find them employ till Michaelmas 1828, at such wages as shall preclude the necessity, except in cases of sickness, of their applying for parochial aid: those whom age or infirmities prevent from being reckoned among the able-bodied, they have also consented to employ in turn—an example worthy the imitation of all the parishes in the empire, whose grand object is agriculture. This plan was tried last year at Acle, and it has been found to answer, in a moral view, as well as in that of preventing an increase in the rates.

At Lowestoft Ness, as well as at Yarmouth, the sea has erected a complete series of natural embankments against itself. The present extent of land thrown up by the sea, and out of the reach of the highest tides, is nearly three miles long, projecting from the base of the original cliff to the distance of 660 yards at the Ness. The respective lines of growth are indicated by a series of small embankments perfectly defined. Several of these ridges have been formed within the memory of men now living. A rampart of heavy materials is first thrown up by a violent gale from the north-east. Sand is subsequently blown over, and consolidates the shingle, and the process is completed by the arundo arenaria, and other marine plants, taking root, and extending their fibres in a kind of network through the mass. In process of time the surface becomes covered with vegetable mould, and ultimately, in many cases, is covered with good herbage.

Married.] At Castle Rising, Major General Tolley to Miss F. Brodrick, daughter of the late Archbishop of Cashel.—At Bury, Rev. S. Gedge to Miss Clara Deck.

Died.] At Cossey, 100, Mrs. A. M. T. Vere.—At Norwich, 89, Mrs. Farrow.—At Yarmouth, 77, Mrs. Pully.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

From the excess of population beyond the demand for labour, in the parish of Shipley, the farmers are obliged to adopt a course of crops of an expensive and exhausting nature, and for which their land is not suited, to enable them to employ the people, as also to pay their rates. The estimated annual rent of this parish is

£2,550; the annual amount of the poor rates, £2,314. 11s. 11d.

Married.] At Brighton, J. Theobald, esq., to Anna Maria, third daughter of Major General Seymour.

Died.] Oct. 16, at Horsham, 57, Mr. S. Dendy; and on the following morning, 31, Miss E. Dendy, his eldest daughter, expired in a fit by excessive grief. October 20, also died, Mrs. M. A. Dendy, the wife; and Mrs. Bowles, the sister of Mr. Dendy.—87, Serjeant Whip; he had been staff serjeant at Portsmouth under 20 lieutenant-governors, and served under George II. III. and IV.—At Brighton, 95, Mrs. Macquires.—At Ralton, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Thomas.

KENT AND SURREY.

An extraordinary phenomenon occurred along the Kentish coast, which has rarely, perhaps, or ever occurred. The tides within two hours, on Wednesday morning, October 31, rose three times, and at one time so high, that they exceeded the usual bounds even of the spring tides. At London Bridge, and along the banks of the Thames and Medway, the low land was flooded; the marshes being fully stocked with cattle, much confusion was occasioned by the short notice that was given for their removal, and many sheep were lost. People were also employed in saving in boats the inhabitants of the cottages situated in the marshes. At Faversham the water came almost up to the houses, and the marshes in that neighbourhood were inundated.

DORSET AND WILTS.

Allington new church has been consecrated by the Bishop of Bristol; it is a neat and elegant structure.

The difficulties in the way of the disfranchisement of Cranbourn Chace have been overcome; and the requisite notice has been given to obtain an Act of Parliament for its enclosure. Thus will between 30 and 40,000 acres of excellent land be brought into cultivation. The bounds of the Chace, claimed by Lord Rivers, extending about one hundred miles, namely, from Harnham Bridge, near Salisbury, by the edge of Wilton, to Shaftesbury, Dorset; to the banks of the Stour, near Sturminster, thence by Blandford, and near Wimborne, to Ringwood and Fordingbridge in Hampshire, and to Downton and Harnham Bridge in Wilts. The stock of deer is about 15,000, who make inroads into the surrounding lands, doing great injury. The morals of the villagers likewise suffer greatly from the practice of killing the deer in the night, the extent of the space preventing an effectual watch.

Married.] At West Chelborough, J. Meech, esq., to Miss Susan Daw.—At Shaftesbury, Mr. Imber to Miss Dowland.—At Wareham, Mr. Dean to Miss E. Cole.

Died.] At Kingston-hall, the seat of H. Banks, esq., M.P.; 77, Dr. G. P. Tomline, Bishop of Winchester, and Prelate of the Order of the Garter.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

At a meeting held at the Market House, by the ladies and gentlemen of Taunton, it was resolved to establish an Infant School, when a committee was formed, and £300 subscribed for that purpose.

In the report of the grand jury at the late sessions, they say—"It is with pain the grand jury have to observe, that they have been refused admittance to that part of the gaol appropriated to

females, under the idea that it would prove an infringement on the rights of the visiting magistrates!" The grand jury likewise say it would be fortunate if Parliament would repeal the enactments which support the coercive system of parish apprentices. They also hint at "the want of co-operation between the authorities of the county, and the several local jurisdictions, to put down vagrancy;" remarking that "mendicity societies have tended to increase the evil." They also allude to "the serious expenditure of the county."

An iron and copper mine has been discovered at Luckham, near Porlock, Somerset; and a cargo of the ore has been shipped for smelting to the forges at Swansea.

The Lord Chancellor has confirmed the Vice-Chancellor's decree relative to the Awlscumb charity, *viz.*—"As corporations could hold no property except as trustees, he could not decree a retrospective account against the Chamber of Exeter, as the balance which should appear against the body must be taken from some other public trust." But he decreed an inquiry into the whole of its property, to ascertain upon what trust it was holden.

Died.] At Exeter, 70, Mr. Radford; he was one of the crew (out of five that were saved) of the Royal George, of 120 guns, that was sunk off Spithead June 28, 1782; 70, Mr. S. Cox; he bore the character of a learned man in astrology.—At Croscombe, Mary Phillips; she had lived 30 years in one family, an honest and grateful servant; she was interred in a handsome manner by her mistress, the clergyman, churchwardens, and all the gentlemen of the village attending.—At Devonport, Lady Georgiana Carnegie, daughter of Admiral the Earl of Northesk.—At Edingswell house, L. Protheroe, esq.

CORNWALL.

At the Cornwall County Sessions, the chairman, in the course of his address to the grand jury, said—"I cannot omit stating, that the best mode of checking the progress of crime, and one without which, I am persuaded, no other will be found available, is to allow the labouring population a full and fair remuneration for their labour, without sinking them in the scale of society, by compelling them to seek assistance from the poor-rates, as paupers, from the total insufficiency of the sum allowed them as wages for their support."

The fishery in Mount's Bay has been the least successful that has been known for many years, not above four cargoes of pilchards having been taken in the bay; but there is a prospect that the winter mackerel fishery will prove more favourable; some of the boats having had good catches, and one in particular took 3,000 fish.

At a numerous meeting of the Trustees of the Truro Turnpike Roads, held in the Town-hall, it was resolved to make application to Parliament for leave to carry into effect some proposed improvements in them.

WALES.

The lordship of Haya Wallensis, Brecon, was sold by auction, October 26 (by order of His Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests), to Viscount Hereford for 2,000 guineas.

Application will be made to Parliament next session, for a new road from Llandovery (Carmarthen) to Pembroke Dock; and for removing the market at Swansea to a more eligible and commodious situation.

Married.] At Swansea, A. Webber, esq., to Miss Caroline Jones.—At Tedworth, C. Jervis, esq., to Emma Illingworth, daughter of T. A. Smith, esq., lord lieutenant of Carnarvon.

Died.] At Swansea, 83, Mrs. H. Benning, relict of the late A. Benning, esq., who, in 1765, served the office of sheriff of New Hanover, North Carolina, and during the struggle for American independence, with other loyalists, came over to England.—At Pentanolly, D. Reid, esq., formerly high sheriff for Radnorshire.—At Talurminog, 77, Mrs. Oliver, widow of the late T. Oliver, esq., of Rhyddollog.—At Tregaron, 90, Mr. W. Rees.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Campbell has been re-elected lord rector for Glasgow University, and the inauguration took place November 16. After having taken the oaths, he shortly addressed the students. "He was not in a situation (he said) to be very profuse in expression; the signal honour which was conferred on him by the entire unanimity of their votes, was one which left more of feeling than of collected thought in his mind. It might be thought natural, at the commencement of another session, that he should advance something in the way of advice, to be of use to them in the furtherance of their studies: the excellent discipline practised in their establishment, however—which rendered it indispensable that both professor and student should fulfil their several responsibilities—made such advice unnecessary. There was one point on which he would express himself decidedly. He would pledge himself to the support of their rights and privileges; and with regard to the petition which he had heard it was their intention to lay before His Majesty's Commissioner for visiting the universities, praying that these ancient privileges might still be respected, he acknowledged his entire approval of it, and was ready to present it himself.

Married.] At Berbeth, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Frederick Cathcart, late His Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Germanic Confederation, and second son of William, Earl Cathcart, K.T., to Miss Jean Macdani, of Craigengillan.

Died.] At Muirhouse, near Edinburgh, 81, the Rev. Dr. Davidson, for more than 29 years the senior minister of Edinburgh.—At the Manse of Inverary, 95, Rev. Dr. Paul Fraser, the father of the Church of Scotland.—At Airthney, General Sir Robert Abercrombie, governor of Edinburgh Castle, and colonel of the 75th regt.—At Monifieth, 103, Mrs. Brown, mother of Provost Brown, Dundee.

IRELAND.

The disgraceful outrages recently committed in the county of Tipperary have roused the magistracy to active exertion, a meeting having been held at Thurles, to take into consideration the state of the county, the Earl of Llandaff in the chair; when, after a lengthened discussion, it was the general opinion of the meeting, that a memorial should be forwarded to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, praying that the Insurrection Act might be again placed on the Statute Book. To shew the necessity of similar meetings in other counties, we could subjoin a list of atrocities, almost unequalled in the annals of crime, but want of room prevents us; they are fully elucidated in the Cork, Clonmel, Rosecommon, Wexford, Belfast, and other papers, and exhibit the country in a state that is really terrible.

The Report upon Irish Education is not that of the *five* commissioners; it is only that of *three* of

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them. The two dissentients are Messrs. Foster and Glassford; they maintain, that any departure from the principle upon which the Irish youth have hitherto been educated would be injurious; and they inform us that, "about twenty years ago, the Scriptures were not read in so many as 600 schools, while at present they have found their way into above 8,000 schools. After every possible deduction which can be made on account of schools closed, schools from which pupils have been withdrawn, and schools in which the use of the Scriptures is practically inefficient, there will still remain in our view such a general average of improvement in this respect, as the most sanguine could scarcely have anticipated. The improvement in other points of inferior moment is not less striking: 1,370 schoolmasters and mistresses, of a very superior description, have been sent forth by the Kildare Place Society alone, and about 250 more are supplied in each succeeding year. Much more than a million of books, of a moral and instructive character, have been issued from their repository, to take place of the immoral and seditious publications which were before too common; and the number of books at the same time supplied by various other societies, independent of the Scriptures, has probably been not much inferior in amount."

Cost of the Church by Law established in Ireland.

Per Ann.

Tithe income of 1,250 beneficed clergymen, arising from 2,436 parishes	£289,000
Glebe lands of said clergymen, exceeding 120,000 English acres	120,000
Glebe houses of ditto, assuming them to be 1,600 in 2,436 parishes, and only worth £30 a year a piece	48,000
Income of 22 bishops, in fines and rents from one million of English acres	222,000
Church rates from only 2,000 out of 2,436 parishes	575,000
Profits of the "parsons' freehold," arising from graves, tombs, &c.	100,000
Profits of ditto, arising from herbage, &c.	2,000
Marriage licences and church fees	12,000
Ministers' money in Dublin	10,000
Consistory courts	30,000
Gaol chaplaincies and inspectorships	5,000
Chaplaincies of other public institutions	2,500
Military chaplaincies	2,100
Vicars choral	25,000
Masterships of the royal foundations	10,000
Profits arising from other schools	10,000
Fellowships, parsonages, and other sources of wealth connected with Trinity College	30,000
First fruits expenditure (according to the average since 1816)	53,996
Grants to biblical institutions	99,600

Total cost of Church of England—} £2,239,586
ism in Ireland.....}

Died.] At Connaught, Major T. W. Poppleton; he served in India, and had the charge of the captive Nabob of Oude; he crossed the Desert, passed up the Red Sea, and joined Sir R. Abercrombie in Egypt; he was afterwards, as captain in the 53d, placed about the person of Napoleon, at St. Helena.—In Killarney, 76, Countess de Severac, sister to the Earl of Kinnaree.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,
From the 26th of October to the 25th of November 1827.

Oct.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N4Pr.C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	216 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2	100 1/2	19 9-16	257 1/2	97 98p	62 63p	88 1/2
27	—	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	93 1/2	102 1/2	19 1/2	—	99p	62 63p	87 1/2
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	215 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	—	93 1/2	102 1/2	19 7-16	—	97 99p	61 63p	87 1/2
30	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	—	93 1/2	102 1/2	19 7-16	257 1/2	99 97p	62 63p	87 1/2
31	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	102 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	61 63p	87 1/2
Dec 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	214 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	102 1/2	19 1/2	—	99 100p	60 61p	87 1/2
3	213 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	—	93 1/2	102 1/2	19 5-16	—	99 100p	58 60p	87 1/2
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	210 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	102 1/2	19 1/2	—	97 99p	58 59p	87 1/2
7	210 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	102 1/2	19 1/2	256 1/2	—	58 59p	87 1/2
8	210 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	102 1/2	19 1/2	255 1/2	96 97p	58 59p	87 1/2
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	208 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	93 1/2	92 1/2	102 1/2	19 5-16	—	95 97p	58 60p	86 1/2
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	207 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	—	92 1/2	102 1/2	19 1/2	254 1/2	95 97p	58 59p	86 1/2
13	206 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2	92 1/2	91 1/2	101 1/2	19 1-16	—	93p	51 58p	85 1/2
14	207 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	92 1/2	91 1/2	101 1/2	19 1/2	—	83 86p	52 56p	85 1/2
15	207 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	92 1/2	91 1/2	101 1/2	19 1/2	—	87 91p	55 56p	85 1/2
16	207 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	92 1/2	91 1/2	101 1/2	19 3-16	252 1/2	90 91p	55 57p	85 1/2
17	—	84 1/2	85 1/2	—	91 1/2	101 1/2	19 3-16	—	90 91p	55 57p	85 1/2
18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	206 1/2	85 1/2	86 1/2	—	91 1/2	101 1/2	19 1/2	252 1/2	89p	55 56p	85 1/2
20	206 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2	91 1/2	91 1/2	101 1/2	19 1/2	—	86 88p	54 56p	85 1/2
21	206 1/2	83 1/2	84 1/2	91 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	19 1/2	249 1/2	82 83p	52 56p	84 1/2
22	204 1/2	83 1/2	84 1/2	90 1/2	89 1/2	100 1/2	18 11-16	—	79 81p	51 53p	84 1/2
23	204 1/2	83 1/2	84 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	100 1/2	18 13-16	—	79 81p	51 53p	84 1/2
24	—	84 1/2	85 1/2	—	90 1/2	100 1/2	18 15-16	—	80 82p	51 53p	84 1/2
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, *Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From October 20th to 19th November inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

October.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20	—	☉	55	61	53	29 62	29 57	99	99	WSW	N	Rain	Fair	Fair
21	—	☉	55	60	53	29 47	29 37	99	98	N	SE	Foggy	—	Rain
22	57	☉	55	57	53	29 21	29 07	98	100	SSE	S	Rain	—	—
23	38	☉	56	59	51	29 06	29 29	93	96	SW	SE	—	—	Clo.
24	—	☉	52	58	52	29 50	29 84	98	95	SE	WNW	Foggy	—	—
25	—	☉	55	59	54	29 94	29 97	99	99	SW	SW	Rain	Rain	—
26	—	☉	57	60	52	29 99	29 89	99	86	SSW	S	Fair	Fair	Fair
27	—	☉	53	60	50	29 62	29 37	98	99	SE	WNW	Clo.	—	—
28	104	☉	51	51	38	29 23	29 49	100	99	E	ENE	Rain	Rain	—
29	—	☉	42	49	37	29 79	29 90	88	86	NNE	NNE	Fair	Fair	—
30	—	☉	42	50	46	29 85	29 61	92	97	WNW	NNE	—	—	Sleet
31	—	☉	48	53	36	29 61	29 70	98	76	NNE	N	Clo.	—	Clo.
Nov. 1	—	☉	38	50	44	29 86	29 85	78	89	N	WNW	Fair	—	—
2	—	☉	48	52	39	29 73	29 99	82	87	NNE	N	Clo.	—	Fair
3	—	☉	42	51	48	30 01	30 00	85	91	WNW	W	—	—	—
4	—	☉	49	55	47	30 04	30 15	98	98	W	W	Foggy	—	Clo.
5	—	☉	49	57	51	30 21	30 27	98	97	W	W	—	—	—
6	—	☉	52	56	50	30 19	30 13	99	90	WNW	NW	Overc.	—	—
7	—	☉	51	52	44	30 05	30 05	92	97	WNW	ESE	—	—	Sleet
8	—	☉	45	48	46	29 96	29 94	92	96	SE	NE	Foggy	Foggy	Foggy
9	—	☉	49	53	49	29 75	29 67	98	98	NW	NW	Fair	Rain	Clo.
10	—	☉	50	55	49	29 79	29 90	98	100	NW	WNW	Clo.	Fair	Sleet
11	—	☉	52	56	43	29 82	29 87	96	91	NW	NW	Fair	—	Fine
12	—	☉	44	50	48	30 02	30 05	95	96	N	WNW	Foggy	—	Sleet
13	—	☉	54	60	39	30 04	30 03	100	97	NW	NNW	—	—	—
14	—	☉	41	46	41	30 00	29 83	100	86	SE	S	Sleet	Clo.	Clo.
15	—	☉	45	50	42	29 65	29 47	100	100	S	ENE	Rain	—	Rain
16	—	☉	45	48	40	29 50	29 55	100	100	SE	SSW	—	Rain	Fair
17	—	☉	43	52	42	29 68	29 77	100	100	E	S	Foggy	Fair	—
18	53	☉	46	50	49	29 93	30 05	100	100	SE	SE	Foggy	Foggy	Sleet
19	—	☉	51	52	46	30 11	30 11	100	100	SSE	SE	—	Fair	Fair

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of October was three inches and 31-100ths.

[illegible]

M.